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PLOT AND PASSION.

BY JOHN LANG.

CHAPTER I.

In the dining-room of a house in the Rue St. Germain, the residence of Fouché, the notorious minister of police of the Emperor Napoleon, were congregated, one evening in May, several of the leading members of that body, called, by Fouché himself, "The Cytherean Cohort." There was the beautiful and accomplished Madame Marie St. Cyr, a young widow, whose husband had held an office in the household of the king. Magnificent was the equipage of this lady, and her apartments

in the Rue d'Anjou were furnished with exquisite taste. She had her box at the opera, and whenever she appeared in public, or at private parties, her dress was always remarkable for its simplicity and elegance. In a word, Marie St. Cyr, in the world of Paris, was regarded as a lady of large fortune, for, with the exception of Fouché and her fellow spies, no one had the faintest idea of her real circumstances, or whence came the means of supporting so expensive an establishment as that which she possessed. At her feasts, men of rank, power and influence were frequently present, and many were the offers of marriage which she refused, but then her refusals were so courteously conveyed as to give no offence to the disappointed. A mystery hung over Marie St. Cyr's birth; but the best informed used to



FOUCHÉ AND HIS CYTHEREAN COHORT.

assure those who were less informed, that she had been born and bred in a palace, and that her "extraction" was noble. It is, perhaps, needless to say that she was a woman of immense talent and wonderful tact. Had she not possessed these qualities, Fouché would scarcely have selected her for the performance of so difficult a part as the one she was constantly called upon to play; nor would he have supported her at the cost of the state even, in that extravagant style in which she, seemingly, loved to indulge.

Close to Marie St. Cyr on that evening, with his left arm resting on the back of the chair on which she sat, stood Monsieur (formerly the count) De Vivier, an aristocrat whose fortune had been frittered away long before the revolution had stripped him of his title. Tall, handsome, graceful, well educated, and accomplished, De Vivier had not yet seen his thirtieth year. How exquisite is his dress! and how earnest is his discourse, whilst he gazes on the heavenly face of Marie St. Cyr, and recounts a thrilling adventure of the past night. De Vivier had been a great gambler in the days of his prosperity. It was not, however, to this passion that he owed the loss of his fortune, although he owed to it the favor of Fouché, who supplied him with money to play, on the condition that he kept his ears awake and brought back "the product of the night" in the shape of gossip which he heard from his fellow-gamblers, who were chiefly men of exalted rank and eminent position in the French capital. Opposite to where Marie St. Cyr was lounging, and De Vivier standing, reclined Louise Duval upon a sofa—lazily turning over the pages of an illustrated work that had just appeared. Louise Duval was a German by birth. She was not strictly handsome, but then she had a very distinguished face, with an expression so fascinating that it rarely failed in charming her beholder. And her figure was so superb—and her manners so bewitching and seemingly artless; her voice so sweet in song and conversation; her knowledge of music so extensive and profound; her memory, touching all matters connected with literature, art and history, so acute and so accurate—it is scarcely to be wondered that the number of her admirers almost equaled those of Marie St. Cyr—the more especially when the reader is informed that Louise Duval spoke English, Italian and Spanish, as fluently and almost as accurately as she spoke French and German. Louise Duval was also a widow.

On a footstool, covered with crimson velvet, and at the feet of Louise Duval, sat a young girl of seventeen years of age. Her name was Rachelle D'Este. She was the very personification of "prettiness," with her long flaxen hair, soft blue eyes, an aquiline nose, small mouth, lips pink and moist, a slender neck, a budding bust, slim figure, and hands and feet so small that it is to be doubted if they had increased in size after she was ten years of age. Rachelle was an orphan—the daughter of heaven knows whom. She had been "found" in Paris, amidst the wrecks of the revolution, and some humane heart in the bosom of some man in authority had compassion on her helpless infancy, and handed her over to those from whom Fouché had taken her, for the purpose of securing one of the multifarious purposes which constantly engaged his comprehensive brain. Fouché used to speak of this child as his "little kitten;" and those who could have seen her creeping, on the night in question, from the feet of Louise Duval to those of Fouché, and then back again, when she saw that he was absorbed in thought, would have deemed the appellation far from inappropriate.

The Emperor Napoleon had seen Rachelle walking in the gardens of the Tuileries—and he had, naturally enough, been curious to know who she was, and where she lived; and Fouché, to whom the emperor had spoken on the subject, was, at the moment to which this scene refers, doing "all in his power" (so he said) "to find out and inform his majesty."

At a table covered with letters and papers sat the illustrious Joseph Fouché himself—reading. His brow was bent in anger, but a winning smile played over the lower part of his peculiarly expressive face. "Humph!" exclaimed Fouché, in a tone which attracted the attention of all present. "Here is another of those infamous letters which the enemies of the government call clever. We are now noticed."

"Noticed! Indeed! I hope he is complimentary?" said Marie.

"Very," returned Fouché, taking up the paper and reading. "He says that 'the archfiend' (meaning me) 'has established a cohort composed of the most lovely women.'"

"How very handsome of him?" exclaimed Rachelle, removing her forehead from the small palms in which she had just buried it, and shaking her ringlets behind her delicate ears.

"Hush, child!" cried Marie.

Fouché proceeded. "'And the most abandoned profligates in the shape of men—broken down aristocrats.'"

"Devilish handsome of him, to be sure," said De Vivier drily, twisting his moustache.

"Women of good birth but indifferent morals," continued Fouché, reading; "'men of charming address but exceedingly bad character.'"

Here Fouché was interrupted by a general laugh, in which he joined; when it had ceased he read further:

"Through the agency of these disreputable people, Fouché becomes acquainted with secrets, which no one better than himself knows how to turn to account. Napoleon is weak enough to believe that Fouché really possesses an intuitive faculty which enables him to divine other men's thoughts. But, ingenious as is the device, and successful as it may be for awhile, Fouché will find, in the end, that it will fail him; and that when he stands most in need of the services of these miscreants, they will desert, and, perhaps, denounce him."

"How dare he say so?" inquired Marie St. Cyr, indignantly. "Have I not always satisfied you of my fidelity, by refusing the hand of the richest and most influential of all the emperor's favorites?"

"And have I not," pleaded Louise Duval, "already proved that neither rank nor wealth could induce me to betray your confidence?"

"What a bad man he must be!" said Rachelle.

"Be silent all, I pray," said Fouché. "You are as sensitive as the emperor himself, who is more alarmed on reading one of these trumpety letters than he would be on hearing that the most powerful army the world ever saw was marching on the capital. Why cannot you learn to hear yourselves abused in print, and listen to it as calmly as I do?"

"But then, sir!" said Marie.

"You are unfit for public life," Fouché interrupted her, "if you cannot allow yourself to be pelted with all sorts of slander. Do, pray, be quiet. You will find he grows stronger as he proceeds. He says that, 'Fouché will no doubt end his strange career on the gallows, and that amongst the crowd assembled to witness the spectacle few will dispute the justice of the execution. His accomplices will probably share his fate, but some of them will elicit the pity of the public, inasmuch as they are the victims of their connection with Fouché rather than of their own natural depravity.' Here the personality ends. The rest is purely political and uninteresting." Fouché threw down the paper and yawned.

"These tyrants of the press decapitate people by dozens," said De Vivier.

"Yes," said Louise Duval; "but I suspect they will lose their own heads, long before we lose ours."

"Of that you may be quite sure," said Fouché.

"But who can this horrid man be?" asked Rachelle, involuntarily grasping her little neck.

"Ah, my child!" replied Fouché, "that is a question which has baffled even myself. The English could never find out who was 'Junius,' and I verily believe that 'Disque' will be equally successful in keeping his secret. Some friends of mine at court suspect me of being the author!"

"And does the emperor share that absurd suspicion?" asked De Vivier.

"Well—ridiculous as it may be," replied Fouché, "I am inclined to think he does."

"How ridiculous!" ejaculated both Marie and Louise.

"True," conceded Fouché; "but I did not put myself on my defence. The man who does such a thing, in the absence of any sort of proof against him, invariably strengthens the suspicions he desires to avert."

"But this last letter," remarked De Vivier, "will doubtless convince them of their error."

"I am not so sure of that," said Fouché. "My friends may say that I have now abused myself to blind the emperor, and the emperor may be of the same opinion. But let us proceed to business, Louise!"

Louise Duval rose, and took a seat close to Fouché. The rest of the company—Marie, De Vivier and Rachelle—moved to a distant corner of the apartment and entered into conversation—for it was a part of Fouché's system never to permit one spy to be informed of the nature of any particular business on which another spy was despatched.

"Louise," said Fouché, "there is in the hospital of a certain prison a young Englishman. I am very anxious to know—who he is—what brought him to Paris—and what is his profession? Visit him to night, in the garb of a Sister of Charity. Talk to him—be kind and gentle to him. Let him look into those sparkling eyes of yours; let him see those small white teeth. Take his feverish hand in these soft delicate palms, and he will speedily become enamored. These Englishmen are very susceptible, Louise."

"Are they?" inquired Louise.

"Very," said Fouché; "and sometimes romantic. Give him a little encouragement, and I should not be surprised if he proposed to you to fly with him. You understand the part you have to play?"

"Perfectly."

"You will find the dress of a Sister of Charity in wardrobe No. 8—attire yourself and go at once."

Louise obeyed, and left the drawing-room.

For a few moments Fouché was absorbed in his own reflections—then taking several pinches of snuff, he called "De Vivier!"

De Vivier approached, and took the chair which Louise Duval had just vacated.

"De Vivier," said Fouché, in his blandest of tones, "you must visit a certain gambling-house in the Palais Royale this evening. Go early, and take a note of the winnings and losses of certain members of the emperor's household whom you will meet there. One or two of them I hear are in a fair way of being stung severely. Enter into the play."

"With pleasure," replied De Vivier; "but I shall require gold in my purse."

"Or paper money?" said Fouché with a smile, handing him bank notes to the value of three hundred Napoleons. "There! Do not be reckless. Keep your ears open, and return to me as soon as the play is over."

De Vivier rose, bade Fouché good evening, and left the house in high spirits.

Again was Fouché buried in thought; again took several pinches of snuff; and then called "Rachelle!" Rachelle came skipping to his knees, knelt down, and looked up into his face. Fouché played with the ringlets of the fair girl for a few minutes without speaking, then patted her soft cheeks, and said, "My child, you must prepare for a long journey; you will proceed to Milan to-morrow; go, dear child, and make your arrangements. To-night retire early."

"To Milan?" said Rachelle.

"I said to Milan, dear."

"Very well," sighed Rachelle, and, after receiving Fouché's blessing and a kiss, she left the apartment.

"Have you no commands for me?" inquired Marie St. Cyr in a tone of voice which showed that she was somewhat piqued at being the last to be called for.

"Commands?" said Fouché. "I have in store for you the discharge of a most important duty."

"Indeed!"

"You heard me say that a report had been circulated that I was the author of these letters signed 'Disque!'"

"Yes."

"That report, I fancy, owes its origin to a minister who hates me, because he envies me the power and influence I possess over the emperor. To-night he is going to the opera, and I have secured a box for you immediately opposite to his. You

must learn from him on what he bases his suspicion, and further, what took place at the secret council to-day."

"But how can I accomplish this?"

"By listening to me. This minister is prodigiously gallant, and prodigiously vain. As soon as he observes you, he will devise some plausible excuse for introducing himself; for his impudence is not inferior to his vanity."

"Yes."

"This accomplished, he will—finding that you are alone—offer to escort you to your home. You will accede to his request, and invite him to sup with you. You will laugh immensely at his jokes. By the way, he is very witty, and I doubt not your laughter will be spontaneous. Then you will admire his lofty brow and his fine features. He is, if it be possible, more vain of his person, which is hideous, than of his talents, which are undeniably great and varied. With such a person you will know how to act."

"But will not he," inquired Marie, "be on his guard, and reserved?"

"Guard! bah!" exclaimed Fouché, contemptuously; "what is the guard of any man intoxicated with the vanity arising out of a beautiful and clever woman encouraging his attentions? You will find him as silly and as pliable as any coxcomb that struts about the Tuileries. Moreover, he is fond of wine, and, when excited, becomes garrulous—self the theme: he talks of nothing else."

"I will listen to him with marvellous patience."

"Then you will win his heart at once."

"And then?"

"Induce him to talk about me. Begin by abusing me, and he will speedily join you. Note well his every word, and catch his phrases. And before he leaves you, procure from him some token of his regard—a ring, a brooch, a snuff-box, a handkerchief—anything; but let it be something with which I may, without speaking, remind him that he is not always so discreet as he ought to be. This man is not yet in my power. I have no grip upon his tongue. But I must have, or he may affect my dismissal. Stay, let me give you some costly jewels to wear on this occasion."

Fouché rose from his chair, and walking to a cabinet drew forth a casket.

"Here, take these," said he. "They belong to a Polish nobleman now in Dresden. He deposited them with me for safety."

Marie took the casket from Fouché's hand, and was about to leave him.

"One word more, dear Marie," said Fouché. "Tell me—are you still on friendly terms—not outwardly but inwardly—with Louise Duval?"

"Yes."

"And with De Vivier?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Why?"

"How very strange!"

"You excite my curiosity."

"Think no more of this. They know the influence you have with me; and I think they wish to lessen it. They are jealous; but take no heed of my suspicions. Continue to be civil and kind; but do not trust them. 'Tis now time for you to dress."

Marie St. Cyr retired, and Fouché again threw himself into his easy-chair. With a grin overspreading his features, he lifted the lid of his snuff-box, administered to his nose a goodly quantity of its contents; and thus soliloquised:

"Oh! how I love a woman whose heart and soul are centred in intrigue! A woman who can act a part in the great game of life as though she were only treading the boards of a theatre! A woman who is superior to that ridiculous emotion called 'Love,' which disturbs the judgment, ruffles the senses, and converts rational beings into such arrant fools! A woman whose breast is as cold as an icicle, but whose words and ways are ever warm and winning! A woman who never suffers a petty perjury either to wound or distract her conscience! Such a woman would I have been, had it pleased heaven to make

me one, and endow me with a face and a figure like hers. How curious would be the catalogue of Marie St. Cyr's triumphs! To paint the tribe who have knelt and worshipped at her shrine, and fondly trusted in her bewitching smiles! Poor deluded creatures! How often will they consecrate their oozy garments to the potent God of the Ocean!"

A servant announced Colonel Cartouche.

"Admit him," said Fouché.

The colonel entered the room, out of breath, and in a state of painful anxiety.

"Pray be seated, colonel," said Fouché.

"I have a secret for you!" gasped the colonel.

"Secrets are scarce things now-a-days, colonel."

"Yes, I know, but good heaven! how my heart beats!"

"You appear very much fatigued, colonel."

"Yes; I ran—as fast as I could lay these short legs to the ground the moment I discovered it."

"A secret, colonel, never loses its value by the possessor keeping himself perfectly cool. I begin to suspect that your secret is no secret after all."

"Yes it is, and a very great secret."

"You deceive yourself, colonel."

"No, I do not. Come now, tell me, who is 'Disque?'"

"Is that your secret, colonel?"

"You do not mean to say, then, you know who he is?"

"I have discovered him this very day."

"The deuce you have! Well, it is just like my usual luck.

As soon as I got hold of it, I said to myself, 'Here's my fortune made at last.' I am always too late. Yes, as soon as I had found it out, I said to myself, 'Now, then, I shall be promoted to the rank of major-general—get fifty thousand francs, at least—a berth on the emperor's staff, and made comfortable for the remainder of my days!' But, after all; after running hard enough to break the heart of a horse, much less that of a man, it turns out that I am just in time to be too late!"

"Nevertheless, colonel, you have my best thanks for being too late. I mean my best thanks for your zeal in so good a cause. But I doubt whether you really know who is the author. Allow me to show you something."

Fouché rose, and withdrew from a drawer two rolls of paper, each several yards in length.

"Look at that, colonel," said Fouché, exhibiting one of the rolls. "Look at that!"

"And what is that, pray?" inquired the colonel. "The tailor's bill of some man of fashion? or the roll of some household regiment?"

"This, colonel," said Fouché, "is the list of the authors of 'Disque,' furnished to me by various informers, in the hope of pecuniary reward or an appointment."

"Indeed!" groaned the colonel. "You do not say so?"

"And this," continued Fouché, unfolding the other roll, "is the catalogue of persons who have avowed themselves—madmen whose thirst for notoriety endangered their lives; fools whose stupidity acquitted them of the offence they acknowledged. Now tell me, colonel, in which of these lists may your author be included?"

"In neither," said the colonel. "I know the real man, and have the strongest proof, now that it is of no use to me, seeing that you also know who it is."

Colonel Cartouche drew from his pocket a piece of blotting-paper, and dashed it on the floor.

"What is this, colonel?" inquired Fouché, picking up the blotting-paper.

"The proof, the undeniable proof."

"How so?"

"I tore it out of his *portefeuille*."

"When?"

"Not half an hour ago."

"Were you observed?"

"No. His sister was there, but she did not see me."

"His sister? No one else?"

"Not a soul."

"Where was he?"

"He had left the room for a few minutes."

"I see, colonel. But what proof is this?"

"Just take that paper up to the light, and read it backwards. There you will find some portion of the last letter just as it was written, and blotted on that paper. Compare that with the printed matter, and you will observe the difference. In the rough draft he spoke of this Cohort as an *expensive*, but foolish, machination; in the printed copy we have the word 'comprehensive.'"

"I see, colonel," said Fouché; "but I have stronger proofs than this, which is no proof at all, against him."

Fouché, with a complacent smile, folded up carefully the piece of blotting-paper, and put it into his waistcoat pocket.

"Now tell me," said the colonel, "how did you come to find out that he was the author?"

"Ah, colonel," replied Fouché, "that is indeed a secret."

"I am a very old friend of the family, you know."

"So I observe."

Fouché took snuff.

"And truly sorry am I for the youth."

"Yes, I can easily conceive your grief."

"Who could have imagined that a mere boy, eh! could have written with such power, and with such a thorough knowledge of human nature? But then Jerome was always a lad of great promise. He was first prize-man at his academy—first in everything. He fights well, fences well, rides well, swims well, dances well, sings well, draws well, talks well—egad, he is one of those clever fellows who can do everything well."

"And he writes uncommonly well," suggested Fouché.

"Yes," continued the colonel; "but he got his ability from his mother. The father was as dull and stupid a creature as ever lived."

"Where is she, colonel?"

"The mother? Why, she's dead."

"Ah, by-the-bye, so she is."

"The father being about the court of Louis XVI., Jerome had the advantage of reading with the tutors of the Dauphine."

"I know—and hence his strong attachment to the Bourbons."

"His mother was a protégée of Marie Antoinette. I proposed to her after she became a widow."

"Did you?"

"Yes; but she refused me; she had an estate in the provinces, besides the house in Rue Vivienne, in which Jerome and his sister now reside."

"Colonel," said Fouché solemnly, "I was thinking of arresting the youth this very night. If I do so, the forfeiture of his head, or imprisonment for life, will be the penalty of his serious offence. But the truth is, I wish to spare him, and if he would promise never to write again, I would do my utmost to conceal his identity. As an old friend of his family, you would not, of course, ever mention, or allude to what has come to your knowledge. It would indeed be a pity that a youth of his birth, pretensions and ability, should meet with an ignominious end. Yes, my earnest desire is to spare him. Colonel, take a pen, ink and paper. Write to him—request him to meet you to-night at a café in the Boulevards. I will be there in disguise. Write; your letter shall be delivered by the hand of a confidential servant of mine."

When Colonel Cartouche sat down to write, Fouché paced the apartment with measured steps and in deep thought. His eyes were nearly closed, and his tightly compressed lips bespoke that he was contemplating a deep revenge on the author of those epistles which had occasioned the emperor and himself so much pain and annoyance.

"Will this do?" asked the colonel, when he had finished his note.

"Admirably," replied Fouché, after reading it; "address it."

The colonel again took up the pen and wrote—

"MONSIEUR. JEROME LEGRANGE,
Rue Vivienne, No. 18."

The name and the address were all that Fouché required. No sooner was he in possession of these, than he suddenly recollected that he had "an engagement at the palace which would prevent him meeting Jerome that night."

"But meanwhile, colonel," said Fouché, "you must be very quiet. Not a word to any soul breathing. Remember, your young friend's life is at stake."

Colonel Cartouche emphatically promised that he would be "as silent as the tomb," and, after a few minutes, which were passed in desultory conversation, took his leave.

"Ah, ah!" chuckled Fouché (in the spirit of Antolycus the pedlar, when he exclaims, "What a fool honesty is, and trusts his sworn brother")—"Ah, ah! what a simple gentleman is this Colonel Cartouche! He has parted with his secret for nothing—a secret for which I would generously have given him at least one hundred thousand francs out of the coffers of the state!—besides procuring for him the place and the promotion for which he is now panting. As it is, I am now under no obligation to him. Jerome Legrange! I wonder if Jerome Legrange is an admirer of handsome women? Strong passions generally accompany great intellects. I wonder if he would fall in love with Rachelle d'Este? whether in his ecstasy he would acquaint her with all his secrets? But, no! Rachelle is too young; and, though she is truly a promising pupil, still I fear she has a heart which might be moved. Marie St Cyr must be the woman. He shall love her—write his letters in her presence—in her presence be arrested.

"This piece of paper is scarcely proof enough (Fouché drew from his pocket the blotting-paper and examined it), though for me it is proof sufficient. The proof shall be of the strongest character, and the punishment commensurate with the offence!"

CHAPTER II.

THE family of Legrange was one of the oldest in France. The father of Jerome was an officer in the army and an aide-de-camp of the king; his wife, a woman of aristocratic birth, and an attendant and intimate friend of the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette.

Jerome, as Colonel Cartouche truly described him, was a youth of great ability, and had been educated with extraordinary care by the most learned professors in Paris. In person Jerome was not strictly handsome, but he was very "noble-looking," and had a manly bearing and frank address, which captivated all with whom he came in contact. He was, moreover, a great wit; and although he seldom used that weapon in his writings, whenever he had recourse to it he was invariably successful.

For seven months had Jerome Legrange's pen kept the Emperor Napoleon and his adherents on the rack, and for that period there was not the slightest clue to the authorship of the letters signed "Disque." The manuscripts of these letters had been transmitted by Jerome to several of his friends in exile, in different parts of the world, and those friends caused them to be printed and forwarded to Paris by post. Some were dispatched from England; some from Rotterdam; some from Frankfort; some from Hanover; some from Dresden.

With the exception of Jerome's sister, no one in Paris was acquainted with the secret of the authorship; and from those at a distance Jerome had little reason to fear, inasmuch as their attachment to the Bourbon family was as ardent as his own, and their hatred of the Bonaparte dynasty not a whit less cordial.

Jerome Legrange, at the period to which this history refers, was scarcely twenty-four years of age, and his sister, Antoinette, some three years younger than himself.

Antoinette was very beautiful, but not gifted with any great power of mind. She possessed, however, those accomplishments and polished manners common to persons of her rank, who breathe the atmosphere of courts. And that she was gentle, affectionate and high-minded, it will require no great effort of your imagination to infer.

Jerome and his sister, between them, inherited the property, real and personal, of their ancestors. Their income was equal to fifteen thousand francs per annum. Fortunately for his widow and children, Colonel Legrange (Jerome's father) had died previous to the murder of Louis XVI.; and the obscurity in which the Legrange family subsequently lived, spared them that confiscation of their property which would otherwise have taken place.

Intense was the interest and the curiosity that these writings of Jerome Legrange created. It was impossible to visit any club or café without hearing them quoted or discussed: and not unfrequently, after a day's ramble over the capital did the young "citizen" retire to rest with feelings as proud as, if not prouder than, those of the mighty hero who then swayed the destinies of France.

Amongst the few old friends with whom Jerome and his sister preserved relations of intimacy was Colonel Cartouche, who has already been introduced to you. The colonel was a very short and very stout gentleman, of about sixty years of age. Those who knew him well, were wont to question his personal courage; but his figure was so ridiculous, and his humor, *malgré lui*, so immense. Fouché used to make use, great use, of the colonel; but, somehow or other, he always contrived to cheat the old gentleman of his information, by affecting to know all the colonel was about to tell him, extracting the budget by a variety of cross-examinations. It was a great secret for the colonel—that discovery of Jerome Legrange as the author of the letters signed "Disque." And it was by the merest accident that his eye, resting on the words in the blotting-book, made him acquainted with it. Jerome had left the room for a few minutes, and the colonel, fearful of losing the opportunity, ripped out the leaf. Antoinette observed him to do this; but, neither suspecting the fidelity of the colonel nor guessing his motive for the mutilation, she did not, at the moment, give the matter a second thought. Scarcely, however, had the colonel left the house, when that wonderful faculty which the female sex possesses—that of arriving at a conclusion—began to develop itself. The thought struck Antoinette: she communicated her fears to Jerome, who stood for several minutes aghast and motionless. He then rushed to the *portefeuille*, and there discovered how powerful would be the evidence which any single leaf of that book could give against him. With all his care he was, in the end, to be betrayed by a very trifle, in the hands of a false friend! There was no time to be lost—no time even for inveighing against the treacherous Cartouche. In breathless haste a few trunks were packed, and in less than two hours Jerome and Antoinette, with all their establishment, were on the road to their estate, which was not far distant from Boulogne. Bitterly did Jerome and his sister grieve to abandon the home of their childhood, and more bitter was the reflection that it and all therein would fall into the hands of the state, by way of confiscation.

CHAPTER III.

It was eleven o'clock on that night, when Fouché sat anxiously waiting for the coming of his various emissaries. Ere long, Louise Duval, in the garb of a Sister of Charity, entered the room. How heavenly did she look! What man would not have fallen in love with her?

"Well, Louise," said Fouché, "have you seen the young Englishman?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Who is he? What is he?"

"That I could not discover. He was embarrassed and reserved when I questioned him on these points."

"And did he not admire you?"

"He did, and when I took his feverish hand in mine, and put his long dark hair from his pale forehead, he detained my hand in his, and prayed to heaven to bless me."

"That was very pious on his part."

"And when I bade him good-night, he asked me to accept this ring, and wear it for his sake."

"Indeed!"

"I have promised to visit him again to-morrow."

"But did you not ask him what was his profession?"

"I did; but he only replied that he had been imprisoned on suspicion of being a spy. To-morrow he may be more communicative."

"Very likely. Allow me to see that ring. He must have concealed it upon his person; for I ordered him to be deprived of everything of value the moment he was arrested."

Louise Duval withdrew the ring from her middle finger, and presented it to Fouché.

"Whose crest is this, I wonder?—an elephant's head, with the motto 'Prenez Garde.' Even the royal arms of England have French and German mottoes; as if their own language was not good enough for them! Let me see, I have a book of English heraldry somewhere."

Fouché took from a shelf a ponderous volume and began to turn over its pages.

"Here we are," he resumed, "amidst lions, panthers, dogs, goats, monkeys, mermaids, griffins, fish, doves, crows, kites, jackdaws! Where the deuce have the elephants got to? Oh, here they are, almost as large as life! Yes, elephant's head—'Prenez Garde'—I see!" and Fouché's countenance was lighted up by a beaming smile, which gradually grew into a broad grin.

"Is he a man of rank?" inquired Louise.

"You need not trouble yourself to see him again; or, at all events, you had better wait till he is convalescent. A second visit from you may retard his recovery."

"Then give me back my ring," said Louise.

"Nonsense, child!" said Fouché, opening a small iron chest, in which he deposited the sick man's token, and withdrew another in its stead. "Here, dear girl. This is a brilliant of the first water. I am told that this ring once belonged to Agnes Sorel. See how it glitters! There—take it!"

Louise put the brilliant on her finger, and expressed her curiosity to know the name of the Englishman, in whom she had taken a very lively interest.

"If I tell you his name," said Fouché, "you will not, promise me, mention it to any one?"

"It shall never escape my lips," said Louise.

"Well, then," said Fouché, in a mysterious whisper—"his name is the Earl of Smith!"

Attired in an elegant court costume, De Vivier now made his appearance, and Louise retired to her apartments in the Rue St. Honoré.

"Well, De Vivier, what success?" Fouché inquired.

"None, sir. I have lost all my money."

"Your money? you mean to say my money."

"Well, it is all the same. I backed the red, and the black won."

"That was unfortunate."

"Yes; but this bad luck cannot last."

"I never knew a gambler that did not indulge in that same forlorn hope, especially after a heavy loss. But who, besides yourself, were the losers?"

"The Marquis d'Ecare lost nearly ninety thousand francs."

"Good! I am glad of that. Who else?"

"The Duke of Cambray, seventy thousand."

"Glorious! That will plunge him in difficulties."

"The Count d'Ardenne, fifty-five thousand."

"Admirable! He will have to part with his Italian mistress. Now, tell me, who were the winners?"

"The bank, principally."

"Heaven prosper the bank? Vivier, why don't you cheat? That is the only fair way of winning at cards."

"Cheat at cards—?"

Marie St. Cyr, superbly dressed, covered with diamonds, and holding in her hand a handsome bouquet, glided into the room at this moment, and put an end to the conversation between Fouché and De Vivier. The latter, who was not a little impatient to leave the minister of police, speedily made his exit.

"Queen of beauty!" said Fouché, "I know by those smiles that your victory has been complete."

"What a wicked man is that minister!" she replied, yawning. "But, oh! how clever, witty, accomplished, generous and——"

"Ugly!" suggested Fouché. "Was he communicative?"

"Tolerably so."

"Committed himself?"

"To a certain extent."

"What extent?"

"He declares that you *are* the author of the letters signed 'Disque.'"

"On what grounds?"

"The style—the sentiments."

"Well, the style *is* certainly like mine; but how the sentiments?"

"No one, except yourself, he says, could be so eloquent, touching truth and honesty."

"Oh! and does the emperor also think so?"

"He does."

"Did he say anything further?"

"Yes—he said you were nothing better than a sort of Wilde—an Englishman. Who was Wilde?"

"A low thief-taker, my dear; but a man of great genius, nevertheless—one of the greatest men, perhaps, that England ever possessed—that is to say, if we are to credit his biographer. Wilde was one of the few men who knew how to economise mischief, deeming it too precious a thing to be wasted; a man who knew no distinction of others, from affection, but sacrificed all with equal readiness to his own immediate interests; a man who never forgave an enemy, but was always cautious and frequently dilatory in revenge; a man who thought that the heart was the proper seat of hatred and the countenance of friendship. You spoke of the minister's generosity; did he give you any proof of it?"

"He did; he gave me this brooch." Marie removed the ornament from her breast and placed it in the hands of Fouché. "Is it not handsome?"

"Very, and, as I live, it is the identical brooch that Josephine presented to his wife about four months ago."

"Indeed!"

"You will give this brooch to me?"

"Of course—'tis yours."

"I will wear it next Saturday at court. He shall see it on my breast; his cheeks shall grow red with rage and then become blanched with fear. This bauble puts him in my power; it shall kill his vanity and seal his satirical lips. Oh, how sweet! But tell me what took place at the secret council."

"Nothing but the authorship of these letters was discussed, and it has been resolved that if the author remain undiscovered for another month, you are to lose your office; had not the Empress Josephine been present, you would have been stripped of power this very day."

"Oh! That was decided, was it? Well, I shall anticipate his most cunning majesty, by informing him that I do not require a month's warning, like a common menial; and the fact of my knowing what took place at the secret council to-day will point out to him the danger of dispensing with my services. But listen to me, Marie. I have discovered the author of these letters; I know him—and you shall know him, and entangle him in the meshes of your net, and discover who are his friends in Holland, England, Germany and elsewhere. These I long to discover. To-morrow you must frame some excuse for paying a visit to his sister. You may call upon her and inquire whether she had a lady's maid named Julie Dupont, who has referred you to her for a character? or whether it be true that they are desirous of renting their house for the next season?"

Here Colonel Cartouche burst upon the scene, exclaiming, "Fouché, Fouché! the bird has flown!"

"Indeed, colonel?" said Fouché, calmly concealing his disgust and feigning indifference. "I knew that, colonel. You are too late with your news. Have you heard the road they took?"

"No."

"Then good-night, colonel. Good-night! You do not know enough, it seems." And with these words Fouché bowed the colonel out of the room.

"Blundering fool!" exclaimed Fouché, returning to Marie's side; "he must have been observed. That is the worst of people devoid of sagacity and patience. When they accidentally stumble on some important fact they do not know how to make

use of it. But no matter. I will set my seal upon all this young gentleman's effects, and speedily discover where he is to be found. I will have him! even if he must be hunted up from the other end of the world! Marie! you must go in search of him, engage his affections, and bring him here to me, a captive in the chains of love."

"It is an enterprise which fires my very soul! To have at my feet one whom even the emperor dreads—one who has reviled and annoyed myself, and the whole of my most valued friends!"

"Yes; he, too, shall kneel to you, and prove that with all his talents and his strength of mind he is quite as weak as other men. This, Marie, will eclipse all your former triumphs. Yes; you shall bring him here—into this very room. But, let us sketch the plot. You are the Countess de Calmet—a widow. De Vivier, who will accompany you, is your brother—Monsieur de Clairant. You are staunch friends of the Bourbons. You are in exile (should the bird have flown into some other country, whither you will have to follow him, ere many days have passed). I will put you on his track. Get you to rest; you seem weary."

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELLING through France under feigned names, Jerome and Antoinette made the best of their way to Calais, and thence came over to England in a fishing-boat. From Dover they took the coach for London, and hired apartments in Pimlico. The expenses of their journey had almost consumed the amount in cash which Jerome realised on such short notice; and inasmuch as he was quite sure that all resources from France would be cut off from him, it was necessary for him to consider by what means they were to support themselves.

"Be of good cheer, Antoinette," said Jerome, "we are now in the land of the free—the land of liberty, or as Voltaire described it, the land where every man has the right to beg, and the liberty to starve—the land which has eighty-seven religions, and only one sauce—melted butter. But seriously, dearest, our personal liberty is not endangered here. So long as we obey the laws, the laws will protect us. Let it be Albion's pride that she has never been 'perfidious' to her exiles."

"Thank heaven for such a mercy."

"We shall not be reduced to beggary, Antoinette. It shall never be said of us that we are as the vermin that cling to opulence. I can earn by my pen a livelihood. Greater men than myself have been doomed to exile. Our greatest philosophers have tasted of its bitterness. Descartes was forced to fly; Gasendi persecuted to the full; Arnaud; Voltaire; Rousseau; the list is too long to recount."

"With your talents, Jerome, who would fail to place himself in the foremost ranks of literature, and gain a never-dying name?"

"Be not so sanguine, Antoinette; you know but little of the world. You, naturally, regard me as a prodigy, little dreaming how many prodigies are to be found in every street of every large city. For my part, I never knew a family that had not at least one great genius connected with it."

"But not such geniuses as you, Jerome."

"My dear sister, literature as a pastime is doubtless a very delightful pursuit; but as a profession it is a very different matter, believe me."

"Indeed!"

"Especially when those who purchase your wares know that you vend them for your bread. When they are aware that we are above want, they treat us with civility and respect. When they know how hardly we are pushed for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together, they exhibit towards us rudeness, impertinence, and frequently contempt. Only those who depend on literature for a livelihood know the struggles, the disappointments, the delays, the heart-burnings, that men of letters experience. I have known the son of a peer treated with hauteur and effrontery by a man to whom, in poverty, he went to sell the workings of his well-stored brain; by a man who in former years would have been proud to hold his horse, or run an errand for him!"

"And could he not resent it, Jerome?"

"Yes; but resentment is a costly matter when it is purchased by starvation. It is the same in all countries, and I fear that England is not an exception. If I were penniless in Paris, to-morrow, I could scarcely earn my bread—gladly as were my contributions received, and handsome as were the offers of remuneration, when it was known that I was a man of independent fortune. An author's poverty is too often a black mark against his merit, Antoinette."

"Is such homage, in the world of letters, really paid to wealth, Jerome?"

"It is. To take a leading place in literature is indeed no easy task. The young author, if he be successful, becomes an object of jealousy with those who are older and above him in the same pursuit; he also becomes the victim of cabals engendered by his compeers. Moreover, he has too frequently the misfortune to have his works judged by fools before they are permitted to reach the public eye. And, unlike other citizens, the man of letters generally holds to nothing, and is without aid. In short, he resembles the flying fish. If he rises a little, the birds devour him. If he dives, the fishes eat him up!"

"Do not despair, Jerome."

"Despair? No: I do not despair. I simply tell you this that you may be prepared for the life we shall have to lead when I have once entered the lists of literature as a profession; and that you may not be astonished at the pittance I shall receive for my incessant labors."

"My poor Jerome! But can I not also toil? Can I not take portraits, teach music and our language to English children, and embroider?"

"No, my sister! Misfortune can never diminish my pride, and not until, as a literary hack, I break down, shall your exertions ever be a marketable commodity."

Ere long Jerome Legrange was employed upon one of the leading journals in London; and his original articles on the state of Europe were frequently rendered into English, and made their appearance in "leading columns." By hard work, (fortunately, the opportunity which it afforded him of gratifying his penchant, and attacking every one who was an enemy of the Bourbons, lightened his toil) Jerome was enabled to earn sufficient to support, with economy, himself and his sister. They had no acquaintances in London; and they did not desire to make any.

CHAPTER V.

THE Countess de Calmet (Marie St. Cyr), and M. de Clairant (Vivier), accompanied by Lord Brenton—the young English peer whom Louise Duval had visited in the garb of a sister of charity, and whom Fouché had liberated, and made a friend of, for the purpose of securing his assistance in the scheme he had on foot for the discovery of the whereabouts of Jerome Legrange—arrived in England. The young lord, little dreaming that his companions were spies, introduced them into the society in which he moved, and did all in his power to assist them in finding out "a relative of theirs—a gentleman who had become insane, and had fled to England in disguise." To discover this gentleman, they gave out, was the object of their visit to our country.

Day followed day, but as yet no clue could be found to the whereabouts of Jerome Legrange. The police of that period was not like that of which England can now boast. As for "Detectives," there were none, as a body, worthy of the name. Meanwhile the countess and De Clairant enjoyed themselves extremely, notwithstanding the painful suspense in which they represented themselves to be existing. They were "the chief attraction" of the London season, and it was an unusually gay one. They had visited at the houses of all the principal leaders of society; and Lord Brenton had made, in writing, a declaration, and an offer of his hand, which the countess had replied to in the warmest language, and most affectionate tone. But she was compelled to decline, on the ground, or rather the pretence, that her affections had been previously engaged. This refusal had so seriously affected Lord Brenton's mind, that his family deemed it prudent to cause his removal to their country seat. Nor was the offer of marriage made by Lord Brenton, the only offer of the kind that the



THE AUTHOR OF "DISQUE" DECLARES HIMSELF.

countess received—several other persons of rank and title had essayed to win her, but to each she had stated a reason for wishing to remain in her present condition.

Six weeks had passed away, when one morning a person called upon M. de Clairant, and intimated his belief that the gentleman for whom he was searching had at last been discovered. Neither De Clairant nor the countess had ever seen Jerome Legrange, and therefore, after ascertaining the address of the person now supposed to be him, it was necessary to make sure of his identity. For the present, M. de Clairant simply thanked the person to whom he was indebted for his information—and deliberated with the countess as to the best means of satisfying themselves. A story was very soon concocted between them—and the next morning the Countess de Calmet and M. de Clairant proceeded on foot to the humble lodgings of Jerome and Antoinette. Jerome was absent, at the newspaper office; but, on receiving the cards of her visitors, Antoinette received them.

The countess, after a brief while, explained the object of her call. She had heard, she said, of their recent arrival from France, and regretted extremely to learn they were exiled. She and her brother had known what exile was, and had lived in poverty in the suburbs of London for upwards of sixteen months. They were also the victims of their attachment to the Bourbons—but now they were assured they might return in safety—and, further, that their possessions would be restored to them. But they desired to know particulars of the state of affairs in Paris, and whether they might with safety depend upon the promises that had been made to them.

Jerome had cautioned Antoinette never to speak of politics to any one in England; and in obedience to his request, she was silent on this occasion.

"At what hour was monsieur most likely to be found at home?" the countess inquired.

"He usually goes out at noon, and remains absent till five or six," replied Antoinette.

"Would it be more convenient to call before twelve, or in the evening?"

"I am sure my brother will be happy to see you at any hour most convenient to yourself; that is to say, at any hour which will not interfere with his engagements abroad."

"His engagements? Then he has been fortunate enough to obtain some employment."

"Yes."

"Ah," sighed the countess, "my unfortunate husband was not fitted for any employ. His loss of position and fortune destroyed his energies; and it was I who had to labor for our existence."

"Indeed! And how did you contrive?"

"By attending schools, and giving lessons in French, drawing and music."

"My brother will not suffer me to work—and I regret his objections, for it seems very hard that all the labor should be borne by him whilst I remain idle at home."

"Your brother's engagements, I presume, are of a literary character?"

"Yes, he is employed by a journalist, and his pen is rarely out of his hand!"

"Let us hope for better days. The present dynasty cannot last long. What a charming little dog this is!" (This remark was made in reference to a diminutive spaniel who was lying on the rug half asleep).

"Yes," said Antoinette, "poor Fidèle was the companion of our flight. I do not know what I should do without her, during my brother's absence. She is my only companion."

M. de Clairant's eyes were not idle during the conversation held between the countess and Antoinette. He surveyed the room, and everything it contained, and observed amongst other things, worthy of note, the names and addresses on several letters, which were ready for despatch to France.

"What an admirable likeness!" exclaimed the countess, her eye resting on a small portrait of the late queen, which was hanging on the wall.

"The queen was my godmother," said Antoinette, "that picture was given to my mother, only a few days before her death."

"Indeed!"

"Did you ever see so large a painting on ivory?"

"On ivory!"

"I will take it down and show it to you. It is a curiosity. See, and this is the queen's hair at the back of it." Antoinette touched a spring—a small gold door flew open, and disclosed a large lock which had grown on the head of the beautiful daughter of Marie Therese.

"Would you like to see the picture of the king?" resumed Antoinette.

"Oh, very much!" responded both De Clairant and the countess.

Antoinette left the room for a few moments, and returned with a small oil painting, which she had taken from her brother's toilette-table. During her absence the countess and De Clairant exchanged looks of immense significance.

"This portrait," said Antoinette, "was also a present to our family from the queen. Ah me! I often think it would have been much better had the whole of us perished on the same scaffold. People may bear—bear patiently—loss of wealth, or even health; but to lose our rank, our position, our importance, it is too dreadful!"

"Yes, mademoiselle; but you must not encourage these gloomy reflections. The present dynasty cannot last long, and the moment it is over you will return to dear France in glory and in honor. You think we may call upon your brother and yourself at ten to-morrow without interfering with his avocations?"

"Oh, certainly. For myself I need not reply; but on the part of my brother, be assured that his delight at making your acquaintance will equal my own."

"You are very kind. Adieu!" said the countess.

"*Au revoir!*" responded Antoinette, warmly taking the hand which the countess proffered her, and gracefully acknowledging the bow of M. de Clairant.

"There can be no doubt," said De Clairant to the countess, as soon as they were in the next street, "that these are the people, and that the young man is 'Disque;' but never did I feel so ashamed of my avocation, so humiliated in my own heart, as when I saw that lovely girl kiss the hair of Marie Antoinette. My nerves trembled and my blood curdled when I touched that lock of hair."

That identical thought, at that identical moment, passed through the brain of the Countess de Calmet; but she did not confess it to her companion—on the contrary, she said, "Bah! we are pledged to Foushé."

"I could love that young girl."

"Love? What has a pauper and a spy to do with love? How impatient I am to see her brother!"

When the countess and M. de Clairant returned to their hotel they were informed that the Earl and Countess of Zine (Lord Brenton's parents) were in their apartments waiting for them. Thither they repaired in haste, and found Lady Zine in tears, and the earl pacing the room in a state bordering on distraction. Lord Brenton, it would seem, had become insane, and his physicians had, in consultation, come to the conclusion that the only hope of his restoration to reason would be the possession of the object of his violent affection. Lady Zine, therefore, implored the countess to listen to the entreaty of her son, whose numerous good qualities she enumerated, while Lord Zine took M. de Clairant aside and supplicated him to do all in his power to induce the countess to become Lady Brenton.

The countess was not a little affected on hearing the particulars of Lord Brenton's insanity; but she assured Lord Zine,



FOUSHÉ BALKED OF HIS PREY.

with a frankness and firmness which were natural to her, that she could not, on any consideration, become his lordship's wife—because she did not love him; and De Clairant, with equal frankness and firmness, assured Lord Zine (who was himself a man of the world), that he would not interfere in any way whatever, because, in matters of the heart, the advocacy of third parties were usually (like the presence of a professional advocate at courts-martial) prejudicial to the interests they desire to support.

"Would the countess," Lady Zine inquired, "see Lord Brenton? would she, at all events, calm him and give him a temporary relief? Would she go into the country for that purpose, only for a few hours?"

The countess complied; arrangements were instantly made, and the Countess of Zine and the Countess de Calmet were soon on their way to a mansion thirty-five miles from London. De Clairant remained in town and accepted Lord Zine's invitation to remain with him until the return of the ladies on the following morning.

CHAPTER VI.

"How has my lord passed the morning?" Lady Zine impatiently inquired of an attendant.

"As usual, my lady," was the reply. "But he has changed his idea that he is the Prince of Wales. He now represents himself as Darius, King of Persia; and he has been fighting a furious battle with the Greeks ever since ten o'clock; and I fear that it is not yet over, for I heard him just now call for a fresh horse."

Lady Zine opened the door of her son's apartment, which was bolted on the outside to prevent his escape. The Countess de Calmet, for the present, remained in the passage.

When Lord Brenton saw his mother, he rapidly finished "a desperate and successful attack on the enemy's flank," and then became, in his own imagination, no other than the identical Petrarch, whose bones had been deposited in their sarcophagus ages previous, and strange to say (for Lord Brenton had but little poetical ability), he threw off extempore some half score of sonnets, which were far superior to nine-tenths of the published ones which lovers address to their mistresses, in the pages of town magazines and country newspapers.

"I have brought Laura to see you," said Lady Zine, humoring the last fancy of her insane son.

"Then let me behold her; where is she?" he exclaimed.

"She is waiting in the drawing-room. But you must be very quiet and composed. There, sit down in this easy-chair, and patiently await Laura's coming."

Lord Brenton sat down, and Lady Zine left the room and soon returned with the countess. When the insane man beheld the being who was the cause of his disease his face became deadly pale; he covered it with his hands and wept bitterly. The countess motioned Lady Zine to leave them. The silent mandate was obeyed, but reluctantly.

"You have been ill," said the countess, in a soothing tone.

"I have been mad," said Lord Brenton, after a pause. "I know now my condition, for my senses have returned. How kind of you to visit me."

"No, you have only been ill; but you will soon be better, and you will travel, and pay me a visit at my chateau, will you not?"

The young lord did not reply; but, kneeling before her, he looked imploringly in her angelic face. This was the most severe trial that her heart had ever experienced. Her pity for her adorer had almost awakened a love for him.

"Do you leave England soon?" he inquired.

"Not immediately."

"Have you discovered the fugitive?"

"Yes."

"And is he really mad?"

"His mind is in some degree affected; but he only requires repose for some time."

"And how is De Clairant?"

"Quite well. He will visit you to-morrow, if you are well enough to receive him."

"O yes, I shall be well enough. Have you heard lately from

our friend Fouché?"

"Yes."

"How is it with him?"

"He writes in excellent spirits."

"Was not that my mother who came into the room with you?"

"Yes. Will you see her?"

"Presently."

"What a charming day!" exclaimed the countess, walking to one of the windows (which had been fastened down and "battered" on the outside.)

"Yes, very charming," conceded Lord Brenton, following her and looking out upon the lawn with her. "What a wonderful thing is madness!" he mused.

"Yes, but you are not mad; you only fancy that you have been."

"I am not mad now, and I would puzzle all the doctors, lawyers, divines and scholars to prove me so in your presence. At this moment I could give a succinct account of my life from the time that I was five years old up to this very day—or rather up to the day when I was shut up in this room, for since then I know not what has happened or what time has passed away. There is no subject upon which I could not now discourse rationally. You see I am making you a second offer, and appealing to your humanity to decide in my favor." Here he took the hand of the countess.

"Listen to me," said the countess, "and let me cure you of your infatuation. I know that you are a man of honor, and that you will never divulge what I am about to tell you. I will not ask for a solemn promise to this effect—for I know that such a demand is unnecessary."

Lord Brenton bowed assent.

"Listen!" continued the countess. "I am not the being whom you suppose me to be."

"Then am I still mad, dear countess? Do my eyes deceive me?"

"No, you are not mad—nor do your eyes deceive you. But I am not the Countess de Calmet. I am no other than Marie St Cyr, the widow of a man of rank. I am a spy—nothing more, Lord Brenton; and with such a being you would hardly desire to connect yourself."

"I now repeat my offer of marriage."

"No! I cannot—I will not marry you; not because my heart is previously engaged; that was a fiction coined partly to discourage you and partly to suit my own convenience. Hear me! I have no heart—I am an utter stranger to love or passion. This beautiful exterior which you admire is as devoid of a soul as a statue in the studio of a sculptor. My whole life has been a prolonged lie. I came not to England to spy into the affairs of this nation, but to discover and allure to Paris a Frenchman who has reviled the emperor and otherwise broken the law of his country."

"I care not. Be my wife. It matters not to me what you may have been, but what you will be."

"What I may have been? My lord, I have had hundreds of men at my feet; and I might have been the wife of a person as exalted in rank as yourself; but no man in this world has ever inspired me with one sentiment which relates to affection."

"May I kiss this hand?"

"Yes."

"Oh, be mine!"

"It is impossible."

"Then grant me one favor. Since I can never possess the original, will you give me a portrait of yourself?"

"Behold! I have anticipated your request. Here is a miniature taken by one of the first artists in Paris. It is yours."

Lord Brenton pressed the portrait to his lips, and became so calm, and seemingly so satisfied, that the countess, after reminding him of the necessity of his keeping her disclosures a secret (although she again told him that she required no distinct promise), proposed that Lady Zine might be summoned to the apartment.

After partaking of some refreshment the countess took her departure for London; but Lady Zine remained with her son. His eyes were constantly fixed upon the miniature, and he in-

dulged alternately in tears and laughter. But nothing could provoke him to utter a single syllable. He was now possessed of another fancy—that he was quite dumb; and although his lips moved continually, he failed to call into action the functions of the voice.

CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE had visitors to-day, Jerome," said Antoinette, when her brother returned from the office of the journal.

"Indeed! Who may they be?"

"The Countess de Calmet. Oh, Jerome, she is such a heavenly woman; and her brother is a person of very *distingué* appearance. They have been in exile for some time past; but now they are about to return to France."

"Happy they. How came they to call upon us?"

"They heard that a French lady and gentleman were staying here who had lately arrived, and they wish to know something about the affairs of France. I, of course, could tell them nothing, because you enjoined me never to discourse on such subjects."

"You are a dear girl."

"But they are staunch friends of the Bourbons."

"How, dearest! Did they say so?"

"No, not at first; but when I showed them the lock of the queen's hair the tears came into their eyes. They are very anxious to see you, and will call again to-morrow, before twelve. Oh, Jerome, she is truly beautiful! I could gaze on her face from morning to night. She is a widow. Her husband died in despair, in this country, half a year ago."

"Is she as beautiful as Madame Luvois?"

"Infinitely more beautiful, and more graceful; besides her figure is so queen-like!"

"You make me very anxious to see her. The man who is initiated into the sacred mysteries, when he beholds a beautiful face, combined with a divine form, experiences a secret emotion full of respectful fear. When the influence of beauty once enters the soul of man by his eyes, the wings of his soul become bedewed, and lose the hardness which retains those germs; and those germs swelling beneath the roots of the wings expand from every part of the soul. The soul has wings—so Plato says; but as I have not been initiated into these sacred mysteries I am a stranger to them."

"As soon as you see the countess, Jerome, you will love her."

"Alas, my sister, I am in no condition to love. In truth I do not believe in love. I rather think, with one of our own philosophers, that, after all, love is nothing more than a caprice that soon wearies us—a romantic fancy, a taste speedily followed by disgust, the embroidery of the imagination on the stuff of nature."

"These speculations are too deep for my understanding, Jerome."

"When the external appearance is no longer the same does not love vanish? Must not grizzly eyebrows affright, wrinkles repel, and decaying teeth disgust? And yet there are Latin writers who affirm that man, having been endowed with the talent, or the gift of perfecting whatever nature has bestowed upon him, has perfected the gift of love; and that all amiable and valuable sentiments enter into that of love, like the metals which amalgamate with gold; that friendship and esteem readily fly to its support, and talents both of body and of mind become new and strengthening bonds. Such are the contradictory opinions of philosophers."

That night Jerome Legrange, while his sister sat working by his side, finished another letter of "Disque," which was to be printed in English, and transmitted to Paris. It was the longest and the best epistle that he had ever penned, and there could be little doubt as to the sensation it would create at the clubs and other places, where it would be read with avidity.

With what secret pleasure did Jerome re-peruse, alter, correct and polish that letter!

"How sweet," thought he, "is it to know and feel that what we write will command attention and applause! that from a garret a poor wretch, in exile, like myself, can make powerful

monarchs and their ministers tremble with rage! Had it not been for that perfidious Cartouche, I might have had the gratification still of observing the countenances of those who read my productions; of seeing, with my own eyes, the pain or the joy to which they gave birth; of hearing, with my own ears, the criticisms and remarks of the parties whom my lucubrations interested and affected!"

"Shall I play for you, Jerome, now that your labors are concluded?"

"Yes, dearest; play to me some soul-stirring music—some battle piece—that I may stride this small apartment, and fancy myself a monarch trampling under foot a parcel of rebels, usurpers and impostors. Antoinette, you will be glad to hear that this very day my employers have voluntarily increased my stipend. Instead of receiving three pounds per week for my labors, I am to receive five. Oh! if ever we should be restored to our possessions in dear France, how delightful will be the recollection of these days, and how grateful we shall ever feel to the land that sheltered and protected us in our misfortunes, and gave us the means of supporting ourselves in comfort and in honor!"

The next morning at half-past eleven o'clock, a carriage was drawn up at the door of Jerome Legrange's lodgings; a tall footman got down, and gave several very important and emphatic knocks at the door.

"Was Mademoiselle Vercourt within?"

Vercourt was the name assumed by Jerome.

"Yes."

The Countess de Calmet and M. de Clairant descended.

Antoinette received her visitors, and presented her brother, who welcomed them with much cordiality. Jerome thought the countess so beautiful that (in the words of Lord Rochester) "she would impel a whole nation of atheists to worship a Divinity." His eyes imbibed her charms, and the wings of his soul were bedewed; the germs did swell beneath their roots; he experienced that "sacred emotion," and he became "full of respectful fear."

"You have recently arrived from France, M. Vercourt," said De Clairant.

"Only a few weeks ago."

"We are now about to return."

"You have my most sincere congratulations."

"But we desire to learn whether those of the royalist party are really safe in Paris? Whether the word of the emperor may be taken? and whether he is sincere in his promises?"

"The word of the emperor may be taken. I have too great a respect for his wonderful genius to conceive him capable of a falsehood; but then he is surrounded by such infamous, rapacious adventurers, all struggling for their own individual interest, fearing that his dynasty will not last—it is impossible for me to hazard an opinion on the question you now put to me."

"Is Fouché still in power?"

"He is, and powerful in his audacity."

"We read in the English papers of an establishment called the Cytherean Cohort. What is this Cohort?"

"Have you no idea?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then let me inform you."

"Perhaps you will allow my sister also to hear. At present, I observe, she is engaged in conversation with Mdlle. Vercourt. Marie!" exclaimed M. de Clairant, "will you listen to a description of the Cytherean Cohort? Mdlle. Vercourt will, I am sure, forgive this interruption on my part."

"This Cohort," said Jerome, when all were silent, "is an institution of Fouché's."

"Of Fouché's? That low person?" said the countess.

"Of Fouché?" Jerome repeated. "But he is not exactly that low person he has been described. He began life as a teacher of elocution in one of the public schools, and much as I detest his principles and himself personally, I am not blind to his extraordinary abilities."

"But he is a monster!" said the countess.

"A fiend!" said De Clairant.

"You are quite right," said Jerome. "He committed no doubt those barbarous cruelties in Lyons and in Nantes: but to 'the Cohort.' It is composed of the most abandoned characters. Women of the most fascinating" (here he looked at the countess, who bowed an assent, and then turning to De Clairant he added), "and men of extremely engaging exterior and mien." (De Clairant bowed.) "Most of these people have mixed in the best society and are familiar with its usages. They are, in fact, Fouché's domestic spies."

"How disgraceful!" ejaculated both the countess and De Clairant.

"It is almost incredible," continued Jerome; "the expense of course falls on the state. With the money of the people the gambler's purse is nightly filled; and costly establishments provided for the syrens."

"'Tis wonderful!" said the countess; "but has not the society of Paris been warned of this association?"

"It has, and a general mistrust has been consequently engendered. No one now can trust his neighbor or his friend. Alas! I am myself a victim. But man, in his nature, is generous and unsuspecting; and it is difficult to be always wearing a cautious eye, and guarded tongue. We grow weary of constantly thinking our associates knaves, traitors and other than what they represent themselves to be."

"True!" said De Clairant; "and under these circumstances, Marie" (addressing the countess), "I doubt whether it would be prudent for us just now to venture to our country."

The countess sighed, but expressed a desire to run the risk; so great, she said, was her anxiety to revisit her native land. Jerome and his sister were then invited to dine with the countess and her brother on the following day; and the invitation was accepted.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEROME LEGRANGE had been as "gay" as most young men of his age and temperament; but his affections had never settled upon any object. Excepting the members of his own family, he had never loved any woman in the world, and the love that he had for those, how very different, how very inferior, as a passion, to that which had just taken root in his bosom!

The countess was scarcely out of the house when he began to rave about her beauty, and the elegance of her manners; and he agreed with his sister that "no words could describe that unequalled person." Jerome had work to do at his office; but who could work after seeing and conversing with such a woman? And he had promised to have the MS. of "Disques," last letter in the printer's hands at half-past two, and correct the proofs the same afternoon. How could he attend even to this matter? What brain could busy itself with politics and sarcasms, when the image of a being so lovely was constantly floating through it? His eye caught sight of, and rested upon, an elegant little parasol, and a gold card case set with diminutive precious stones. They belonged to the countess. She had "forgotten" them. How fortunate! She would doubtless discover her loss, ere long, and return for them; Jerome, therefore, would not go to the office—at least not until he had seen her again. His demeanor became childish, but Antoinette was not surprised at his ecstasies. She herself was enamored of the countess.

When the countess and De Clairant left the apartments of Jerome, they returned immediately to their hotel. They then proceeded on foot to Jerome's lodgings, for the purpose of calling for the parasol and the card case, which were left, not by accident, but by design.

"What think you of the youth?" De Clairant inquired, as they turned into St. James's street.

"He is extremely intellectual, and without any doubt the author of those letters. I never saw more intellectual eyes, and such genuine humor as that which once or twice played about his lips. But tell me, for you ought to be the best judge of this, think you has he lived? Does he know anything of life? Judging from some of the phrases in his letters, and various allusions that he makes, I should say that he was anything but

an anchorite. But from his personal appearance, what would be your opinion?"

"My opinion is that you may win him at the first interview you have with him alone. I watched his eyes, and saw the effect your beauty had upon him."

"Was he very much affected?"

"His eyes were feasting on your features, and on one or two occasions I observed him tremble when he turned towards you. But tell me, did you not feel ashamed of our occupation, when we sat in the same room with that charming girl, and——"

"Bah—again I tell you we are sworn to Fouché, and whatever our feelings may be, we must pluck them from our breasts. I have engaged to take the man to Paris, a captive in the chains of love—and deliver him into Fouché's power; and that engagement I intend to perform."

"What are your commands?"

"That, this afternoon, when we walk out with them——"

"How? He will not be at home when we reach the house."

"Yes, he will; I have a presentiment he will be there; you must give his sister your arm, and always contrive to remain either fifteen or twenty paces before or behind us."

"Well?"

"At the conclusion of our walk, you will invite them to take tea with us this evening; I will second your proposal, if they waver or object."

"Be not premature. He may suspect something."

"Fear not. It is in the dawn of a young man's love that he is most intoxicated. Think not, however, I shall to-night touch on those letters or the authorship. They are evidently fond of music, and I will do my utmost to please them, although, I confess, I am sadly out of spirits. This insanity of Lord Brenton, and the anguish of his parents has quite depressed me."

"You do not love this English lord?"

"When Marie St. Cyr loves a man, the symptoms will be unmistakable. Were you ever in love?"

"Yes."

"With whom?—all the grisettes in Paris?"

"No, with one lady who is at this moment resting on my arm."

"Then allow me to tell you that your passion is as hopeless as that of Lord Brenton. Never, I pray you, repeat that declaration. If you do, it will lead to the dissolution of our acquaintance, as well as of our friendship."

"Enough. For ever more I shall be silent on that subject."

The Countess de Calmet rested upon the arm of Jerome Legrange (M. Vercourt), and Antoinette on that of M. de Clairant. They were walking towards Hyde Park. Jerome was listening to the earnest discourse of his companion, and every person whom they met turned round to look at the woman, whose beauty was astounding. Jerome was more proud of being seen in public with her than of being the author of those letters which had engaged the attention and curiosity of all Paris! They were soon at the gates of the park. No imperfect statue of Achilles raised a smile to disturb the gravity of their conversation; no lofty caricature of the great duke excited them to boisterous mirth. These quaint emblems of national gratitude were not in existence in those days.

"How painful is exile!" sighed the countess.

"But how sweet to me!" answered Jerome.

"Wherefore?"

"Has it not made me acquainted with the most beautiful woman in the world? Madame, if more propitious days should ever dawn upon me, I trust you will suffer me to renew this acquaintance."

"I shall be always proud of your friendship, M. Vercourt. It is impossible to hear you speak without being convinced of your talent and your genius, as well as of the nobleness of your nature and the quality of your birth."

"Praises from such lips as yours are indeed precious. Still I fear they exceed my merits. But I will strive to be worthy of your friendship."

"Of that worthiness I have already the evidence of my own

senses. You bear upon your brow, M. Vercourt, the stamp and impress of a lofty soul."

"Madame, you do me infinite honor."

"Exile, like shipwreck, soon makes friends of strangers. Although our acquaintance is but a few hours old, it seems an age since we first met, for we know each other."

"You have anticipated the very remark I would have made, had I dared to express it."

"How very thronged the park is to-day!"

"Very."

"Do you admire the English people?"

"I am in exile." (He shrugged his shoulders).

At that moment a gentleman from a carriage lifted his hat and bowed to the countess; and a lady, who sat beside him, kissed her hand very graciously.

"Who are your friends—if it be not an impertinent question."

"The Marquis of Westville and his daughter. They have been very civil to us during our exile."

The countess was then saluted by a gentleman on horseback.

"Who is that?" inquired Jerome.

"Lord Neville, whom I met at the house of the Earl of Zine a few weeks ago."

"Who is the Earl of Zine?"

"An English nobleman who is connected with the government of the country."

"Do they sympathise with the Bourbons?"

"Oh, yes. If they did not I could not consider them friends of mine."

Another bow, and a sweet smile from a coroneted carriage.

"That is the Viscount Castledown. He affects to be in love with me."

"Affects only! Are you quite sure?"

"To me it is a matter of indifference!"

The conversation then turned upon topics of the most trivial importance, and was prolonged until it was time for De Clairant to invite Jerome and his sister to spend the evening with them at the hotel.

The countess pressed Antoinette's hand, and looked imploringly at her brother. "Yes, at a quarter to eight," they said they would be in the apartments of the countess.

It is needless to detail what took place when Jerome and his sister spent the evening with the countess and M. de Calmet. Let it suffice that Antoinette was charmed with the drawings in M. de Clairant's portfolio, and Jerome enraptured with the songs which the countess sang to him. Nor is it necessary to detail the particulars of the dinner party on the following day, and the visit to the Covent Garden theatre to witness an English comedy. The two "families" were now upon intimate terms.

One morning Jerome called on the countess, and found her alone. M. de Clairant had gone to pay Lord Brenton a visit in the country. On the work-table near which the countess was sitting, was a pamphlet, elegantly bound, and on the cover thereof was printed in gold letters the word

"Disque."

You will readily conceive the emotion of Jerome Legrange when he beheld that ominous word.

"May I look at this book?" he inquired.

"Yes. It only contains the letters of 'Disque.'"

"Do you think these letters clever?"

"Who does not?"

"I have thought them very much overrated."

"'Disque' overrated! There is more of genius, fire, wit, soul, sentiment and dignity of language in one single letter of 'Disque,' than in all the letters of 'Largette' and 'Menice' put together!"

"How vain would it make the author to hear that criticism from your lips!"

"Did they not create an immense sensation in Paris?"

"They did. Were they much read in England?"

"All the friends of the Bourbons highly approved of them—devoured them. For my part, I know the whole of that book by heart."

"If I were the author, I should feel prouder than a king to hear you say so. I would not barter my victory for all those of Napoleon."

"How I should like to know the author—to see him—speak to him—thank him."

"My dear countess, we should never desire to see an author by whose writings we have been charmed. He always disappoints us. We expect him to sustain the level—the standard of his writings—in conversation; those writings which probably cost him hours of study, in solitude, long before he puts them to paper. Besides, if the author of these letters were really known, do you think they would be appreciated as they now are? In my opinion the mystery which attaches to them swells their importance, and imparts to them a charm which intrinsically they do not deserve."

"Ah, no, M. Vercourt. I am convinced that if the author's name were known, he would share with Napoleon the notice of the whole world."

"I cannot agree with you."

"We heard the other day that he had sold himself to the emperor; and as he has ceased lately to write, there would seem some foundation for the report. The price of his silence, it is said, is a peerage and a pension."

"There can be no truth in that report. Think you, madame, a man who constantly shows in every page that his chief weakness is the pride he takes in the antiquity of his origin, could be bribed or feel flattered by being raised to the mushroom aristocracy of France? Do you not remember that in one paragraph, while alluding to the vanity of titles, he speaks of grooms and postboys being converted into princes and dukes?"

"For my part, I never believed in the report: nor did my brother. Do you know, that I once cherished a hope that these letters would eventually arouse the French people, overthrow the present dynasty, and restore the Bourbons to the throne?"

"How vain that hope! Think you really that this fluent scribbler, who may be, after all, some enthusiastic hireling in a rage—a wretch who eats his single meal a day with ink fingers—could mar the fortunes of the greatest military genius the world has ever seen?—one who can always command two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, ready to follow him with an ardor and a devotion nothing inferior to that which swelled the breasts of the few hundred who accompanied Hossein from Medina?"

"Speak not so contemptuously of men of letters. The authors of antiquity came down to us far more honored than the tyrants to whom they were subject. And, mark my word, the name of this writer, 'Disque,' will live long after that of Bonaparte is forgotten."

"Think you so?"

"I do. I could love a man who possesses the ability to write such letters as those. Yea, I would rather share a crust with such a man, perish with him in a dungeon, starve with him in the streets, sink with him into a sea of poverty, than be the wife of the proudest prince that ever sat upon a throne."

"I am sorry to destroy the illusion under which you are laboring; but let me tell you that there are hundreds of men in Paris suspected of the authorship of 'Disque'—men of all ages, all ranks, all professions. The real claim, however, to the distinction, lies between two persons. The one is a low-born, low-bred, but well-educated watchmaker in the Rue St. Honoré—(not the man of birth whose tones he assumes)—a man of hideous proportions, forbidding aspect, loose morals, filthy habits—one who snuffs, smokes, drinks to excess—a loathsome creature. Could you love, admire, or respect such a being?"

"Yes, I think I could—if he possessed in so eminent a degree the greatest gift of Nature—the gift of sublime genius. By the shining light of that genius the deformity of his person and the depravity of his tastes would pale and flicker until they were utterly obscured. Between us and the sun are there not piles of dark clouds and oceans of the densest fog; but does not the sun's light break through them all and shine upon us?"

"The other candidate for the dangerous honor is an aristocrat: a vain, proud, arrogant, overbearing coxcomb, who daily laves his emaciated limbs in perfumes, and feeds upon his own conceit. Foppery and genius, remember, are not incompatible."

But I would ask you whether your enthusiasm would not speedily vanish on making the discovery that your idol was clothed in such monstrosities."

"No. I would still love him for his genius. If the peacock had the note of the nightingale, his pride surely would not les on the sweetness of his song? And when the sagacity of the elephant excites our wonder, do we criticise the awkwardness of his gait? Think you that a woman—a being worthy of that name—loves merely the flesh and blood of a man? No, it is the immortal part of him to which she longs to unite her own soul."

"Madame, you have entranced me, and after what you, in ignorance of the fact, have just disclosed, you will think me either the vilest impostor or the vainest man in the world, when I disclose to you that

I AM THE AUTHOR OF 'DISQUE,'

and that the authorship has led to my flight from France, and the abandonment of all my possessions!"

The Countess d'Arbent clasped her hands, and stared at Jerome with a mingled expression of surprise and joy.

"Behold one proof!" said Jerome, drawing from his pocket the manuscript of the last letter, which, in its printed shape, he had that morning despatched to Paris.

"This is a strange world!" said the countess, "and reality often outstrips our wildest dreams. It is really difficult to say where dreaming ends and reality begins. You are the author of 'Disque'? I see you, hear you, feel the pressure of your hand? Is it true?"

"It is; and you have told me that you could love the author. Here at your feet I kneel, and worship you. It is the homage that genius may honestly pay to beauty such as yours. Until I beheld you, I was a stranger to love, although I have not regarded the sex with indifference. My soul was centred in loyalty, ambition, self and kindred. I am now your slave. If you are offended at my presumption, I may still claim your pity; and if I have abused your condescension, your extreme loveliness and the ardor of my disposition must extenuate my crime. Even if you should spurn me, I will love you still."

"Loved by thee!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what an unexpected joy is this! Thou god-like image of a perfect man! Take me, take me to thy heart!"

"Dearest Marie! How often, since manhood dawned upon me, have I prayed to heaven to grant me such a being as thou art; a being in whose worship I might drown all selfish thoughts; one to whom I might divulge my very soul! I can now even bless the dynasty that drove me into exile. Dearest, my dreams are more than realised."

"And mine, Jerome! I cannot part with you, nor return to France, unless you accompany me."

"In France, dearest, there is a price upon my head. That monster, Fouché, knows that I am 'Disque.' And he has, I fear, proofs to warrant either my death or perpetual imprisonment."

"Could we not live in obscurity in some secluded spot, where we might lead a life of love and peace? and whence you might launch your thunders on the world, without the slightest dread of being discovered? Jerome, I have a chateau, near Auxerre, where no one would ever dream of seeing you. Come, come with us in disguise."

"Yes, dearest, I will go with thee."

"But breathe not one word of our attachment to my brother, nor confide to him the secret that you are 'Disque.'"

The bird was fairly in the snare. Of the real character of his "charmers," Jerome had not, of course, a scintilla of suspicion. How could he suspect them? Were they not on friendly terms with the *élite* of the English aristocracy? Arrangements for their departure were concluded; and the countess privately wrote as follows to Fouché:

"On Saturday next, at the hour of nine at night, I will arrive at Paris, with the author of 'Disque.' Be prepared to receive us; let Louise, and Rachel, and the rest, be absent

from your house. You are my uncle, the Marquis of Beauville, and without your consent I cannot marry my adorer, to whom I am now betrothed! The dress and the disguise necessary for such a rôle, I leave entirely to yourself.

"MARIE ST. CYR."

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE the countess left England, she paid Lord Brenton another visit, at the request of Lady Zine, to whom her son had communicated his prayer, in writing.

The physicians in attendance on the young nobleman had strongly protested against this; but so piteous became his entreaties, that the fond mother was moved to disregard their advice.

In Lady Zine's company, the countess approached the patient's couch. The moment he saw her, his voice, which no one had heard for the past fortnight, returned. Its well-known sound drew from Lady Zine a flood of tears, and several drops fell from the eyes of the countess on the shrunken palsied hand which now grasped hers.

It was a hard part that the countess had then to play, for Lady Zine, on her knees, again implored her to restore Lord Brenton to reason, and to his parents, by promising to become his wife. Two days previously, Marie might have acceded to that request—but now it was impossible. Not to save a thousand lives would she have fulfilled such a promise, even if she had made it. Her pity was all that the countess could bestow on the sufferer; but her love, or the promise of her hand, could not then have saved Lord Brenton. In this meeting with the countess, he had found the voice which he fancied he had lost; and when she left him that night, he began to rave with all the delirium exhibited in the worst cases of insanity; and after one or two violent paroxysms, his head fell back upon his pillow, and, utterly exhausted, he appeared to sleep; but it was the sleep of death! As quietly as a child, with the toy which has wearied it in its hand, drops off to slumber, did Lord Brenton, with the miniature of the countess in his grasp, glide to his eternal rest.

The death of Lord Brenton caused intense sorrow amongst his friends and acquaintances, and the cause of his insanity, which preceded it, was not long a secret in London. The servants of the family—especially the women servants—discussed the matter with the servants of the other noble families. These mentioned it to their friends—the tradespeople—the tradespeople spoke of it to their customers—until at last a very broad allusion found its way into a morning paper. This paragraph was copied into an evening paper, and thence extracted by all the provincial publications; and at last who was there unacquainted with the fact that "Lord Brenton had fallen desperately in love with that beautiful French countess, and because she had refused to marry him, had gone mad, and drunk himself to death?" Of course, the "drinking to death" was only the "tag" which every story acquires in the course of circulation. Amongst others who read or heard of this was Jerome Legrange. And he asked the countess, one day when they were alone, whether there was any truth in the report. She confessed that Lord Brenton had loved her, and had offered her marriage, and that she believed the cause of his insanity was her refusal. Under any other circumstances Jerome would have been shocked at this recital; but just then (such is the pride and vanity of a man who thinks himself beloved by a beautiful woman, who is an object of attraction in society) he listened to it with a secret pleasure. Here was a woman, who had refused the eldest son of an English earl—a man of great wealth—now loved him, a poor exile, for himself alone! Such a woman had consented to become his wife, and take him with all his poverty and his danger of being discovered as the author of seditious writings! What a triumph! How sincere must be her love for him! how ardent! How glad was Jerome that he had not met her before his misfortune, since it would have deprived him of this enormous test of her affection, and of its purity! He even appeared to gloat over the death of his defunct rival. (Blame not him, but man's nature.) And he put an infinity of questions to the countess:

"Was Lord Brenton handsome?"

"Yes."

"Was he clever?"

"Yes."

"Was he very agreeable?"

"Yes."

"Generous?"

"Yes."

"Then why not have loved him?"

"Because the heart did not prompt her to do so."

This led them to discourse on love, and its mysterious character, and it would have been difficult to decide which of the two, Jerome or Marie, was most eloquent on the occasion.

"I have been thinking," said Jerome, "that I had better destroy the manuscripts of those dangerous epistles. Hitherto, I know not why, but I have longed to preserve them."

"Oh, do not destroy them, dearest," said Marie. "To me they would be more precious than I can well describe to you. Oh, not for the world would I have one line destroyed!"

"Then will you keep them, dearest?"

"Yes. I will place them in the casket which contains all my valuables."

"See! I brought them with me for the purpose of burning them in your presence."

Marie took the packet from his hand, and kissed it fervently.

"And these are the glowing originals Jerome?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Where is that letter that speaks of the Cytherean Cohort. It is not amongst my printed collection."

"Here. I think it one of the best."

"Oh, how clever it is! It must have maddened Fouché."

"Yes; I know it did; because I heard that he said 'such trash' never affected his nerves—and that it was all false."

"And was it—is it false?"

"No."

"How do you know, dearest?"

"Marie, I will conceal nothing from you. You will not be offended when I tell you the truth. I have been as gay as most persons of my age and temperament; and although I never loved a woman until I beheld you—still I never saw a pretty face and delicate form that had not a charm for me."

The countess smiled and sighed, "Go on."

"You are not angry?"

"No, dearest; but you must swear to give me all your admiration in the future."

"I do swear it."

"Then proceed."

"Well, my sister had once a very pretty maid whom she dismissed for some offence or other."

"What was the offence?"

"Inattention to her duties, I believe."

"Now, Jerome, dearest, you promised to conceal nothing from me."

"Nor will I. Listen. One evening I met this maid at a *fête* at St. Cloud. I spoke to her. I asked her what she was doing. Whether she had another place?"

"And you danced with her?"

"I did, I will conceal nothing from you. Are you angry?"

"No, dearest; go on."

"The girl said she was then *femme de chambre* to one of the most lovely young ladies in Paris. I inquired about her mistress, and was told where she lived; that she had no father or mother, or relations of any kind; that she was a lady of fortune, and what was the most extraordinary part of the business, that she had no lovers; or, at all events, that no man ever visited at her apartments. Through the agency of this maid I contracted the young lady's acquaintance. She was, indeed, a lovely little being, and I cannot tell you what pleasure I had in her society, but there was a mystery hanging over her which I could not comprehend, and had it not been for this mystery I believe that my heart would have been irrecoverably gone; but I am not one of those men—warm as my soul is—who would link himself for life to any woman whose birth and condition were inferior to my own. I hope this sentiment does not offend you?"

"No."

"Why are you moved?"

"Because I admire the sentiment that has just escaped you. But Boccaccio says, Jerome, that love levels all ranks and all distinctions."

"Well, but I had not loved her. If I had loved her spontaneously, perhaps my love would have put to flight all my scruples. These are matters which it is impossible to reason upon."

"True, dearest."

"Well, then, after an infinity of trouble, I discovered that my fair young friend was a spy in the pay of Fouché—that she was one of a gang called 'the Cohort'."

"Good heaven! what a narrow escape you had, Jerome! Suppose you had disclosed to her that you were the author of these letters?"

"I should have paid the penalty, I fancy—that of death—nothing more or less."

"Did this girl love you?"

"I think she did."

"What was her name? Do you remember?"

"Ruchelle. Ruchelle D'Este, she called herself."

"Now, Jerome, dear! supposing that you had loved her, not knowing that she was a spy, and had afterwards discovered the fact, what then?"

"I can only speak of what would have been my feelings had I loved her as I love you, Marie."

"Well!"

"I should have loved her still—even if she had betrayed me and divulged my secret."

"It is impossible!"

"No; it is the truth. When a man loves as I love you, his love becomes indissolubly connected with his existence."

"What? If you loved me, and I betrayed you; basely placed you in the hands of your enemies?"

"I could abhor the offence, and curse the depravity of human nature; but I could not love you the less. Like the traveller in the east who is lured to sleep beneath the shade of the mimosa—knowing it to be deadly—so would I still bask in the sunshine of your smiles. On the scaffold to which your betrayal had brought me, I would breathe a tender sigh for you. On the very threshold of eternity would I pray to see you again in another world."

"Is this in human nature, Jerome?"

"It is in my nature, dearest."

The countess rose from the couch on which she was sitting, threw her arms around the neck of Jerome, and imprinted several warm kisses on his intelligent brow. And she wept bitterly.

M. de Clairant, during the interview between the Countess de Calmet and Jerome, was by the side of Antoinette Legrange, upon whom he had already made the most favorable impression. He was talking of love to her—of love, to which she had been a perfect stranger; and she was listening to him with eager ear. De Clairant at that moment felt not only ashamed of his avocation, as a spy, but disgusted with his previous career. In the presence of that girl he felt as feels the sinner over whom, in his sickness of soul, as well as of body, steals the desire to be virtuous. De Clairant no longer loved Marie St. Cyr. In his heart he had a contempt for her. He could now only regard her as the instrument by which a high-minded and intellectual man—the brother of a girl whom he loved—was to be delivered into the hands of Fouché, who was as remorseless and as void of feeling as the guillotine itself. Since he had been in England—short as the time was—De Clairant had won at cards—and fairly had he won it—a very large sum of money. Crossing the channel had changed his "luck," and many a member of White's club writhed under the payment of the sums which this pleasant Frenchman drew from his pockets. One of these, who thus poured out their lifedrops, was "the Beau Brummell," who, on handing De Clairant an I O U which, it is said, Lord ——— "honored," whispered, "God's my life, I should rather lose to you than win of these vulgar people;" Lord ——— being himself one of the party on that night. De Clairant's winnings, in fact, were sufficient to give him a handsome income in England; and had it not been his dislike to the country (he did not speak the language) which deterred him, he would have betrayed

Fouché to Jerome Legrange, and thus have broken up the journey, which they were about to undertake to France. As it was, having become, through Lord Zine, acquainted with the substance of Fouché's correspondence with the English Government, he felt that Fouché was in his power, and that Jerome and his sister would be perfectly safe, even after the former had been delivered into Fouché's hands by Marie St. Cyr.

"And will you not speak of it to your sister?"

"Not yet. The interests of the Countess De Calmet and myself are scarcely identical; although they appear to be so. I would not school you to be deceitful; but for the next ten days you must feign an indifference to me."

François, De Clairant's valet, had been sent to Paris, and another arrangement had been made, with respect to Jerome's



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De Clairant, thus armed, offered Antoinette his hand, and she accepted it, for she loved the man.

"But you will keep our engagement a secret," said De Clairant; when Antoinette responded to him,

"From my brother?"

"Yes, from your brother. It will be only for a brief while. I must be the first to make our attachment known to him."

disguise. He was now to travel as an English messenger of the king, carrying letters of importance to the court of France. Without any sort of trouble, Marie procured for him an English passport from an official friend of hers. Thus was Jerome enabled to travel inside the carriage.

The countess had represented to Jerome that, without the consent of an uncle, who was her trustee, she could not marry

—or if she did marry without such consent, she would forfeit a considerable portion of her income. She had further assured her lover that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the required consent, for her uncle was heart and soul in the Bourbon cause; and that if he only knew that Jerome was the author of the letters of "Disque," he would not only worship, but make him heir to all he possessed.

CHAPTER X.

It was nine o'clock, exactly, on the night of the 12th of July, when the carriage rolled into the courtyard of Fouché's mansion. Fouché had been dressed for more than half an hour, and, having given his instructions to those in attendance, had seated himself in his large easy chair. An actor of some celebrity had assisted at his toilet. Fouché, as he sat there, represented a man of at least seventy-five years of age—feeble in both body and mind—but not absolutely childish or unable to move about a room; a pair of crutches, however, stood near the chair, and from the folds of flannel which were tied round one of his legs, it might have been inferred that he was suffering from gout. The dress, as may be supposed, was accurate in the extreme; it had belonged to an unfortunate old marquis whose effects had fallen into Fouché's possession some few months previously.

How warmly did the old marquis greet the long-exiled Countess de Calmet! How fondly did he hug her to his heart, and sob upon her shoulder, while he held out his left hand to be grasped by that of his dear nephew, De Clairant, who had no words to express his feelings. Jerome and Antoinette were both a good deal affected at a scene so touching. The latter shed tears; but De Clairant advancing and taking her hand speedily caused her to dry them.

These demonstrations of affection at an end, Jerome and his sister were introduced to the old Marquis Beauville, who was (they were reminded) very hard of hearing. The marquis made Jerome a very profound bow, and took the hand of Antoinette with admirably acted gallantry. The eyes of Marie St. Cyr and De Vivier—(such must be their names again)—met, and their looks gradually grew into an angry scowl. They alone knew why. Each regarded the other as base to the last degree.

"As a friend of my niece, M. Vercourt," said Fouché, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, and as a friend of the Bourbons you are doubly welcome. Mademoiselle Vercourt, I am enchanted to see you in my abode. Pray be seated; you must be weary after your day's journey."

"In the society of your niece, M. le marquis," said Jerome, loudly in his ear, "fatigue is unknown."

"Ah, yes!" returned Fouché, affecting not thoroughly to have understood the sentence; "yes, but it is very dangerous to utter one's opinions in these days."

"So I understand, M. le marquis."

"But we are safe here, all friends of the Bourbons—very great friends, staunch friends."

"Yes, M. le marquis. I have schooled myself never to talk of politics."

"You are very prudent, M. Vercourt. It is a thorny path. Were you long in exile?"

"Not so long as your niece, monsieur, but sufficiently long to feel its inconvenience."

"Speak a little louder, if you please; my infirmity compels me to give you this trouble."

"Jerome repeated his last observation, and Fouché remarked:

"Yes, it is very sad, I doubt not. Fouché was the author of my family's troubles."

"And of the troubles of many others."

"Who shall write the catalogue of his crimes?"

"Well, monsieur, I have the vanity to think I could do him justice, if the press of this country were free; but at present I should be writing with my head upon the guillotine."

"Yes, and that is the last place for a man to think of commencing another's biography. But thank heaven, we have still some famous and ingenious writers amongst us, one in particular, a person who signs himself 'Disque'—monstrous clever fellow, and very shrewd—defies 'em all to find him out. Did you ever read any of his letters?"

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"Yes, sir."

"Well, he has drawn Fouché's character very forcibly, and has so far succeeded that the emperor has no longer any confidence in his minister of police."

"Your information, M. le marquis, is peculiarly sweet to me."

"You have not, perhaps, read the letter I allude to. Eighty thousand copies were sold in one week in Paris alone."

"Eighty thousand copies! You surprise me."

"It describes Fouché and his infamous Cohort; you will find it on the table, near that book with the green cover—yes, that is it. I was reading it over again just before you arrived. Just read the opening paragraph."

Jerome read aloud as follows—Fouché grinning, and observing the joy which sparkled in the young man's eyes:

"Fouché, minister of police! A more cruel, selfish minister than the subject of this sketch never existed in any age. It was a faithful description that one of his friends gave of him when he said that Fouché had the visage of a monk and the voice of death. Every bad quality which disgraces human nature he possesses in an eminent degree. Every evil passion that places men on a level with brutes has found a lodgment in his breast. He might have been the founder of the Inquisition in Spain, and the inventor of the Oubliettes. Treachery, falsehood and blood are with him the best and easiest steps whereby to rise to rank, wealth and power. Such is the man whose vices recommend him to the favorable notice of the adventurer who sits upon the throne."

"Very true, very true!" exclaimed Fouché. "Do not read any more at present. All that he says is very true! Fouché and all his companions will be hanged, he prophesies, and everybody will be glad. You read with a very good emphasis, M. Vercourt. The author himself could not have done more justice to the passage."

"The style is so simple, and the sentiments are so congenial with my own—"

"Yes—yes. Take a pinch of snuff. This snuff-box was once the property of a Bourbon."

"Indeed, marquis? Is that a Vandyke that I see on the wall?"

"Yes; but if you look at my collection of portraits you will be amused at my caution."

"In what respect, marquis?"

"Why, as soon as I felt myself in real danger, I caused all the portraits of my friends the Bourbons to be removed to my chateau in the country, and in their place I have hung up all the most popular villains of our time. See, yonder is Napoleon, there Junot, there Ney, there Talleyrand; and here, over this mantel-piece—whom do you suppose that is the portrait of?"

"Not of Fouché?"

"Of Fouché! And by those who have compared the original with the picture, I am told that it is an admirable likeness of that unscrupulous scoundrel. Was it not cunning in me to hang these rascals on these walls?"

"I doubt not, marquis that the action was as politic as it was painful. And this is Joseph Fouché? What immense self-possession about the mouth, marquis."

"Immense!"

"I should say a man with that mouth would hear of the death of his dearest friend without moving a muscle."

"I could swear he would."

"Hideous monster!" (Jerome menaced the picture.) "But still (he continued his criticism) 'there is a great deal of intelligence in the countenance; and from this portrait I should not imagine that Fouché had that peculiar cunning for which he is so pre-eminently distinguished.'"

"I have no portraits of the ladies of my family here; they are at the chateau, in the company of the Bourbons. I could not suffer them to dangle here, side by side with these low creatures!"

Fouché now removed the wig from his head and passed his fingers through his hair. Jerome had entered into conversation with Marie, and had not observed this movement; nor did he observe Fouché unwinding the folds of flannel from his leg,

preparatory to rising, for the purpose of locking the doors of the apartment. This done he confronted Jerome, and said :

"Monsieur Legrange, I have locked the doors, although such precaution is not really necessary, inasmuch as the house is strongly guarded, and your escape impossible."

Jerome was naturally astounded at this speech, and looked towards Marie for an explanation. She had covered her face with her hands, and was resting her forehead on the marble chimney-piece. Fouché proceeded :

"M. Legrange, I am not the Marquis Beauville, nor any other stupid aristocrat. I am one of the low fellows whose portraits adorn these walls. Which of them you will soon discover, if you use your eyes. What think you of the mouth?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Jerome, "is it possible that you are —"

"Joseph Fouché!—Yes. And now let me introduce you to one of those syrens whom you have so graphically portrayed" (he pointed to Marie); "and to one of those broken down gentlemen" (he looked towards De Vivier). "These are the principal members of that Cohort which Fouché established."

"Marie!" gasped Jerome, doubting his eyes and his ears. "Marie, dearest!" But she moved not her forehead from the mantelpiece, and did not respond to his call.

"Behold, sir!" (Fouché spoke with a smile on his face): "the man with the visage of a monk, and the voice of death."

"Yes, sir," said Jerome, in a firm voice, "I find that I am in your power. But you shall not have the satisfaction of hearing me crave for mercy. You have heard my opinions, and to those opinions I will cling. Exercise your power in whatever way you please; but I would ask you to suffer my sister to go to her friends. Whatever may be my guilt, she has no share in it. I would implore you to spare her feelings."

"Mademoiselle is not accused of anything," said Fouché, "and she may go wherever and whenever she pleases."

"Jerome, dearest!" cried Antoinette. "Let me go with you—to prison—anywhere! If you are to perish on the scaffold let me die with you."

"Mademoiselle," said Fouché, "our prisons are so crowded just now, that they have barely accommodation for those who have a claim to it."

"Dearest," said Jerome to his sister, "go to your friends." (Then, turning towards Marie.) "Madame, in this moment of your triumph you can afford to be generous. You guaranteed my sister's safety, as well as my own. That part of your promise which relates to her, you may surely keep?"

"My brother, let us not be separated," cried Antoinette, clinging to Jerome. "Do—let me go with you to prison."

"That cannot be, mademoiselle," said Fouché. "Besides, our proofs are not yet complete—and your brother may be acquitted, and restored to you shortly."

"Acquitted!" (Jerome sneered at Fouché.) "No, sir. You are certain of your prey. My manuscripts will be soon, if they are not already, in your hands. I will confess myself the author. There shall be no trial—not even the mockery of one. After my death many false 'Disques' will spring up, but the absence of the real man will be only the more remarkable."

"Proceed, sir, in your vanity," said Fouché.

In another moment, the room was filled with gendarmes. As soon as they appeared, Antoinette fainted.

"When she recovers her senses, let her be conveyed to her friends," said Jerome to Fouché. "This I have a right to demand of you. That lady (he pointed to Marie) knows who she is, and with whom she is acquainted. Now, sir, I am ready."

Fouché pointed to the door. Jerome was slowly moving towards it, when Marie turned round, and met his eyes.

"Farewell," he said to her. She crossed his path.

"You must not go yet. Stay, Jerome!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" said Fouché to Marie.

"Dismiss these people, these guards!"

"Why?"

"Dismiss them! or I will speak out in their presence!"

"What ails you? Are you mad?"

"Dismiss them! This instant—dismiss them!"

"Marie?"

"Dismiss them!"

Fouché ordered the gendarmes to retire to the outer hall.

"What is this?" said Fouché, taking the hand of the excited woman, who was now on her knees before Jerome, unable to give utterance to the feelings which were racking her brain and breast.

"It means," she answered, rising and looking wildly into Fouché's eyes, "that you must hear me."

"Well?"

"I was pledged to you, Fouché, to win the heart of Jerome Legrange?"

"Yes."

"Ask him, if in that I have succeeded."

"Before he asks me," said Jerome, "I will answer. You did not win my heart. I laid it at your feet; and you possess it still, and will possess it till it ceases to throb."

"Did I not engage, Fouché, to bring him a captive in the chains of love to Paris, and place him in your power?" said Marie.

"Yes."

"Then I have fulfilled my mission?"

"Most nobly; but why do you delay me at this moment?"

"Bisten, Fouché; in winning the heart of Jerome Legrange, I lost my own. I love Jerome Legrange!"

"Marie! What silly whim is this?"

"I tell you that I love this man! He is the god of my idolatry. His genius, his eloquence, and, above all, his honesty, and his noble nature, were too powerful for my deceit. Like the fly that would arrest the flight of the antelope, I was carried away, I knew not whither. The falsehoods that I coined to lure him were turned to truth the moment they mounted to my lips; and in the attempt to capture him, my heart broke down, and I became a captive myself."

"Have you become a fool?"

"What I swore to him, I now swear to you—that I would rather share a crust with him, beg with him, starve with him, perish with him in a dungeon, sink with him into the deepest part of the ocean, than be the wife of an emperor, and the mother of a race of kings."

"Pooh! He must away to prison."

"Never!"

"What? Do you defy me?"

"Yes! It is true that Jerome Legrange is in your power. But you must not only free him—you must guarantee his future safety."

"You are certainly mad, Marie!"

"No, Fouché. But you will prove yourself mad, if you do not accede to my wishes."

"How so?"

"Because you are in my power; and, in the event of your refusal, I will exercise that power."

"You threaten me? I in your power? I am in the power of no man or woman living."

"Your head is now on the block, and the axe in my hand. Release Jerome Legrange. If you do not, I will not write to England, forbidding the transmission of a letter which will otherwise reach the emperor's hand."

"How can any letters you may have written affect me?"

"They may inform the emperor that you have plotted against him, and have put words into his mouth which he never uttered."

For the first time in his life Fouché changed color. His jaw fell, his lips quivered, his hands trembled.

"You have not dared to break the seals of my letters?"

"No, Fouché; but their contents are known to me." Then, taking Jerome's hand, she said to him: "M. Legrange, you are free from Fouché's power. That I love you, you can scarcely doubt after witnessing this scene. I free you also from your engagement to me. You did not dream that I was a spy when you gave me your confidence and declared your love."

Summoning one of his sweetest smiles, Fouché advanced to Jerome.

"You seem to know, sir," said he, "human nature better than I do; and your prophecy touching the Cytherean Cohort, so far as this lady is concerned, is fulfilled to the letter. When most I needed their services, you said, if I remember rightly,

they would desert, and perhaps denounce me! M. Legrange, you are perfectly safe. Until your sister is recovered, you had better remain here. The keys of your house shall be delivered over to you immediately."

Jerome was engaged—embracing Marie; and did not hear distinctly the last words that fell from Fouché; but observing that their tone was peculiarly gentle, if not subservient, he thanked him.

Fouché left the apartment, and dismissed the gendarmes. On his return to the room, he was thus accosted by De Vivier:

"I trust, sir, you will forgive me."

"For what?" Fouché demanded.

"I now tender you my resignation."

"Eh? your resignation?"

"My attachment to this lady, Mdle. Legrange, is not inferior in ardor and sincerity to that entertained by my *soi-disant* sister for the author of 'Disque.'"

Fouché surveyed De Vivier searchingly. It was a very insulting and provoking process, and it occupied several minutes.

"You with an attachment? You think of matrimony? You, who have not a franc in the world, but what you receive from me?"

"Sir, I wish to resign my office. It is true that I am not so rich, with regard to money, as I was when I became of age; but I am richer in another respect, namely, in experience, which will teach me to preserve the small fortune I have acquired in England."

"You have acquired a fortune! Then you must have taken my advice—that of abandoning luck and taking to skill!"

"No, sir."

"And you really intend to marry?"

"I do, sir."

"Very well, then, I will give you away." Leading De Vivier to Antoinette, Fouché thus addressed her—"Mademoiselle Legrange, allow me to congratulate you on your choice of a man who is not my nephew, but an aristocrat like yourself. I find that I made a great mistake: but I will not fail to profit by the lesson it has taught me. No adherent of an hereditary monarch can be safely trusted by an usurper, or by any of his agents. And now, M. Legrange," added Fouché, turning to Jerome, "I would speak a few words with you. If we can never be bosom friends, I hope we shall never be open, or even secret enemies. It was not you that I wished to strangle; it was the author. You will think the distinction, perhaps, a very nice one. Let us, I pray you, have no more of 'Disque.'"

"From this day forth, sir, I will pursue literature of a very harmless character. 'Disque' may be said to have perished at the hands of Hymen."

"One word of advice to you, M. Legrange. Leave France! I can only guarantee your safety so long as I am minister of police—and of my office I may be stripped at any moment. Go—go—to any country in the world, but do not remain in this, until the Bourbons—if that should ever happen—are restored to the throne."

When Jerome and Marie, De Vivier and Antoinette, had left Fouché to his own meditations, it was thus that he soliloquized:

"Oh, the superior cunning of a woman! The incalculable precautions of which she is capable! Had she not told me that, in the event of her failing to write, the contents of my letters would reach the emperor, I would have consigned both of these ardent couples to the dungeons of Vincennes. Oh, that such a woman should ever become a domestic creature!"

My story is told. The reader, of course, will infer that Jerome Legrange married Marie St. Cyr, and that Antoinette became the wife of De Vivier. But there is a sequel to the story, which I am tempted to narrate.

Jerome Legrange and his wife, acting upon Fouché's advice, left Paris shortly after their union, and took up their abode in Dresden. Marie became the mother of two children, a boy, the exact image of his father, and a girl, who was a perfect epitome of herself. Here they lived for several years in retire-

ment, and took little interest in public affairs, although they occasionally mingled with the society of the Saxon capital.

One day they were walking with their children in the environs, near the banks of the Elbe. Seated on a stone, near the river's side, they beheld a man, who was talking aloud to himself, and gesticulating in such a manner as to lead Jerome to conclude that he was insane. They passed close to the spot where the man was sitting. He looked up.

"Can it be?" exclaimed Jerome.

"Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otrante?"

"Yes!" was the reply.

"What are you doing in Dresden?" Marie asked him.

"Is it possible," said Fouché, "that a great man like me can be exiled, and take up his abode in a place like this, without all the world being acquainted with the fact?"

"We never heard that you were exiled," said Jerome.

"Alas! it is too true," sighed Fouché. "I have lost place, property, power, friends. All, all are gone, and I am here alone. Have I not grown very gray?"

"Rather," replied Marie.

"Yes, sleeping with one's head for so many years upon the guillotine, no wonder that I am gray; and am I not otherwise altered in appearance?"

"No," said Jerome.

"What about the expression of the mouth now? What the visage of the monk and the voice of death? Do you remember that?" And Fouché joined Jerome and Marie in the laugh which his words occasioned them.

"Ah! it ill becomes me to laugh," said the ex-minister of police, putting on a very sorrowful air. "I am not safe here. I feel satisfied that I shall be assassinated, and that my wife and children will be reduced to beggary. There is no relief for me now, day or night, for my dreams are quite as horrible as my thoughts when I awake. Where do you live?"

"In a house not far distant. Will you come with us?"

"Yes; but let me inquire—whether I am likely to meet any one? I do not like to be gaped at by strangers."

"No. You will not meet any one."

"Then lead the way. Are these your children? Yes, they must be. Little ones, come to me," and he held out a hand for each. The children were touched by the tone of Fouché's voice; it was so full of that gentleness which attracts children of all ages.

"Do not let your servants know who I am," said Fouché, as they approached the house. "Let me be old Beauville again. You remember old Beauville, Legrange?—the marquis? Egad, I have been made a duke since then, and much good it has done me!"

They entered the drawing-room of the abode, and Fouché threw himself into an easy chair. The children had now grown familiar with their newly-made acquaintance, and played with him without any species of restraint.

None who had known Fouché in his public capacity could have believed that it was the same man who now sat in that room encouraging these two children to pull his gray locks, ride upon his knees, and put their straw hats upon his head; who could fancy that the man, now relating with inimitable simplicity some fairy tale, was the same being whose life had been one constant scene of the most complicated intrigue? One of the children—the girl—in playing with him, happened to strike Fouché about the region of the ribs, and having hurt its little knuckles, remarked, "How hard you are?"

"Yes, my dear," was his reply; "I have a complaint which requires me to wear continually a steel blister. Would you like to see it?"

Both children, of course, became impatient to look, and Fouché having opened his waistcoat, disclosed to them, and to their parents, that he was cased in armor!

"But had you not better take it off for the present?" Jerome inquired; "you will find it uncomfortable to dine in."

"Oh dear, no," was Fouché's reply. "I have worn it for so many years that I should catch cold if I left it off, and I require it just as much in Dresden as I did in Paris, when I first adopted it—after that villain attempted my life with a small sword in the Palais Royal. I regard it now as nothing more than an

under waistcoat. You have no idea how brave it has often made me"—and here Fouché gave his host a look which fully justified the remark of Talleyrand:

"Alas! what a great comedian is lost to the world in Fouché's absence from the stage!"

They had dined, and, after imbibing a bottle of Burgundy, Fouché became comparatively happy, and extremely amusing, as well as philosophical; and during his conversation he afforded several proofs of the wonderful power of his memory. He could recollect the veriest trifles connected with events which had occurred many years previously, and, with the assistance of mimicry, so revived a scene that all its original freshness was instantly restored. Jerome had never before met with so charming a companion—albeit his vanity and his egotism, aroused by the wine, were now and then offensive, if not tedious. His want of integrity, and the debased character of his principles, were banished from the thoughts of his hearer whenever Fouché unbent himself and became jocular.

It was now ten o'clock. Marie went to the piano, and played and sang.

"You remember all these old pieces of music and these songs?" she asked of him.

"How should I? since this is the first time in my life I ever heard you play or sing."

"Impossible!"

"'Tis a fact."

They compared notes, taxed their memories to the full; and Marie reminded Fouché of the night when she had met Lord Brenton at his house.

"I was too much occupied in studying that excellent young man to listen to you on that occasion," was his reply. "I am sorry that he died; because he might have been of service to me in England, where I may be forced to fly some day or other!"

On the following morning Fouché paid Jerome a second visit, and found him writing a play, a comedy in three acts.

"Is this the identical blotting-book?" inquired Fouché—"the book which that fool Cartouche mutilated?"

"It is," said Jerome, "and strange to say I have never thought of examining it, to see if there remain any traces of those letters."

"Let me see," said Fouché.

He took the book, and there read off several sentences, just as they had been blotted.

"I took care" (he smiled) "to destroy all my blotting-books, and never to use anything but sand, after Cartouche's genius discovered to me the danger of having such things."

"What became of Colonel Cartouche?"

"I got him an appointment in the Bourse, as a reward for his having played off a very impudent trick upon me."

"What was that?"

"Why, I sent him to carry a snuff-box, containing a bank note for one hundred and fifty thousand francs, as a bribe from a certain person to a certain person." (He mentioned the names.) "Cartouche delivered the box and its contents, and the receipt was acknowledged by a gift of another snuff-box containing the sum of twenty thousand francs. This gift was intended for me; Cartouche put the money into his pocket, and gave me the empty box. No! by-the-bye, it was not empty; but full of the most delicious snuff. I thought it a pity to allow merit of that kind to go unrewarded, especially as Cartouche had spent the money in paying his debts, before I had discovered his infidelity. So I got him into the treasury. He paid me afterwards."

There was a loud knock at the door of Jerome's room, which Fouché, unobserved by Jerome, had locked. Fouché became pale as death, and placing his fingers to his lips, in a state of intense anxiety and excitement, crawled under the couch.

"Who is there?" Jerome demanded.

"It is I, dearest," answered Marie's voice.

"Well, dear, come in."

"But the door is locked."

Jerome unlocked the door, and admitted his wife. Fouché

came from his hiding-place, trembling from head to foot, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded that the house was not full of people ready to drag him to Paris.

"Let me remain here as the nurse of your children," he implored of Marie; "I will make a very good old woman, and in the dress of a *bonne* would never be recognised. You know how I love children; do let me be their nurse!"

"But you are in no sort of danger," said Jerome. "You are as safe here as though you were in America."

One of those fits of horror to which he was now so subject had so got possession of his mind, that no amount of argument could bring him to reason. To satisfy this humor, Marie retired for a few moments, and returned with the garb of a *bonne*. In this Fouché, "Duke of Otrante," arrayed himself, and then became comparatively tranquil, albeit every sound that was heard outside made him start and exclaim:

"Hark! I never killed anybody at Nantes, or at Lyons! Why are they calling out Nantes and Lyons? Didn't I deny it when it appeared in the papers? What have I to do with statements that appear in newspapers?"

Scenes of the above character became of such frequent occurrence that Jerome and his wife began to weary of them; nevertheless, they bore with great patience his fits of horror and his many extraordinary whims and humors; it was in their house alone that he felt any species of security, and when he died Jerome and Marie saw him placed beneath the soil.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE OF SARDINIA.

THIS suddenly arranged espousal, endowed with so high a political interest in the present aspect of affairs in Europe, took place at Turin on the 30th February. The fact that Sardinia has manifested of late proclivities so decidedly Gallican, lends a deep significance to this family connection between the empire and the Italian monarchy.

The reigning Napoleonic dynasty of France, however, could not have contracted a more illustrious and ancient family alliance than that of the House of Savoy, which dates from the tenth century, and which became the head of an important kingdom, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. From the foundation of the House of Savoy up to the present moment, the world has never witnessed amongst its Princes a coward or a tyrant at the foot of the Alps. The Sovereigns of Piedmont have been distinguished as warriors and wise lawgivers. Such names as Humbert, *aux-blancs-mains*; the Count Vert; Emmanuel Philiberto, the conqueror of the Quentina; the King; Victor Amedeo II., Charles Emanuel III., Charles Albert, and finally Prince Eugène of Savoy, are historical names highly honorable to the house. The matrimonial alliances and political foreign relations of the House of Savoy have extended to most countries of modern Europe, including England before the fall of the Stuarts. The Princesses who have married and intermarried in the royal family of France are Adelaide of Savoy, married to Louis le Gros, King of France; Charlotte of Savoy, wife of Louis XI.; Louisa of Savoy, Duchess d'Angoulême, mother of Francis I.; the Duchess de Guise; the Duchess de Nemours; the Duchess de Bourgoigne; Margaret, sister of Henry II.; and Madame Clotilde, sister of Louis XIV., in honor of whose memory the *fiancée* of Prince Napoleon received her name. The House of Savoy has given a Queen to Spain, an Empress to Austria, a Queen to Naples, and now a bride to the cousin of the reigning Emperor of France. The Princess Clotilde was born on the 2d of March, 1843, and is consequently scarcely sixteen years of age.

The Prince Napoleon, born in 1822, is older by twenty-one years than his little Italian bride, and is distinguished by his astonishing resemblance to his famous uncle, the great Napoleon. It is scarcely necessary to state that he is a son of Jerome Napoleon, the King of Westphalia. Prince Napoleon is known in Paris by the humorous nickname "Plon-Plon," a contraction of Napoleon. The nickname originated, we believe, from Plon-Plon's affectation of similarity to the great Emperor in every possible instance.

R O M E .

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crushed, columns shown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight; temples, baths or halls!
Pronounce who can? for all that learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls.

CHILDE HAROLD.

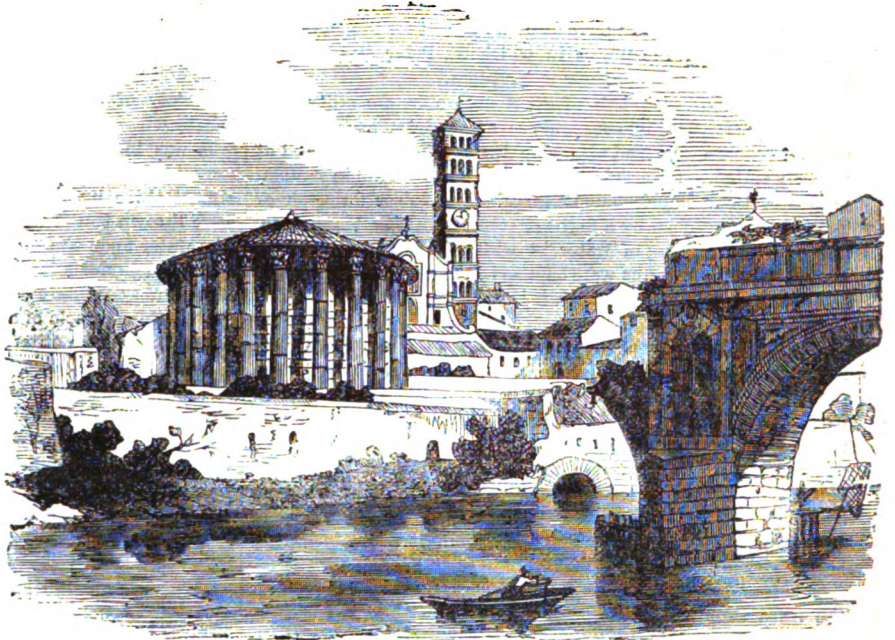
AMONGST the ancient cities still left to us, which recall the memories of a bygone age, there is none which has more interest for the general traveller than the Eternal City; and at present, when the eyes of all Europe are turned towards the political horizon, to descry whether peace or war will first make its appearance, some account of the ancient city which is in a great measure the cause of the dissension may not be unwelcome to our readers.

Few more interesting studies could be found than the varying fortunes of this seven-hilled city, which has passed through all gradations from the proud title of Mistress of the World to her present degraded condition.

The causes which threw her from her high estate were manifold. The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire, all lent their aid to render the centre of the then known world, a "marble wilderness." But long before the name of Alaric had become a terror to the inhabitants of Italy, the process of decay had commenced in the imperial city.

The great fire which took place just before the commencement of the reign of Augustus, gave that emperor an opportunity of displaying the grandeur of his ideas in the restoration of the city, which had been almost entirely destroyed by the flames, and with such magnificence was this restoration executed, that it was the boast of Augustus, "that he had found Rome built of brick, and that he left it marble."

All this magnificence was, however, destroyed by the fire which took place in the reign of Nero, and by some writers attributed to the emperor himself, which completely devastated Rome; ten out of the fourteen districts into which Rome was



TEMPLE OF VESTA.

divided being destroyed, and the site of the city was converted almost literally into a *tabula rasa*, or level surface, upon which the successive emperors raised such gorgeous piles of architecture as made the name of Rome synonymous with everything that is grand and magnificent.

To remove from his own shoulders the odium of such a disgraceful act as the firing of the city, Nero contrived to lay it on the Christians, who were at this time rather numerous, and to give color to the charge he subjected them to all manner of torture.

After the conflagration Nero built his celebrated Golden House between the Palatine and the Esquiline hills, a residence which, if we may believe the accounts handed down to us, has never been surpassed either in grandeur or dimensions.

Perhaps the most interesting locality, as well as the most splendid in architecture, is the Roman Forum, so called from comprising in its precincts the well known Forum Romanum, now called the Campo Vaccino, or Bullock's Field. This was the spot which in past times resounded with the polished eloquence of



STUDENTS OF THE PROPAGANDA

Cicero and others of the *Patres Conscripti*. Here also stood the great marble temple of Jupiter, and close at hand were the temple of Saturn, the temple of Fortune, of Janus, of Castor and Pollux, the arch of Tiberius, the temple of Vespasian, the arch of Severus, the arch of Titus, the temple of Vesta, the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Julian Basilica, &c.

Adjoining the Forum was an open space called the Assembly or Comitium, in which the Romans were wont to assemble for the purpose of exercising their rights and privileges as citizens, viz., the assembling by tribes, by curiæ, and by centuries.

The Mamertine prison and the Tullian dungeon are familiar to every student of the classics as the scene of the death of the Catiline conspirators, and have also an interest for the Christian traveller as being the places in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined previous to their martyrdom.

These structures, though of great antiquity, are still in excellent preservation, in consequence of the immense strength of their construction, and also from their being consecrated at an early period to the service of St. Peter and St. Paul in remembrance of their imprisonment there. The lower dungeon or Tullian is approached by a flight of steps from the Mamertine, and contains a spring of water in which it is said the jailors Processus and Martinus were baptized. There is also shown to the curious a column, to which it is said the Apostle St. Peter was chained.

Within this quarter of the city, also stood the stately Capitol. It was divided into three parts, viz., the two peaks of the Capitoline Mount, and the valley between them, now known by the name of the Piazza di Campidoglio. The southern of the two peaks was the Tarpeian Rock, from which criminals condemned to death were hurled; and on the northern was built the celebrated temple to the Capitoline Jupiter, now occupied by the church of Santa Maria d'ara Cœli. The temple of Jupiter was the most gorgeous in the city, magnificent presents having been lavished upon it by several dictators and consuls.

This temple was thrice reduced to ashes, and was restored for the third time by the Emperor Domitian, with a grandeur far exceeding the original. The gilding alone cost twelve thousand talents, a sum nearly equal to ten millions of dollars, and the columns were of Pentelic marble, the finest white marble of Greece. It stood thus in all its magnificence until the reign of the Emperor Gratian, who confiscated all the heathen revenues to the service of the state or of the Christian church, when it was gradually suffered to fall into decay.

Much still remains to be done, and we earnestly hope that the encouragement in the shape of success which has already rewarded the efforts of explorers, may incite others to follow in the same steps, as all writing on the subject of the remains must needs be vague and uncertain, without it is based on the discoveries made by a careful and comprehensive system of excavation carried down to the original level of the city.

Such being the case, to enter upon a subject which would necessarily be of a critical and inquiring nature would be as inappropriate as it would be dry and uninteresting, and more calculated to repel than to attract the attention of the general reader—a result which is the least to be desired of any. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a notice of those ruins which are not only the most celebrated, but also the best authenticated, both as to their purpose and history.

The first building which claims our attention is the Colosseum (or Coliseum, as it is sometimes written), as well on account of its majestic proportions as of its having been the grand theatre of those games which bore the special impress of the national character of the Roman people, regarding which a few words of explanation are necessary, in order to gain a perfect insight into the uses to which this gigantic structure was put.

Under the generic title of *Ludi Circenses* (games of the circus) may be classed all those public amusements which consisted of the exhibition of gymnastic feats of strength or skill, where the accomplishments displayed were those of the body, as contra-distinguished from scenic representations, at which the drama—the emanation of the intellect—was presented to the attention of the spectators. The theatre was the home of the latter; the amphitheatre, the circus, the *naumachia* or artificial lakes, the *stadia*, &c., were the localities devoted to the former.

These comprised, first, the *Pentathlon* or *Quinquertium*—that is, the Five Games which were always classed together; viz, running, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling and boxing; and next, the chariot races, the combats of gladiators, the exhibition and combats with wild beasts, the *ludus Trojæ* and the *naumachia* or naval engagements. All these games were celebrated either in places set apart for each respectively, as the Circus for the chariot-races and the *ludus Trojæ*; the *Stadium*, for the five games of the *Pentathlon*; the Amphitheatre, for the combats of gladiators and wild beasts; and the *Naumachia*, for representations of sea-fights: or they were all, with the exception of the chariot race, exhibited occasionally, especially on grand festivals, in the amphitheatres; and this occurred most frequently after the erection of the Colosseum, the vast dimensions and more perfect construction of which presented, for such a variety of display, facilities unattainable in other amphitheatres.

It was in this vast edifice, ringing with the clamors of a sanguinary mob, almost mad with fierce excitement, that, for almost three hundred years, numbers of the early Christians were thrown to the wild animals, and their blood poured out like water upon the thirsty sand of the arena. Its walls perpetually resounded with the cry of "*Christiani ad leones*," and the bloodthirsty amusements of the day were frequently closed by the horrid spectacle of a mangled wretch, writhing in the grasp of a tiger or some other ferocious beast of prey.

It was in vain that Christianity raised its feeble voice in denunciation of these horrible massacres; the imperial authority itself was of no avail, and the edicts of Constantine failed to put down the blood-thirsty fashion of the time.

After the Colosseum had ceased to be used for its original purpose, no record is found of its fate for a considerable period; but its dilapidated condition plainly shows that it was not spared from the general wreck of the Eternal City.

We afterwards find it used as a factory, an hospital, and in various other ways; and after having been subjected for centuries to the spoliations of popes and princes, who seem to have regarded it only as an inexhaustible quarry, it was at last consecrated to the service of religion, and the destructive hand of man was stayed.

Some measures were taken for its preservation by Popes Pius VII. and Leo XII., who secured it with strong buttresses on the south-east and north-west extremities.

The most striking feature of the Colosseum, apart from its enormous dimensions, is the marked contrast presented in the aspect of strength and durability which the immense blocks of stone of which it is composed exhibit.

The ruins of the Colosseum, taken altogether, form, perhaps, the best representative which we could have of ancient Rome; its form and construction being sufficiently preserved to point out, with the greatest clearness, the manner in which the cruel exhibitions of the arena were carried on; and whilst its majestic proportions present to our mind an adequate idea of the grandeur of ancient Rome, its present dilapidated condition bears evidence of the violence of those convulsions which reduced it to its present ruined state.

Next to the Colosseum, the largest ruins in Rome are those of the Baths of Caracalla, situated between the Aventine and Cælian hills, in the direction of the gate of St. Sebastian.

This edifice was built, or rather commenced, by the Emperor Caracalla Antoninus, between the years 212 and 217 of the Christian era, and was finished during the reigns of the two next succeeding emperors. It originally consisted of a large square courtyard or quadrangle, surrounded on all of its sides by a double row of porticoes and chambers.

The inner quadrangle is all that now remains standing; but the vast extent of the outer one may still be traced by the remains of the brick walls, which are still standing to a height of two or three feet above the ground. All the marble sheathing having been carried off to be used in other buildings, or to be burned for lime, scarcely a trace can be found at the present time of the beautiful decorations which at one period of time adorned its walls.

In these ruins some of the most celebrated pieces of ancient

statuary have been discovered; amongst them may be mentioned the group of the Farnese Bull, the torso of Hercules, and the colossal figure of Flora. These statues are now completely lost to Rome, having been transferred to the Royal Museum at Naples, where they still remain.

Some other valuable marbles rescued from these ruins are to be found in the museum of the Vatican, including the celebrated torso of the Belvidere.

On the north side of the city, about two miles up the river Tiber, is the celebrated Ponte Molle, so celebrated in Roman story. Here it was that Cicero, by a preconcerted scheme, caused the Allobrogian ambassadors to be arrested, being implicated in the conspiracy of Catiline; and here it was that Constantine the Great, hoisting the Christian standard, completely routed the forces of his opponent, Maxentius. The ruins already mentioned are perhaps the most interesting relics of the ruined city, but there are numbers of others which will also excite the attention of the scholar and the antiquarian, such as the ruins of the Gardens of Sallust; the ancient mound of the wall of Servius Tullius; the walls of the Pretorian Camp; the large fragments of building in the Colonna Gardens on the Quirinal, ascribed to the Temple of the Sun; and the remains of what are supposed to have been the Baths of Constantine, adjoining the same gardens; the Arch of Drusus, near the Gate of St. Sebastian, the last of all the triumphal arches which spanned the noble thoroughfare which ran through the ancient city from the Flaminian Way (now the Corso) southward to the Appian Way. The arch was erected in memory of Drusus, the father of the Emperor Claudius, during the reign of the latter, about A. D. 42 or 43. Its present appearance is seen in the engraving, with the Gate of St. Sebastian in the background. The Arch of Gallienus, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore; the Arch of Dolabella and ruins of the Neronian Aqueduct, on the Celian Hill; the Pyramid of Cestius at the gate of St. Paul; the various ruins on the Appian Way, including the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which was erected about half a century before the Christian era.

In the vicinity of the valley lying between the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills, now known by the general name of the Viminal, stands one of the best-preserved relics of Imperial Rome, the ruins of one of the many temples of Vesta which the city formerly contained. It is of a circular form, having a peristyle of Corinthian columns of white marble, fluted. It was erected during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, about the middle of the second century after the birth of Christ. To view it to advantage the spectator must approach it closely, as having been imbedded in the accumulated soil, its full proportions are not perceptible until on the verge of the excavation.

The Arch of Titus, which is in tolerable preservation, was erected during the reign of Domitian, by the Senate and people of Rome, to celebrate the triumph of Titus over the Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem. It is situated on what was the highest point of the Via Sacra, thence called Summa Via Sacra. Like the other triumphal arches mentioned, it is a lofty, massive structure of white marble, presenting a two-fold façade of similar character, looking north and south. It is, however, only pierced by one arch; the entablature is supported by four columns on each façade, and above these is an attic bearing the inscription—

SENATVS. POPVLVSQVE. ROMANVS.
DIVO. TITO. DIVI. VESPASIANI. F.
VESPASIANO. AVGVSTO.

There is no monument, perhaps, of Imperial Rome still remaining which possesses so much interest as this arch; for amongst the various bas-reliefs upon its exterior and interior executed in a high style of art, there is one representing the triumphal procession of Titus to the Capitol, on his return to Rome after the destruction of Jerusalem, which contains delineations of the sacred utensils and instruments of worship appertaining to the sacrificial rites and religious ceremonies of the Jews, and other spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, of which descriptions are given in the book of Holy Writ. There, amongst the Jewish captives who follow the triumphal car of

Titus, are to be plainly recognised, notwithstanding some slight defacements, the bearers of the seven-branched golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, the tables of the law, &c. All these are on the sides within the arch.

A part of the eastern side of the structure and some of the columns having been destroyed in the lapse of ages, it was restored during the pontificate of Pius VII., and the whole structure is now presented to view in its original proportions.

The Forum Romanum, of all the remaining localities of ancient Rome, presents the greatest contrast, in its present deplorable appearance, to its former magnificence. Even by its modern name of Cow's Field (Campo Vaccino), expressive as it is of degradation and desolation, no adequate idea is conveyed of the utter devastation which has overwhelmed the Forum, obliterated its every lineament and feature, and made even its exact boundaries a problem, and reduced it from being the grand central nucleus of the splendor and beauty of the most magnificent, powerful and populous city that ever existed, to become an unsightly, shapeless, barren field—a very waste and wilderness. The tourist, whose intimate acquaintance with classical literature and history enables him to picture vividly to his mind the Forum as the centre of the excessive and turbulent vitality of ancient Rome in the days of Cicero, of Cæsar and of Pompey, and of the more placid but equally intense spirit of life which pervaded its strong thoroughfares in the time of Augustus, can alone fully estimate how vast is the desolation of the Campo Vaccino.

On entering the city by the old road known as the Flaminian Way, through the Porto del Popolo, the traveller emerges on an open space called the Piazza del Popolo, having in its centre an Egyptian obelisk and fountains. With the heights of the Pincian Hill, crowned with public gardens, on the one side, and the southern slope bounded by the churches of the Santa Maria del Popolo and Santa Maria del Miracolo, it forms one of the most imposing entrances to be seen in any city in Europe, and presents a most magnificent aspect to the view.

Leading from the Piazza towards the south are three streets called respectively the Corso, the Ripetta and the Via del Babuino, crossed nearly at right angles by the Condotta street, leading to the Piazza del Spagna, and the lofty steps ascending to the Piazza della Trinita del Monté.

From these steps there is a most magnificent view of Rome, and they are generally crowded by men and women and children, whose occupation it is to serve for models for the artists in various academies.

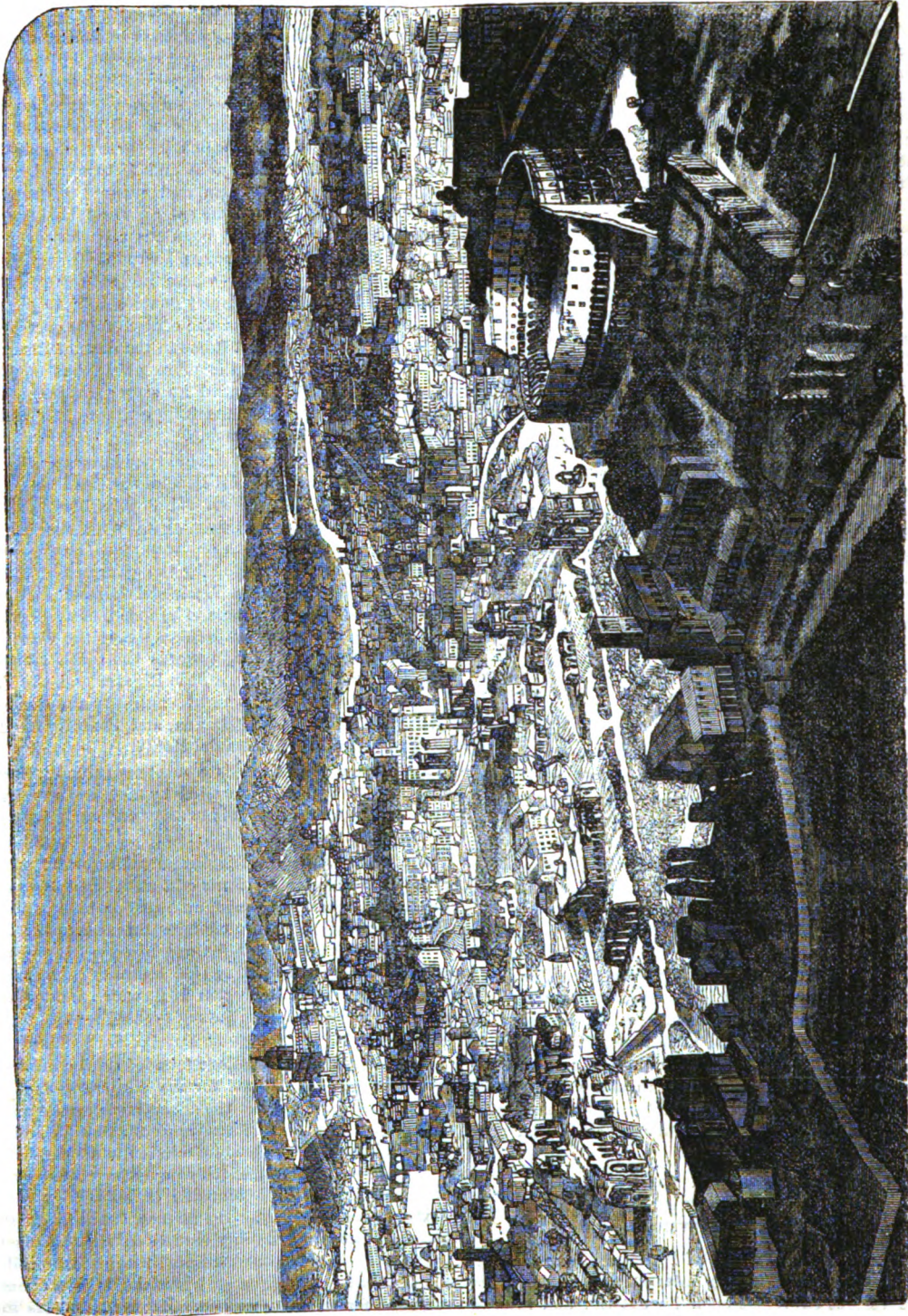
The Piazza di Spagna is the grand resort of nearly all the English and foreign residents of fashion, and is so called from the residence of the Spanish ambassador being situated there. The Piazza di Spagna also contains the celebrated College of the Propaganda; its greatest feature, however, is the magnificent flight of steps on its eastern side communicating with the public promenade on the Pincian Hill, which is crowded with the rank and fashion of Rome every evening for two or three hours before sunset.

The Propaganda is a college founded on the most comprehensive form ever yet devised for any purpose in any age or country. It has for its object the education of young men of every clime or country, for the service of the church and the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion in all parts of the habitable globe; and they are accordingly instructed by competent professors in all those branches of knowledge which are required of a candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood. As these studies are not only carried on through the medium of Latin, the common conversational tongue of the college, but in the different language of each student, it is no uncommon occurrence for as many as forty different dialects to be heard within its walls. Amongst others may be cited the Hebrew, ancient and modern Chaldean, the Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, modern and ancient Armenian, Persian, Turkish, Kourdish, ancient and modern Greek, as well as the better known languages of Europe.

One of the most interesting and amusing spectacles to be seen in Rome is the annual examination of the students, which takes place in the second week in January. On this occasion,

the natives of the various countries, each one dressed for the occasion in his national costume, Chinese, African, Indian, as the case may be, recite speeches, sing songs, or represent some portion of a play, in the language of their own country, before a numerous audience, who are always attracted by the novelty of the spectacle.

mano, and is wholly devoid of architectural beauty, being a large square pile without embellishment, standing in a large quadrangular court, surrounded with a portico two stories high. It was erected during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., about the year 1582. It is chiefly attractive to the stranger, on account of its fine library of seventy thousand volumes, and its



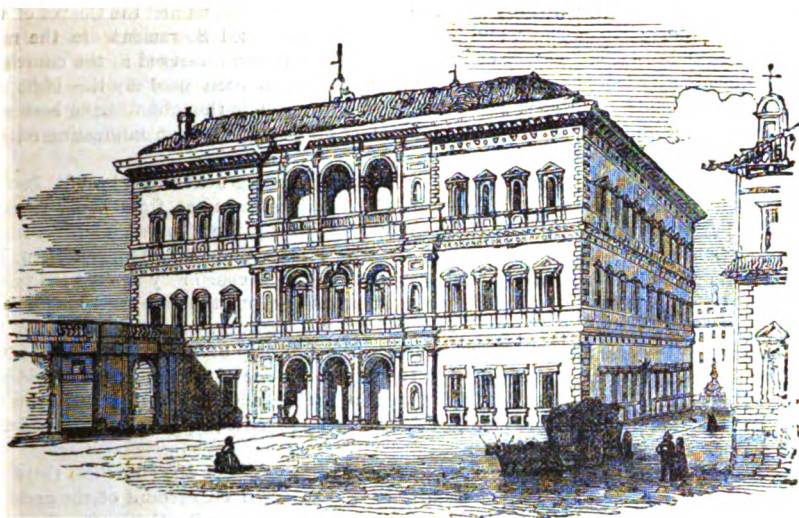
GENERAL VIEW OF ROME

The Propaganda, so called, because it is the college *de propaganda fide* (for the spreading of the faith), was founded about the commencement of the seventeenth century, during the pontificates of Gregory XV. and Urban VIII., and the building was erected after the designs of Bernini and Borromini.

There is also another college, which is the grand educational establishment of the Jesuits. It is situate in the Piazza di Ro-

man, founded by Father Kircher, celebrated for its complete collection of Roman and Etruscan antiquities.

The Via Sistina, the Via Felice and the Via della Quattro Fontane lead from the Piazza di Spagna, by the Piazza Barberini, towards the Quirinal, and on to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline, the Via della Quattro Fontane being intersected by a noble avenue that runs from the Piazza



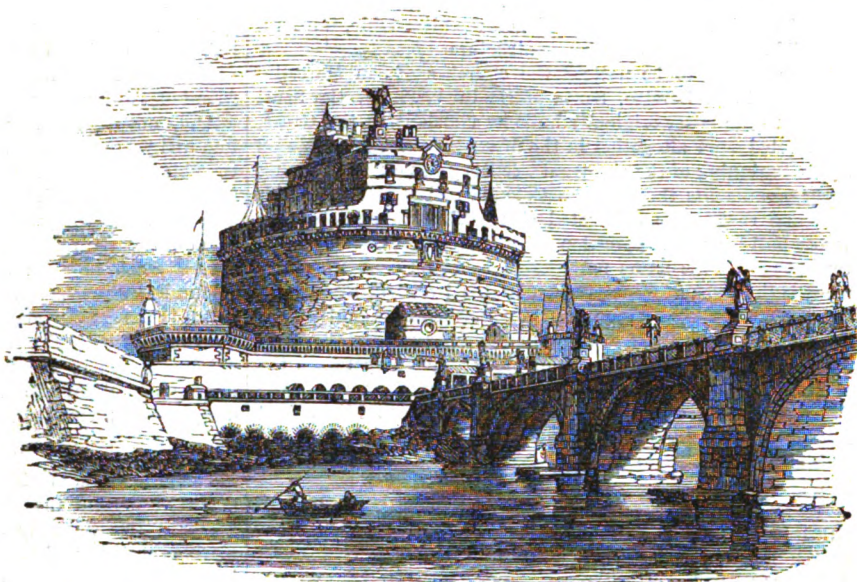
FARNESE PALACE.

di Monte Cavallo, upwards of a mile to the Porta Pia. All these streets are a good breadth, and well built. At the intersection last mentioned there is an open area, adorned with four fountains, whence the name. Adjoining the Capuchin Convent and garden at the north of the Piazza Barberini, is the Piombino, or, as it is sometimes called, the Ludovici Villa, with its beautiful grounds and handsome casino, which, amongst other gems of art, contains Guercino's fresco of "Aurora." The Palazzo Barberini, which, as well as the piazza in which it is situated, and the two fountains there, owes its origin to Pope Urban VIII., is a large pile of building erected after the designs of Bernini. It contains a fine library, which possesses many valuable manuscripts, and a good collection of paintings, among which is the portrait of

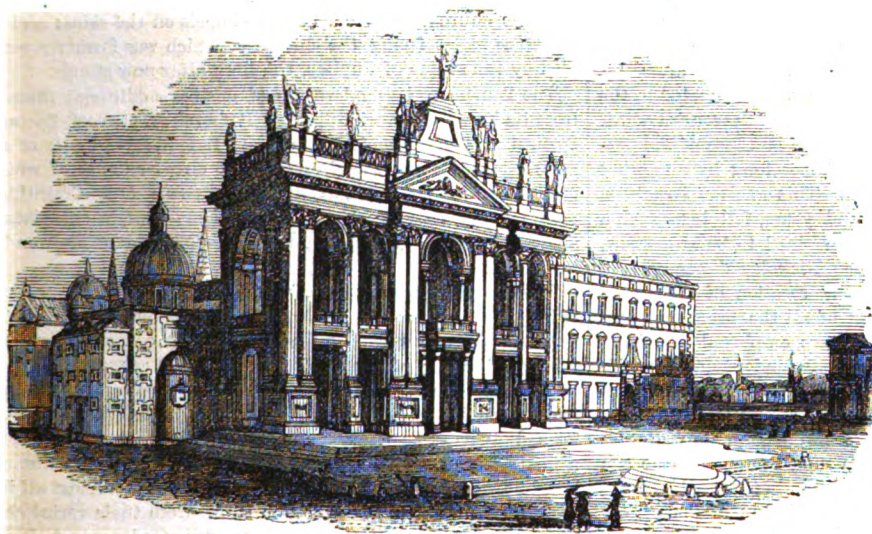
Beatrice Cenci, which was taken by Guido a few days before her execution in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. Beside the papal palace of the Quirinal, there are the Palazzo della Consulta, and the Palazzo Rospigliosi, in one of the principal apartments of which is Guido's great masterpiece—the group of "Aurora and the Hours ushering in the Dawn."

The Piazza di Monte Cavallo, of which we give an illustration, occupies the summit of the Quirinal Hill, and is so denominated from the celebrated groups of men and horses which stand on each side of the Egyptian obelisk.

The statues were found in the year 1589, buried amongst the *debris* of the baths of Constantine, close to their present position. They are supposed to have been the handiwork of the celebrated Grecian sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles, and to have been brought to Rome from Alexandria by Constantine the Great.



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.



ST. JOHN LATERAN.

The Pope's summer residence, the Quirinal Palace, has its principal entrance from this piazza and opens into a large square court, surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the palace, which is not of that ornate character which might have been expected, considering the amount of time and money which have been expended on other Roman buildings. Its grand attraction is the gardens, which are laid out in the old Italian style, with long straight walks bordered with high hedges of evergreens closely clipped, having niches at intervals containing statues. These hedges afford a grateful shade during the intensity of the summer heat, while the incessant playing of the fountains soothes the ear with its music. Aviaries, shrub-

beries, grottoes and summer-houses complete the decorations of this enchanting retreat.

But numerous and remarkable as are the palaces and villas of Rome, the grand characteristic feature of the Eternal City is its churches, of which there are upwards of three hundred and fifty. The principal ones are in the neighborhood of the Corso, and amongst the most remarkable are the churches of San Lorenzo in Lucina, Santa Maria del Popolo, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, San Carlo al Corso, San Marco and the two Jesuit churches of the Gesu and San Ignacio. This latter is named from a chapel in it dedicated to Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuitical order. The chapel is especially celebrated for its magnificent altar: it is surmounted by a noble group in white marble, representing the three persons of the Trinity (the Father bearing a globe of white marble and *lapis lazuli*), beneath which is an altar-piece (the portrait of Loyola), painted by the artist Jesuit, Father Pozzi, who also designed the chapel. This altar-piece is made to slide on one side on great festivals, and display, in the recess behind, a statue of the same saint, said to be of solid silver, robed in priestly vestments; while, below, is seen his shrine or tomb, of gilded bronze, sculptured with the most consummate skill, and decorated with gems of great price—a perfect marvel of exquisite and costly workmanship. The pediment of the altar, which bears the marble group mentioned, is sustained by columns fluted in bronze and *lapis lazuli*, which, with the gilded bronze candlesticks on the altar-table, impart a splendid appearance to the whole structure.

There are also to be noticed the churches of San Marcello, Santa Maria di Loreto, Santa Maria in Via Lata, the Santi Apostoli—the latter originally built by Constantine the Great, but erected anew altogether in the fifteenth, and again restored in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It contains among other monuments those of the Colonna and Rospigliosi families, and that of the celebrated Ganganelli—Clement XIV.—whose bull for the suppression of the Jesuits in the last century has made his name remarkable in history. This monument is the work of Canova when in his twenty-fifth year; it consists of a colossal group in white marble, representing the Pope sustained by two female figures, Temperance and Chastity. Another monument by Canova in this church perpetuates the memory of his artist friend Volpato. Westwards, towards the Tiber, there are Santa Maria in Valicella, Santa Maria dell' Anima, the ancient church of Santa Maria in Cosmedia, Santa Anastasia, San Giorgio in Velabro, Santa Maria Egiziaca and San Teodoro.

But all these churches, magnificent as they undoubtedly are, fall into the shade when compared with St. Peter's. This church occupies the site of a little oratory which was raised A. D. 106 by Bishop Anacleto, to mark the crypt in which the body of St. Peter was laid after his crucifixion, before it was placed in the cemetery of St. Calixtus on the other side of the city. In the reign of Constantine, the little oratory lay in ruins, and the Christian prince, anxious to pay all honor to the memory of the Prince of the Apostles, erected on the very spot where his mangled body first touched the earth after his martyrdom, this gorgeous church, which was dedicated to the service of the true God, under the name and patronage of St. Peter. Its dimensions were about one-half of those of the present church, viz., about three hundred feet long by somewhat more than two hundred feet broad. This ancient structure, after a lapse of more than a thousand years, fell into such a state of dilapidation that it was determined to build it anew, and accordingly in the year 1450 Pope Nicholas V. commenced the work. From that time until the erection of the grand portico in front, in 1667, the talents of all the great sculptors and architects of those prolific times were employed in raising the edifice to what it now is, the most stupendous and magnificent temple that was ever raised by human hands to the worship of Almighty God.

Amongst the monuments to be found within its walls, we may mention those of the old and young Pretender—the son and grandson of James II. of England—and of the wife of the former, the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski; of Pope Innocent VIII., of Innocent XI., of Leo XI., of Leo VII., of Christina, Queen of Sweden, of Innocent XII., of Sixtus IV. and of

Gregory XIII. Of the chapels, those named the Chapel of the Choir, and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament are the most worthy of attention. There is also preserved in the church an ancient wooden chair, which has been used by the bishops of Rome from the earliest ages, and is thought to have been used by St. Peter himself; at all events, it is an interesting relic of antiquity.

The church, or Basilica, standing next to that of St. Peter is St. John Lateran, which derives its name from being situated on a spot formerly occupied by the grounds of the Senator Plautius Lælius, who lived during the reign of Nero, and who—having been detected in a conspiracy against the tyrant—was, with many other nobles, put to death, and his property confiscated to the imperial treasury. From that period the Lateran grounds were the property of the emperors, and afterwards passed to the popes; by one of whom, Pope Sylvester, a magnificent church was erected, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; hence the name which it still bears.

Before concluding our brief notice of the churches, there are two which require to be mentioned on account of the great interest attaching to them; they are the Pantheon, usually called at the present day Santa Maria della Rotonda, and the church of Ara Cœli on the Capitoline Hill.

The former, which is now celebrated as the most perfect specimen of a Pagan temple in existence, was built a few years before the Christian era, by one of the most munificent of the decorators of old Rome, viz., Marcus Agrippa, the intimate friend of the Emperor Augustus.

And, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of nearly nineteen hundred years, and the various spoliations of which it has been the object, it retains its original circular figure in complete perfection; and its brick walls, formerly sheathed with marble, appear as though they would last nineteen hundred years more. The form of the roof is a flattened dome, which was originally covered with bronze; and the entrance is through a noble colonnade, which supports an entablature and pediment, and which is thought by many not to be of the same ancient date as the edifice itself. The frieze of the entablature bears the original inscription of the temple cut deep in the stone, for the purpose of holding the bronze letters (which have long since disappeared); viz:

M. AGRIPPA. L. F. COS. TERTIVM. FECIT.

The tympanum of the pediment presents a naked, deformed appearance, from the absence of the bronze sculptures with which it was formerly filled. In many places, however, the marble sheathing of the circular walls still remains; and the lover of the antique can have his eyes gratified with Marcus Agrippa's ancient bronze doors, which still turn as freely on their hinges as they did in the days of Augustus.

The interior is arranged after the usual manner of Roman Catholic churches, having lateral chapels on the sides; and in the large recess facing the entrance, which was formerly occupied by the statue of Jupiter, the high altar now stands.

The Pantheon, in modern times, derives additional interest from its being the burial-place of Raffaele, A. Caracci, Zuccari, Peruzzi and other eminent artists. But, independently of all associations, its beautiful interior—the circular figure of which is set off to the greatest advantage by a row of large Corinthian columns and pilasters, which sustain a magnificent entablature above, all constructed of rare marbles—will ever excite wonder and admiration.

The church of Santa Maria d'Ara Cœli is remarkable as occupying the site of the celebrated Pagan temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and, though placed in a most commanding position, on the top of the Capitoline Hill, the ascent to which is by a flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps, its external appearance is mean and unfinished. The interior, however, formed in a triple nave, is spacious, richly decorated, and furnished with as many chapels as St. Peter's; and the columns, pilasters, cornices, marble sheathing and, in fact, almost all the materials used in its construction, show, from their varied character, how numerous were the structures of ancient Rome which contributed to its formation. Its early history, never-

theless, is wrapt in obscurity, as well as the origin of its name.

Another remarkable feature in Rome is the Egyptian obelisks, which are twelve in number, and are scattered impartially through various localities in the city, as follows: In the Piazza del Popolo; on the Promenade of the Pincian Hill; in the Piazza di Montè Citorio; before the church of San Trinita del Montè; in the Piazza Minerva; the Piazza Navona; the Piazza di Montè Cavallo; the Piazza of St. John Lateran; the Piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore; the Piazza of St. Peter's, and the Piazza of the Pantheon, to which may be added a fragment in the grounds of the neglected Villa Mattei, on the Cælian Mount.

The fountains of Rome are so numerous that, perhaps, no other city in Europe is so copiously supplied with water as Rome; certainly there is none in which it is to so great an extent made subsidiary to the architectural decoration of the city. The three principal ones are the Fontana Paolina, the Fontana Felice and the Fontana Trevi; the last mentioned being the finest both in construction and design. It is situated in an open square or piazza, of the same name as the fountain, and is formed of a structure resting on a base of rock. In the centre of the façade is a niche containing a marble group of colossal size, representing Neptune in his chariot, drawn by sea-horses and attended by marine deities. This central compartment is flanked by smaller niches, each containing an allegorical female figure; and above are bas-reliefs, illustrative of the history of the ancient aqueduct which feeds the fountain.

The general effect is very fine. Rushing impetuously like a cataract over the face of the artificial rock, the waters plunge with a hoarse roar into a capacious basin, depressed below the level of the street; and the spray, as it dances up and mingles with the lesser streams that issue from the mouths of the marine monsters, envelopes the lower region of the substructure in a misty mantle of gauze—the *ensemble* suggesting to an active fancy the realization of the Ocean God coming forth in majesty from some favorite retreat in his marine domain, and cresting in his chariot a mountain wave, the better to survey the troubled waters.

The aqueduct which furnishes water to the fountains was originally constructed by Marcus Agrippa, the friend of the Emperor Augustus, to supply his baths (the first of the kind erected in Rome), which stood contiguous to the Pantheon (another noble structure of his creation); and the spring, some two or three leagues north of Rome, whence the stream is conveyed in a circuitous route of twelve miles or so, is said to have been first pointed out to a body of Roman soldiers, by a young peasant girl—hence the name, *Aqua Virgo*, and the tradition forms the subject of the bas-reliefs above mentioned.

The aqueduct in the time of the emperors, as at present, entered the city near the Pincian Gate, and being conveyed by means of a series of arches under the Gardens of Lucullus, in a direction south and west towards the *thermae*, it terminated in a reservoir, the site of which is now occupied by the façade of the church of San Ignatio. In its course it passed not far from the modern Piazza di Trevi; and Pope Pius IV., during his improvements about the middle of the sixteenth century, having resolved to place a fountain in that spot (Trivium, so called because three ways met there), conveyed the *Aqua Virgo* to it by a short branch. The fountain of Pius was, however, a very insignificant erection compared with the present structure, in front of which not three, as formerly, but some five or six streets now converge.

The Fontana Paolina was constructed by Pope Paul V., and the noble artificial stream by which it is supplied is conveyed a distance of thirty-five miles to Rome, along the channel of the ancient aqueduct called *Aqua Alsietina*, which was constructed in the time of the Emperor Augustus. The fountain is at the extreme west of the city, close to the Porta San Pancrazio, on the Janiculum Hill, and the water bursts forth in five separate branches, with all the force and fulness of a mountain torrent. The site of the fountain is one of the finest and most commanding imaginable, and from its terrace one of the best views of all Rome can be obtained. The classical associations connected with the spot, too, are more than ordinarily attractive. To the

lover of "Livy's pictured page" the name of Janiculum will recall the glorious feats of King Porcena and the heroic *Scævola*; while the learned in ecclesiastical lore will bring to mind the traditions of the church, which fix the site of San Pietro in Montorio, immediately below, as the scene of St. Peter's crucifixion. The façade of the fountain consists of five arched recesses, flanked by Ionic columns, through the intervals of which, beneath the arches, the water rushes into an enormous basin, whence it is conveyed away to various localities by ducts, one of which is led across the Ponte Sisto, to the left bank of the Tiber, where it feeds a fountain in the Via Giulia. Another branch supplies the fountains of the Vatican and St. Peter's.

The Fontana Felice is situated in the Piazza di Termini, at the eastern extremity of the city, and consists of an architectural elevation, on the façade of which are three niches; that in the centre being occupied by a colossal statue of Moses striking the rock, and the side ones by allegorical bas-reliefs. Beneath the niches the water gushes forth in three streams into two basins, one below the other. There is very little that may be considered really ornamental in the whole structure. The water with which it and several other fountains are copiously supplied, is brought to Rome by the aqueduct called Felice, after Sixtus V., who repaired the ancient aqueduct of Alexander Severus. Sixtus was the first of the popes to reconduct a portion of the ancient supply of water to modern Rome.

A fountain which goes by the name of the Triton, and which is situated in the Piazza Barberini, is very remarkable. It receives its name from the figure in the centre of the large basin, being that of a Triton spouting water. Adjoining this fountain is another on a smaller scale, differing only from the previous one in some of its minor details. These two fountains, together with the Fontana della Barcaccia in the Piazza di Spagna, were constructed by Pope Urban VIII., one of the Barberini family, who was one of the most active of the Pontiffs in adding to the architectural beauties of the Eternal City.

In the quadrangle of the Curia Innocenziana there is a fountain, the reservoir of which was found in some excavations in the ancient Roman port at the mouth of the Tiber. The fountain of the Piazza of the Pantheon serves as the base of the Egyptian obelisk before noticed; and in the Piazza Navona the principal central fountain subserves a like purpose—also already referred to. The water flows in copious streams out of artificial caverns in the rocky substructure into a very large reservoir, which also receives minor jets from sea-lions placed on its edge, and from colossal figures of river-gods at the foot of the rock in the centre. The other fountains are smaller; one consists of a large central figure of a sea-monster pouring forth water into a basin that overflows into a larger one beneath, which also receives the streams issuing from sea-monsters at the exterior or circumference. The third and fourth, though handsome structures, present no specific ornamental features. The Piazza Navona, which has been already mentioned as the chief vegetable market of Rome, occupies the exact site and preserves the shape of the ancient Circus Agonalis, in the Campus Martius, wherein games of wrestling, running and various other gymnastic exercises were held; and so perfect is the preservation of the original form, that the ancient arched basement of masonry which sustained the seats for the spectators forms at the present day the foundation of the modern houses of the place.

A little to the south-west, and nearer the river, is situated the Piazza Farnese, which is decorated with two splendid fountains in front of the Farnese Palace; the basins are oval in form, and were found in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. In the same neighborhood, and at the southern end of the Via Giulia, the Fontana di Ponta Sisto is constructed against the wall of a cross street, so as to face up the Via Giulia, looking northward. The water gushes out in full streams from between columns which sustain a handsome façade, into two reservoirs, one below the other. The fountain is supplied from the Fontana Paolina, on the Janiculum, by means of a channel conveyed across the Tiber on the Sistine Bridge.

Our list may be completed by a notice of the magnificent twin fountains of St. Peter's; that facing the north front of the

church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and the fountain of the Piazza Campidoglio; but in every direction throughout the city there is to be found water gushing out from walls and stone pillars. These and various other contrivances, though they cannot claim to be classed amongst the fountains, are yet instrumental in conveying to all classes of the community a most copious supply of the liquid element for all the daily purposes of life—the want of which, in a pure state, is so often the great drawback to otherwise pleasant cities.

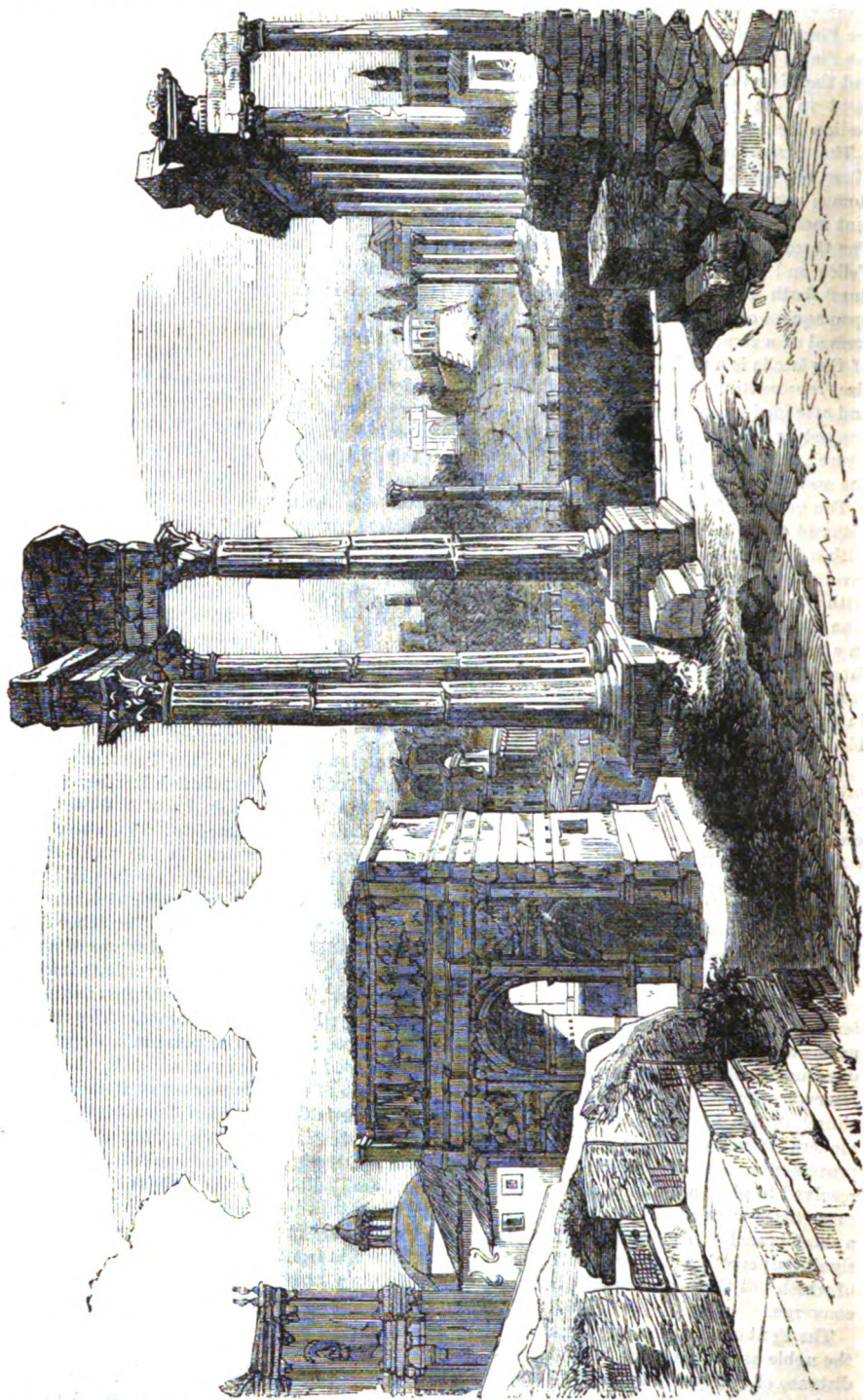
The villas and palaces of the modern Romans constitute the characteristic distinction of their city and its environs, which calls up the memory of their luxurious Pagan ancestors. They bear a great resemblance to the "Gardens" of Imperial Rome, by which name the ancients used to designate their suburban residences.

The Farnese Palace, of which we give an illustration, is especially deserving of notice, not only on account of the elegance of its plan, and the great taste displayed in its construction, but also on account of its containing some of Raphael's most exquisite decorations, the principal of which are the frescoes on the ceilings of one of the apartments on the ground floor, representing the loves of Cupid and Psyche, their nuptials, and the council of the gods—the latter being a large central painting of the size of life, around which are delineated on a smaller scale, the various incidents of the fable; and the fresco of Galatea, on the wall of another apartment adjoining, in which the nymph is represented standing in an exultant posture, in a shell drawn on the waters by dolphins, and escorted by Nereids, Tritons, &c. In this same chamber of Galatea the frescoes on the ceiling by Volterra and Sebastian del Piombo also attract attention; and all are remarkable for the freshness which the colors preserve, being as little tarnished as though they had been but just painted, instead of being nearly three centuries and a half in existence.

The Farnese Palace was built about the year 1503, by Agostino Chigi, the friend and treasurer of the Warrior Pope, Julius II. It is now occupied by the Neapolitan consul.

The arrangement of the ornamental grounds around the mansion is the same in the modern villa as it was in the ancient hortulus, viz., designed rather to afford the most eligible and

varied points of view from which to contemplate the beauty and splendor of the prospect without, than to present any particular attraction in the scenery within the limits of the enclosure, local embellishments in groves, walks, fountains, and pieces of water decorated with statuary, being at the same time attended to; differing thus from our conception of a park, where the views in the interior are the main object, just as the sum-

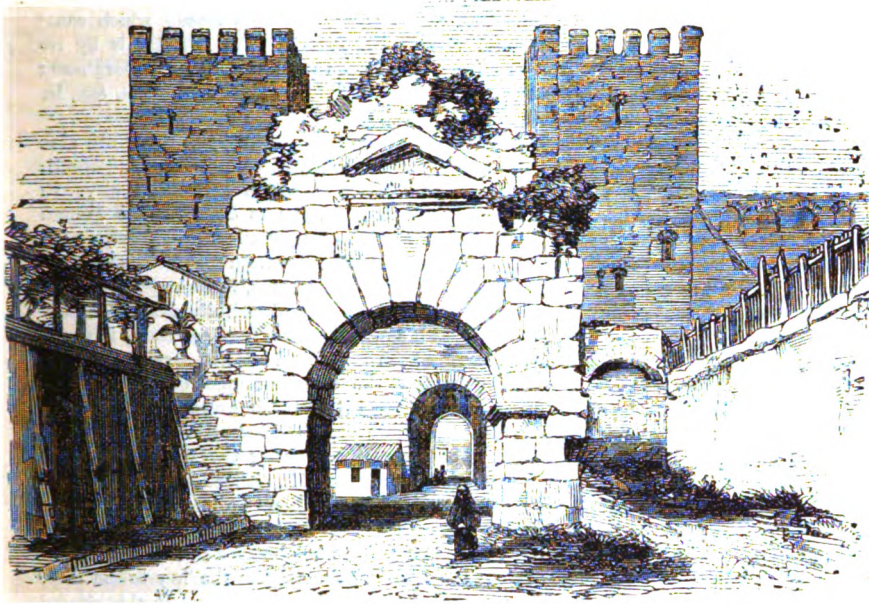


THE ANCIENT FORUM.

mer-house of a garden differs from the *salon*, or drawing-room, where the interior beauty is the grand object, while the summer-house, however ornate in itself, refers in its purpose chiefly to the enjoyment of the exterior prospect.

The Villas Albani, Pamfili Doria, and the Borghese are amongst the most magnificent.

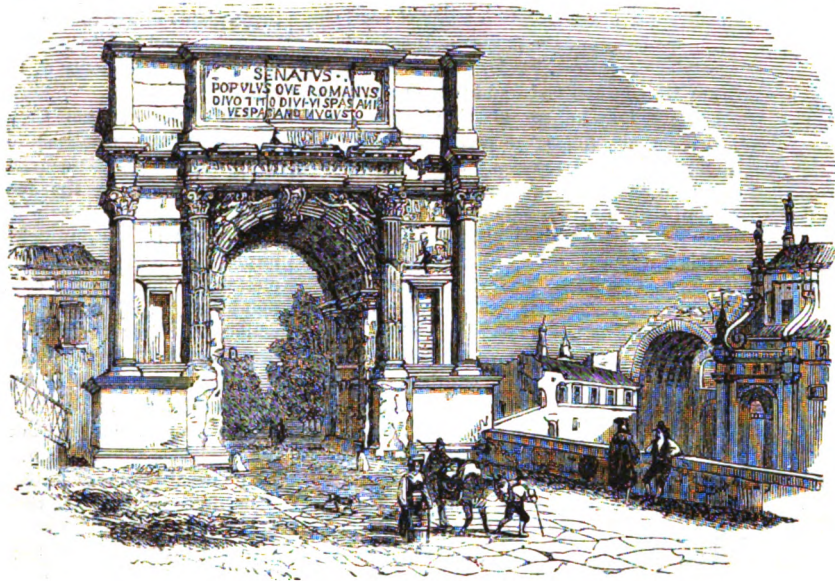
The two latter, however, are in a very dilapidated condition caused by the siege operations in 1849—not so much from the



ARCH OF DRUSUS.

effect of the French artillery as from the Italians in the occupation of the city, who, in order to give their guns a clear range, cut down and levelled all the trees and buildings which could in any way interfere with their action.

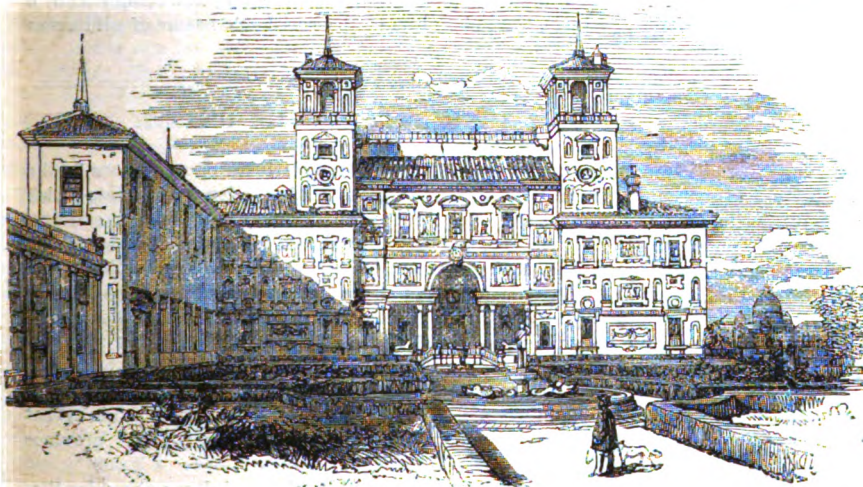
The Villa Albani, situate just without the Porta Salara, or Salaia, on the north-east side of the city, is especially to be noticed, not only on account of the treasures of art with in the casino itself, but also of its pleasure grounds, which are laid out with great skill and taste in spacious terraces, broad walks, green plots and gardens, in which porticoes and summer-houses decorated with bas-reliefs and frescoes, fountains, groups of marble statuary, &c., located with consummate judgment, combine to produce the most harmonious



ARCH OF TITUS.

ornamental effect imaginable. The casino, or mansion, presents a very handsome exterior; the lower story of the principal façade consisting of a fine open portico, resting upon arches which are sustained by Ionic columns.

The apartments in the interior are finished in a style of the most elegant decoration: the ceilings vaulted and plane, painted or stuccoed in the most exquisite manner, are surrounded by rich cornices resting upon the gilded capitals of pilasters or columns of the rarest and most beautiful marbles, which run along the walls at regular intervals, the intercolumniations being occupied with bas-reliefs and frescoes, or inlaid with pink and white alabaster, porphyry, and other marbles of various harmoniously blending colors, yellow, gray, green, &c.; while the tessellated pavement and



FRENCH ACADEMY.

mosaics complete the magnificent embellishments, over the whole of which the most lavish expenditure and the most correct and elegant taste have presided. Various works of art, both modern and of the antique, are scattered through these splendid and spacious saloons, such as statues, vases, and tazzas of alabaster and marble of the most valuable quality and of the richest colors, bronzes, sarcophagi, Egyptian deities, Etruscan sculptures representing the priests and priestesses of that ancient people in their true costume, columns, &c. The site of this beautiful villa is open and airy, and yet it is said to be infected with malaria, and

hence its being uninhabited, save by its custodian or caretaker. Its origin and construction are due to the taste and magnificence of one of those prince prelates of Rome, whose noble patronage has done so much in a succession of centuries to revive and develop the arts in modern times. Cardinal Albani had the villa erected according to his own plans, and under his own immediate inspection, about a century ago.

The Villas Corsini, Savorelli, Giraud, Vanutelli, Malvasia, Spada, Santucci, Medici, Madama, Strozzi, Altieri, &c., are also worthy of notice, either on account of their historical associations, the attractions presented by their architectural beauties and artistic decorations, or as having been the scene of many a sanguinary struggle in the hostilities of the siege of 1849. Many of these villas are within the walls, and others outside, but they are generally in the immediate vicinity of them.

In this direction of the suburbs, on the road leading from the Porta Pia, are also situated the villas Patrizii, Massini, Torlonia, Bolognotti, &c. In a direct line to the west of the Albani Villa, and close to the public gardens on the Pincio, overhanging the Porta del Popolo, are situated the Borghese Villa and gardens, one of the chief resorts of the Roman citizens on Sundays. They were originally constructed by Cardinal Borghese, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and have received numerous additions and improvements at various periods since, by members of the princely family to which the property belongs. The grounds are interspersed in several directions with bas-reliefs, broken sculptures, monumental slabs, belonging to the first ages of Christianity, which have been extracted from the catacombs, artificial ruins, representing Egyptian temples, porticoes, triumphal arches, a hippodrome in the form of a Roman circus, and fragmentary erections of various kinds, imitative of those relics of ancient Rome which have endured to the present time. The walks are regular, broad, and of considerable length; fountains and groves, at intervals, grace the prospect; and, altogether, the demesne would afford many a pleasant promenade if the dampness of the atmosphere in the localities sheltered from the direct action of the sun's rays did not tell of the malign influence of the malaria pervading the place. The principal façade of the casino is furnished with a fine portico, through which the entrance opens into a spacious saloon, out of which leads a magnificent suite of apartments, to the decoration of which the productions of ancient and modern art alike contribute. Inlaid marble pavements, mosaics, sculptured and stuccoed friezes, *alti* and *bassi-relievi*, enriched cornices, columns, pillars, pilasters, and massive portals and entablatures, formed of the most precious marbles, brilliant frescoes, &c., busts and statues in niches and in groups, are the characteristic features of the construction and decoration of those splendid chambers.

The collection of ancient works of art comprises beautiful vases, tables, sarcophagi, &c., of the finest white and colored marbles; some porphyry baths, bronzes, &c., and the celebrated statue of the Hermaphrodite, which presents one of the most beautiful and symmetrical specimens of the female form that the genius of Greek art ever produced. There is a corresponding suite of apartments on the second story, which also contain numerous treasures of art, the whole forming a collection worthy of a national museum, notwithstanding that many of its most valuable works were plundered by the French, in the time of Napoleon, to enrich the Museum of the Louvre.

While in this quarter, we may notice the Villa Medici (usually called the French Academy), adjoining the Piazza della Trinità de' Monti, on the Pincian Hill. It was formerly, as the name imports, the property of a member of the famous Medici family, Leo XI., but has been for many years in possession of the French government, and used as the French Academy for the study of the fine arts at Rome, where a number of the French students, who, in the yearly exhibitions at Paris, have given promise of existence, are supported for a fixed period, to enable them to complete their studies on the classic soil of art. The mansion was built just three centuries ago, and the façade is said to be from the design of Michael Angelo. The site is most agreeable, commanding a fine prospect and view of the principal buildings of the city beneath.

The Villa Pamfili Doria is quite at the other side of the city, beyond the Tiber, outside the Porta San Pancrazio. Its grounds

are very extensive, decorated with fountains and statues, and well planted. The casino presents a lofty façade, which commands a splendid view of St. Peter's. The interior is by no means of so ornate a character as that of the Albani or Borghese; but there are some rare articles of virtue, statues, busts, &c., in its apartments.

In the neighborhood of Porta San Pancrazio, there are also the Villas Giraud and Corsini, which, as well as the Pamfili, formed the centre of the French operations against the city. In the Pamfili grounds much damage was done by the Italian troops, previous to the French occupation; the Giraud, which is also commonly called *Il Vascello*, from its front elevation presenting the shape of a ship's bow, was, in consequence of its lying often in a cross fire of artillery, dreadfully damaged; and the Corsini, also known as the Quattro Venti, suffered, if possible, still more, having been taken and retaken several times by the contending parties, at the commencement of the siege, as its site and position rendered it a post of great advantage. It may be fairly doubted, however, if the interests of art or architecture suffered in either case, as neither the Vascello nor the Quattro Venti had much to boast of in either respect; the latter was built by Pope Clement XII., when Cardinal Corsini, in the beginning of the last century.

On the bank of the river is to be observed a massive circular structure; this is the castle of St. Angelo, the key to the city, and at present occupied by the French troops. In this citadel Pope Clement VII. was besieged by the Goths in the year 1527, at which time the city was occupied by the barbarians, who did incalculable injury to the buildings. The castle has at various times been subject to many vicissitudes, but owing to its importance in the defence of the city it has always been kept in repair.

Before closing this sketch, a peculiar fact with regard to the sanitary condition of the city presents itself. Contrary to the usual course of things, in Rome the most healthy parts are the most crowded; for wherever the population is thin, there will the deadly miasma arise, tainting the air all around, notwithstanding that the position may be elevated, and to all appearance the most salubrious and most pleasant situation in the city. Thus the Esquiline and the Caelian hills are subject to fever and malaria in the summer season, whilst the dirty and populous Ghetto, on the river bank, is comparatively healthy.

In like manner the crowded suburb of Trastevere, on the further side of the river, is healthy, whilst the thinly-scattered population on the same bank have the deadly miasma spreading pestilence among them.

The usual resorts of foreigners are the Quirinal and Pincian Hills, in consequence of their escaping the attacks of the pestilence.

In general, however, the climate of Rome is exceedingly pleasant and exhilarating from the middle of September to that of May; and the tourist, in addition to the pleasing climate, cannot fail to be pleased and instructed by the memorials of a past age, reminding him of the perishable nature of all human greatness.

THE CARPET AND ITS HISTORY.

ONE of the most pleasing characteristics of our times is the great intelligence, as well as learning, science and taste which are brought to operate upon ordinary pursuits and callings. The exercise of the higher faculties of the mind is no longer restricted to the comparatively few arenas of the colleges and schools, but find scope at the workshop and the forge, in the garden and the farmyard, and, not least, in the vast and complicated operations of the manufactory. No matter what the kind of manufacture be, we shall find persons who have brought an amount of intelligence to bear upon it which excites the surprise and wonder of those who are accustomed to think that taste and learning, science and art, are the peculiar province and property of the staid few.

The strict application of the word carpet does not render illegitimate the use of the term in a wider sense, in discoursing up-

on its original intendment. For here let it be premised that the carpets and tapestry of ancient and mediæval times cannot be separately treated; the frequent transposition of terms, and the variety of the purposes to which these articles were mutually applied, quite frustrating such a distinction.

Concerning the process among the ancients we have no precise information, as indeed none is required, the weaving of carpets and tapestry being then a slow work of the needle, for the delicate hands of a Helen or Penelope. Of Helen it has been somewhat sagaciously remarked, by Athenæus, that her fondness for this employment proved her temperance and modesty. King Lemuel, also, in setting forth the character of the virtuous woman, says, "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry." It was an ancient Chaldean gossip that Sardanapalus, attired in female garb, was wont to card purple wool for his females, who wrought carpets for the royal household. In Greece, however, the carding of wool was the more usual occupation of slaves, as in the "Statesman" of Plato, where elaborate analyses of the arts of weaving and felting are given. According to Pliny the thick flocky wool has been esteemed for the manufacture of carpets from the remotest ages. Early allusion to the shuttle is made in connection with this art, and it appears to have been used alternately in the same web with the embroidering needle, if not identical therewith. The several parts of the loom apparatus in active operation are mentioned by Ovid: "The web is tied around the beam; the sley separates the warp; the woof is inserted in the middle with sharp shuttles, which the fingers hurry along, and being drawn within the warp, the teeth notched in the moving sley strike it." But whether this poet be guilty of anachronism in placing a box-wood shuttle in the hands of Minerva we cannot determine. From his description she was challenged by Arachne, a Colophonian woman, who was very expert at weaving tapestry, to a trial of skill. Her father, Idmon, used to dye the soaking wool in Phœcean purple, and her son, Closter, was the accredited inventor of the spindle. Such was the magnificence of her embroideries, and so graceful her manner of working, that the nymphs hovered around her loom to admire. Minerva accepted the challenge, but the result yielded a doubtful victory, whereat the goddess was duly incensed, and, a scuffle ensuing, Arachne hanged herself, and was transformed into a spider. The story of Minerva's vengeance is thus recorded:

A great fly shuttle in her hand she took,
And, more than once, Arachne's forehead struck;
The unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
Her injured person from the breast beam hung.

We find the carpets of the ancients to have been for the most part beautifully colored and inwrought with various figures. The carpets of Babylon were particularly extravagant, having representations of animals, both natural and fabulous, embroidered on them. Egypt emblazoned her rugs with hieroglyphs and portraits of her kings, and her tapestries were bespangled with the constellations of heaven and the twelve signs of the zodiac. Plautus notices the Alexandrine tapestries to have been figured over with beasts and shells. Sophren, too, speaks of carpets embroidered with figures of birds as of great value; and it was in Gaul they were first made with chequers and tartans. Entire histories and stories from mythology were woven in carpets. Homer discovers Helen herself weaving the history of the Trojan wars. Catullus makes mention of carpets used to decorate the wedding feast of Peleus, representing, with wondrous art, the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

The higher classes of Rome seem to have been considerable patrons of the carpet workers of that period.

Purple carpets were generally sought after by the wealthy patricians of Rome. Metellus Scipio, in the accusation which he brought against Cato, stated that, even in his time, Babylonian covers for couches were selling for 800,000 sesterces, or £4,600; and these in the time of the Emperor Nero had risen to four millions, or £23,000. Lolia Paulina, the great beauty of Rome, in the time of Caligula, rendered herself notorious by the enormous prices given for her rich Babylonian carpets and coverlets.

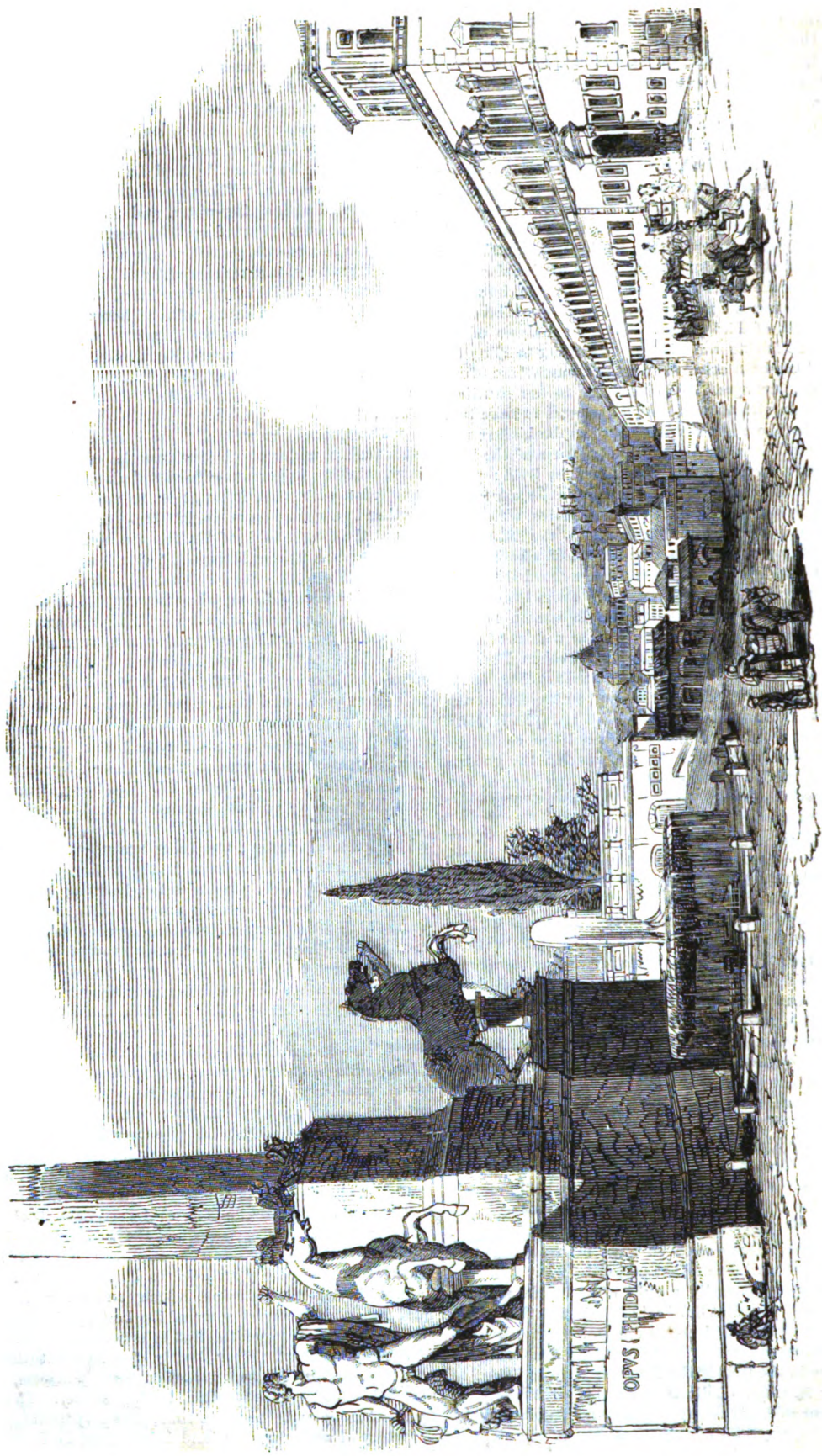
Coming down to more recent times, we are told that the Florentines carried on a large import trade with England; so

that with the commencement of the fifteenth century that country received regular supplies of eastern merchandise. For although carpets were introduced so early as the Crusades, they were not yet articles of English commerce. Even in the sixteenth century we meet with few, the Norman practice of spreading rushes on the floor being then generally prevalent. Perlin, a French physician who visited England in the reign of Edward VI., relates of the London tavern-keepers, that "they strew hay over the floor, and place pillows and tapestries underneath their travellers." And Lævinus Lemnius, about the same time, remarks, "The pavements are sprinkled upon and floors cooled with spring-water, and then strewed with sedge, and the parlours trimmed up with greene boughes, fresh herbes and vyne leaves—which things no nation do more decently, more trymmely, nor more sightly than they do in England; and, besyde this, the neate cleanliness, the pleasaunte and delightful furniture in every point of household, wonderfully rejoiced me." We get a very different account of the same custom in a letter of Erasmus to Francisus, physician to Cardinal Wolsey, where he ascribes the plague and sweating sickness, then prevalent in England, to the filth and slovenliness of this usage.

"The floors," he writes, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested a putrid mixture of beer, stinking fragments of food and all sorts of nastiness." In connexion with this, it may not be uninteresting to quote a further illustration from an incident occurring when Erasmus was at the dinner-table of Sir Thomas More: "A while after," narrates his daughter Margaret, "Gonellus asked leave to see Erasmus his signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupied in carving a crane, handed it so negligently that it fell to the ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made when 'twas picked out from the rushes! And yet ours are renewed almost daylie, which manie think over-nice. He took it gingerlie in his faire, woman-like hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on, which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice."

The first tapestry manufactory in France of which we have any authentic record was that established by an edict of the Castle of Paris, 1295. Henry IV. also brought weavers from Flanders to carry on this manufacture in Paris. The towns of Poitiers and Arras, in the thirteenth century, likewise contained large manufactories; but these are now no more; and the most ancient still in existence is the national manufactory of Gobelins. Louis XIV. purchased the building (then known as "La Folie Gobelein") for the purpose of its establishment. It was here that the brothers Gobelin, descendants of the secretary to the Pope Pius II., exercised their craft of dyeing, a knowledge of which they were said to have borrowed from the Evil One. Three other manufactories arose shortly afterwards; one at Abusson, another at Felletin, and a third at Beauvois. To this day they continue their ingenious but arduous work, which, partly owing to the low price of labor, but mainly in consequence of government encouragement, is no inconsiderable manufacture. Efforts towards its introduction on a similar extensive scale into England have been so many failures attributable to various causes. King James I. established a manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, under the superintendence of Sir Francis Crane. It was here that King Charles II. afterwards caused Raphael's Cartoons to be executed in tapestry.

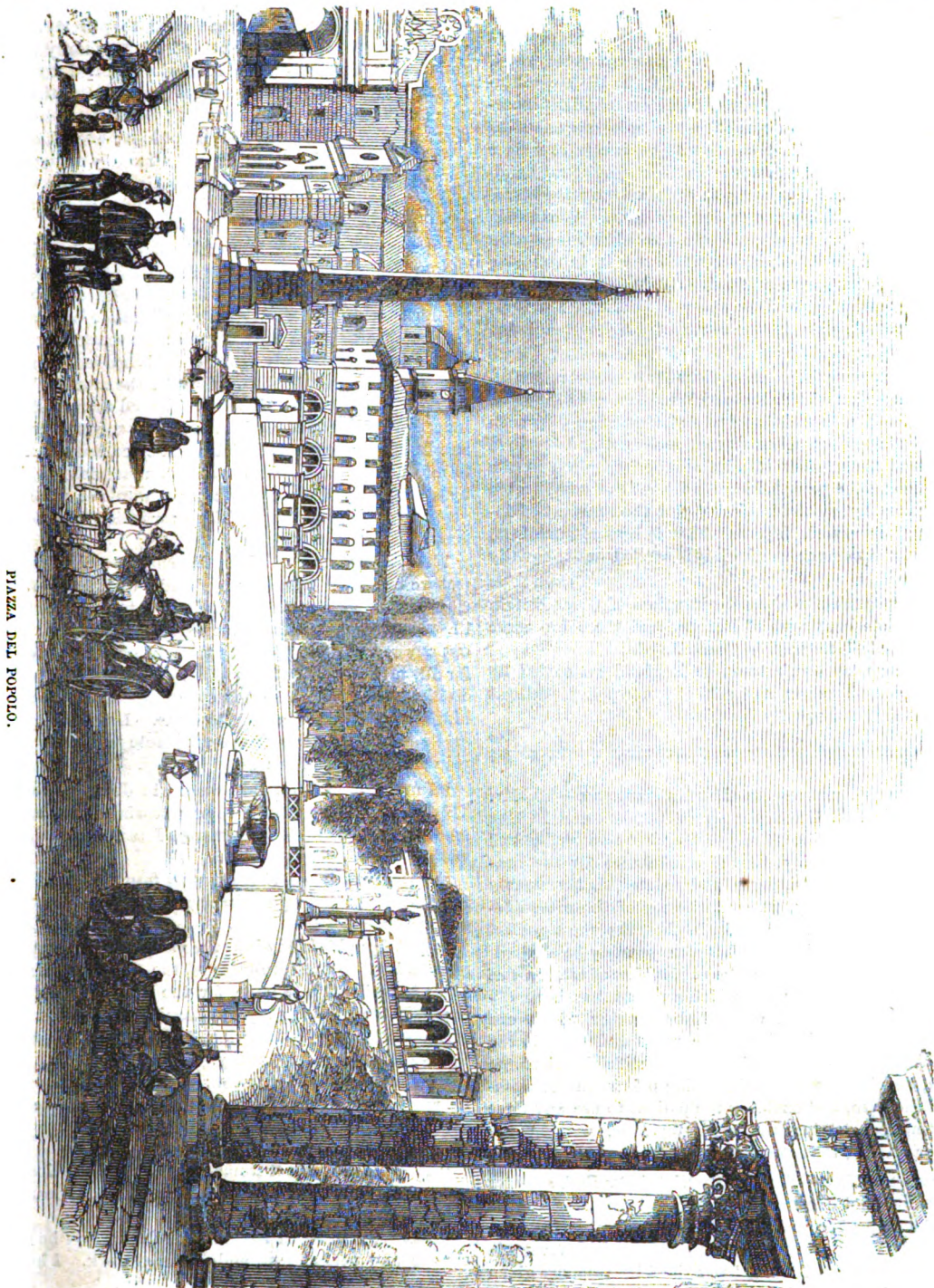
Carpets on the principle of those of Persia and Turkey, with a tufted pile, are now commonly made in Europe. In France they have attained considerable excellence under the style of Savonnerie. Originally confined to Paris, they are now manufactured in Amiens, Turcoing, Nismes and other places. England has also produced some of the best specimens. The Society of Arts was among the first to encourage the introduction of this manufacture. Very shortly after its institution it offered premiums for the best imitation Turkey carpets, and thus directed considerable attention to the matter. The Duke of Cumberland, about the same time, lent his patronage to a manufactory of such carpets; and in the year 1775, Mr. Whitty introduced the manufacture into Axminster, whence the fabric derives its name. The Axminster carpet is now a matter of history, as it ceased to be fabricated there several years ago. Wil-



MONTE CAVALLLO.

ton, however, well sustains the character of this manufacture, the superiority of its productions entitling it to the highest credit. Wilton claims the first introduction of carpet weaving into England, and this is the legend concerning it:—It seems that one of the Earls of Pembroke, desirous of improving the condition of a small class of weavers in Wilton, induced a skilful French carpet weaver, named Anthony Daffony, to be smuggled over from France in a sugar-cask, for the purpose of com-

The three-ply carpet explains its own condition; it is simply different from the ingrain by being composed of three distinct webs instead of two, and having the advantage of a third solid color in the figure. To Mr. Thomas Morton, of Kilmarnock, we owe the invention of this triple carpet fabric. This ingenious mechanic, among many improvements, also introduced the revolving barrel studded with pins, to act instead of the drawboy, in regulating the pattern. Before the introduction



PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

municating a knowledge of his handicraft, which he did. Within the last fifty years we observe a very great advance in the fabrication of the Anglo-Persian carpets. Nor must we omit commendably to notice the Scoto-Persian carpets of Kilmarnock and Edinburgh. This is now a national manufacture of no small amount, although the introduction of other fabrics has operated against a more extended use, and limited the product to a smaller and perhaps a more select demand.

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into England of the Jacquard apparatus this proved very serviceable, but it is now thrown aside. The Venetian and Dutch carpetings, as they are called, are of a simple character, and of less capacity for design. The Venetian consists mainly of a heavy weft-shoot, and is a weighty but soft material. In small diced patterns alone does it look well. The Dutch, originally a cow-hair texture, is now made of the lower qualities of wool; it is also a single web, and admits of nothing beyond stripes

and chequers in its design. We need not observe that these fabrics have little connection with the places whence they derive their name.

In treating of the Brussels carpet we revert to the capital of Belgium to find little trace of such manufacture there, although its name corresponds to the place of its origin. It is, perhaps, a fabric more thoroughly English in its present manufacture than of any other country. About the year 1735 we find the town of Kidderminster, hitherto famous for broadcloth, becoming the nursery of the English Brussels carpet. The progress of the manufacture in this town has been slow but steady, and, after the lapse of a hundred years, we find it, in 1838, containing about 1,765 Brussels hand-loom, besides a smaller proportion of ingrains and common qualities, giving employment to upwards of 4,000 hands. That was twenty years ago, and since then the introduction of the power-loom has caused many hand-frames to cease, and, matters being thus in a transition state, there is a difficulty in fairly computing statistics. A manufacturer may have so many hundred looms, a considerable portion of which may be held in abeyance while he is introducing power. In 1851, there were upwards of 2,000 Brussels hand-loom in Kidderminster, besides many in Halifax, Durham, Kilmarnock, and districts in the north of England and the south of Scotland.

One of the most remarkable improvements in carpet manufacture was the invention of Mr. Richard Whytock, of Edinburgh, by which the woollen threads are *dye'd before weaving*, with such exactness and nicety that, when woven, each spot and shade of every individual thread falls into its appropriate place in the pattern, producing the perfect design, without the complicated and cumbrous arrangement of bobbins and the constant of intervention of the weaver's fingers. This is a most surprising invention, and the manner in which it is carried out is equally wonderful.

There are more carpets used in the kingdom of Great Britain than on the whole continent of Europe, and there are more used in the United States than in Great Britain.

Most of the carpets manufactured in England are copied by the American manufacturers, and sold at lower prices, while at the same time they are equally good.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION IN DENTAL SURGERY.—To Mr. Ephraim Mosely, of 62 Grosvenor street, London, and 22 Gay street, Bath, may be attributed one of the most remarkable and useful discoveries of the day, that of a substance for the construction of artificial teeth, gums and palates, so thoroughly adhesive as to fix securely, without the use of those troublesome adjuncts, spiral springs. It is, in fact, the most perfect substitute for the natural teeth that can possibly be desired, and may be said truly to attain the *ne plus ultra* of art, "*ars est celare artem*." The substance, for which a patent has been obtained, is chemically purified white Indian-rubber, which can be moulded to every irregularity of the gums and teeth in the most perfect manner, forming, as it were, an artificial periosteum to the teeth, keeping them from becoming painful in the washing away of the gum, and enabling the patient to use any force in masticating or striking the teeth together, without the percussion or rattling that attends the action in general cases.

COULDN'T SEE HIS WAY.—The British *Westminster Review* relates that a clergyman not long ago was earnestly pressing on the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor, certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favorable circumstances. "Wut wi' faith," was the faint response given in the sick man's native dialect, "wut wi' faith, and wut wi' the earth a turning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzin' and a wizzin', I'm clean muddled, stoned and bet ;" and so saying he turned to the wall and expired.

PROPORTION your charity to others' necessities and your own ability ; and where the object is doubtful, rather relieve a drone than let a bee perish.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

PART I.

You asked me once if I had ever had a secret from my husband.

Answering "Yes," I promised some day to tell you all about it: I will do so now.

When we were first married, and for a time afterwards we were poor; neither of us were used to poverty. I was the youngest, and had been the pet, of a large family; I was inexperienced in every way, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence. Kenelm, my husband, was several years older than his little wife; he was good, grave and wise; there was something in his character that made people afraid of him; when he courted me, my sisters held him in awe; yet, strangely enough, I, coward as I was in most respects, felt nothing of this awe till afterwards, but treated him with girlish audacity and tyranny. I knew my power.

I must not allow myself to tell you of our happiness during the first months after our marriage; that has nothing to do with this story; for then I had not the ghost of a secret from my husband. It is true that I was forced to be very quiet during the earlier part of the day, when the scratching of Kenelm's pen was almost the only sound to be heard in our house; but I indemnified myself in the evening for the morning's silence. I dearly loved to talk to Kenelm! I used then to show him the innermost thought of my heart: he was so gentle and reverent, and in return gave me his full confidence, sometimes speaking to me of things far beyond my comprehension, gladdening me by saying that often a few random words of mine would suggest the solution of perplexities over which he had long pondered!

Well, we were poor. I had twenty pounds a year; for the rest we depended upon my husband's earnings. We had married in the spring; the following winter Kenelm fell ill, very ill. Necessarily his illness increased our expenses; and I, without any regard to cost, or any thought of whose labor must pay for all, procured everything that I fancied might please him or do him good. When he was convalescent, the doctor ordered him not to write for months to come. I understood his smile as he listened to this decree; it smote me with sharp, sudden pain; I remember I ran away to weep.

"I must write, my child; we are in debt, we want money." This was all his answer to my tearful remonstrance, when long, long before he was strong, I saw him settle down to work.

For the first time I shrank away from his mild glance; for the first time the deep tenderness of his tone sounded to me as a reproach.

I went from his study into the garden. It was spring; but I paid no heed to the loveliness of the sunny morning. To-day I was too miserable to weep, for the first time in my life perhaps. I stood, leaning my head against a tree, absorbed in self-reproachful thought—knowing, for the first time, how dreadful a thing it was to want money.

I had one friend living near; she had been Kenelm's friend for years and years, but now she was especially mine. It chanced that she passed our gate that morning, and seeing me, came in for a few moments.

"You, Minnie, of all women in the world, to look upon this sweet day with so sad a face? What ails you, dear? Kenelm is getting well."

"But he will be ill again. The doctor says he should have change and perfect rest, and—he is at work. I have been extravagant—we want money."

She was grave immediately.

"Poor dear!" she said; "no wonder you are not merry—oh, that money!"

She softly stroked my hand, and fell into meditative silence.

Presently she cried, quite abruptly—

"Minnie, you shall write a novel!"

I started, and blushed as if she had proposed to me to commit a crime.

"Yes," she repeated, "you shali write a novel. I have a little leisure—nothing else, alas!—at your service; you write, I will revise and manage all besides."

"But—Kenelm—"

"Would he not like it? Ah! perhaps not; I had forgotten. Good, almost perfect as he is, he has his prejudices."

"But if I could write a book! If I could earn enough money to take him to the sea-side, I would risk the rest. I will not be afraid; I will try and write a novel, only he shall never know unless I succeed."

"Is it well to have a secret from your husband?"

"Just this one. I must try. It would be so glorious if I were to succeed."

"You should know best; but, Minnie, I had rather you told him."

"No, no, no; not unless I succeed. What makes you think that I can write a book?"

"I have seen little attempts of yours—do not blush—and bits, only bits, of your letters to Kenelm. If Mrs. Kenelm Cameron writes her book as simply and fervently as Minnie Grey wrote her love-letters, it will do—always provided that, before she begins it, she quite makes up her mind what it is to be about."

"That is the puzzle."

"It will not long remain so, if the book is destined to be written. I am going from home; you shall have my address; let me help you in any way I can."

I took leave of her absently, already pondering what my book was to be about.

For three days and three nights I continued to ponder this matter. When Kenelm asked of what I was thinking, I blushed, giving the stupid answer, "Nothing particular." He looked surprised, but said nothing further.

Now, in all that follows, it may seem to you that if I had given the matter a playful turn, and if my husband had trusted me as he ought to have done, no unhappiness would have ensued. It was not in my power to think of my secret lightly—directly I had a secret from my husband, I turned coward, and became morbidly timid in his presence. And he—he did not suspect me of wrong-doing—it was my want of confidence towards him that he mourned. I think I have heard Kenelm say that it is in the natures acted upon, not in the acts themselves, that the elements of tragedy and comedy are contained. I suppose we each acted as it was our nature to act.

When those three days and nights of meditation had proved fruitless, I drowned my hope in tears. I had found no subject of which I felt competent to treat, no cause to advocate, and I despaired.

A day or two afterwards an acquaintance sent us tickets for a concert: in the evening she called for us. My husband was not well enough to go; I hated to go without him; but he sent me because he thought that I was beginning to pine in a too quiet life. I felt very ungrateful towards the friend who carried me off, so sorely against my will.

It was a "classical" concert of instrumental music: I loved such music. Yet by-and-by I found that I was not listening to it. I was writing—nay, rather contemplating—my book! It did not suggest itself to me bit by bit, but I seemed to grasp it all—plot, purpose, incident—at once. I literally hugged myself under cover of my little white cloak, and said—

"This will do."

"Exquisite! is it not?" my companion exclaimed, thinking I had spoken to her in praise of the music. Her glance dwelt wonderingly on my excited face.

Now I was only anxious to get home. I dreaded that I might forget. Fortunately my friend was sleepy during the drive—the rapid motion continued the excitement the music had produced. When we stopped at my gate, and the lady woke up to say "Good-night," I astonished her by the fervor of my "Thank you! you do not know what you have done for me."

"Are you such an enthusiast?" she asked. "Had I known it, I would have sent you tickets before. I will remember you in future—good-night."

I let myself into the house. I had made Kenelm promise not

to sit up, and had ordered Ann to go to bed. How glad I was of this!

The lamp and the fire burned in the parlor, and the little supper-tray stood ready.

I had made no noise; I stole up to my room, found Kenelm asleep, looking very wan and worn; I bent down and kissed him lightly, then ran away.

In the parlor I sat down to write, and I wrote—hour after hour. When the lamp went out, I looked up in consternation—it was growing light.

Very carefully I gathered together my precious sheets; I put them within a book (a cookery book I remember), and hid that at the bottom of my work-table. I crept to bed cold, tired and happy, but did not fall asleep till broad daylight.

When I woke, Kenelm stood by my bedside with my breakfast upon a tray.

"Is it late?" I asked, starting up.

"Nearly eleven, love. Did you enjoy the concert, Minnie?"

"The concert—oh, yes!"

Then as I recalled everything, I felt as if he must find out my secret by looking at me, and I turned away yawning.

"Not quite awake yet, sleepy one," he commented.

How I was to manage to write in the daytime was the problem that occupied me while I dressed.

When I was ready, I went to Kenelm in his study.

"Must you write to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, I must. Let us dine at four; I will write till then. After dinner we will have a walk. Do not feel anxious, love, I am stronger."

"Can I do nothing for you this morning?"

"Nothing, dear."

He had resumed his pen, and I went away. We had an unfurnished room in our house. I was soon locked into that. I spread my paper on a box, a box that had gone with us on our wedding journey, and crouched upon the floor to write. I left off just in time to prepare for dinner; to smooth my hair, dip my hot brow in water, and wash the ink-stains off my fingers.

"I wanted you to stitch up my manuscript, Minnie," Kenelm said; "but as I didn't find you in the house, I contrived to do it myself. I suppose you have been working in the garden, too hard, I think; you look flushed."

"My face is rather hot. Now, where shall we walk this evening?" I asked, and began to talk hurriedly of primroses, violets, blue-bells, and the probability of our finding them in the fields around.

That was an exquisite evening. As we wandered about the lanes and meadows, Kenelm sometimes leant on me, I sometimes on him; and I said to myself, "So it should be in life; why should my husband work always, and I sit idle all my days?"

That was very well; but, alas! as I worked I lost sight of my good motive in the absorbing interest of my work; forgot all my little daily cares for Kenelm while I struggled to achieve a grand good for him.

My husband came home healthily tired. That night he slept soundly, and I could not sleep; so I rose; I could not resist the impulse to continue my work; again it was the daylight that warned me to my bed.

Kenelm told me at breakfast that he must go into town, and should not get home till evening. He had not incurred this fatigue since his illness, and was not fit for it. I did not think of this then; I did not offer to go for him, or beg to go with him; I thought joyfully of the long day before me. He left home at ten, to return at seven.

I told Ann to say that I was engaged if any one should call, and I locked myself into the empty chamber. I uttered a cry of joy as I began my work—I had such delight in it.

I left off to pretend to dine, but I had no appetite, and soon recommenced.

Towards the end of the afternoon I found I could go on no longer. My temples burned, and yet I felt as if

numbed by excessive cold, and my head began to ache intensely.

Kenelm was late; it was getting dusky when he came, and I shunned what little light there was. He was tired, and after tea lay upon the couch; I sat beside him on a low seat, and rested my aching head on his breast.

By-and-by Ann came in with the lamp, and then Kenelm asked me to read to him. I rose with some difficulty, I felt so weak and weary. Unwittingly I turned my face full to the light as I opened the new book he had brought home, and his eyes were upon me as they generally were, as I had formerly loved to have them.

"Minnie!" he exclaimed; then started up and came to me. He took my hands and gazed into my face. This time I was not sorry to feel thick blushes covering my palor.

Somewhat pettishly I cried:

"You startle me, Kenelm," and I tried to turn away. He would not let me.

"You look wretchedly ill, Minnie. You have been crying much again—so soon! What is it that troubles you? My poor child must tell me!"

"I have nothing to tell you; you are foolish—nothing troubles me!"

But he continued to gaze at me so tenderly, so sorrowfully, that I could not bear it. To convince him that nothing was the matter, I burst into tears and sobbed upon his bosom, for he folded me in his arms.

I thought that all was over; that my secret would out, or my heart would break; but he questioned me no more, only soothed and caressed me.

Next morning I rejoiced that my secret was still in my keeping.

When I went down into the parlor, Kenelm held a visiting-card in his hand, at which he was looking with surprise.

"My friend Ashtower here yesterday, and you did not tell me! You asked him to come again, I hope; you are well aware that I have long desired to see him."

I paused at the door with a face expressing blank consternation.

"I did not know," I faltered.

Yes; I was afraid of Kenelm; his eyes perused my face keenly.

"You did not know; it was Ann's fault, then. This is very vexatious."

He was about to ring the bell.

"Stay!" I cried; "it was not her fault. I told her if anybody came, to say I was engaged; of course she did not know that I would have seen your friend! Till this moment I did not know he had been here."

"And why, my dear wife, would you see nobody yesterday?"

"Don't say 'my dear wife' in that horrid way. I suppose I was not in the humor for company, as you had left me alone!"

I took refuge in a kind of petulant naughtiness, pouted and made an unnecessary noise with the cups and saucers.

My husband did not speak for some time. Then he said, with a measured mildness that I well understood:

"I think, Minnie, that you owe me some slight explanation. I trust that your good sense will lead you to offer me such. As I am confident that my wife cannot act in a way of which she has need to be ashamed, I do not understand her having any mystery."

I had heard people say that sometimes my husband appeared to hide an iron hand beneath a velvet glove. I recalled the saying now, and asked myself indignantly if he meant to make me feel the smooth inflexibility of his character. I was angry with him.

I offered no word of apology, but remained silent. I could not eat: the first mouthful seemed like to choke me. This made me seem all the more sullen.

No wonder that my noble, high-minded husband looked grieved to the heart at such signs of childish perversity.

When, after breakfast, I sought the bare room, and locked

myself in, I trembled taking home the moral that was evolving, without conscious effort of mine, from the story which I had called "A Wife's Secret."

I felt the possibility of my little troubles deepening and widening terribly. I cried passionately:

"I will persevere; but I must finish soon; I cannot bear this long."

I had taken it for granted that Kenelm had work to do; but when I had slipped down-stairs, just before dinner-time, I saw him lying on our little lawn, a book beside him.

"He is angry," I thought. "This is the first holiday on which he has done without me."

When we met, I could not be gay or natural: I was constrained in manner, and felt weighed upon and weary.

The few days that followed were uncomfortable. Kenelm tried to resume his usual demeanor, but something was between us, and I was afraid of him. I wrote as much as I could without risk of detection, and forgot my own griefs during those hours.

I told myself that I would not, that I could not give up, now that I had gone so far. Whenever I felt wavering and despondent, I pictured to myself my triumph. Kenelm's surprise, delight, gratitude; this would pay for all my pain.

There was surely no tedious lingering by the way in my book. I wrote in desperate haste to have finished it.

PART II.

WITH Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter to me. I received it from him, and blushed as I slipped it into my apron pocket. It was from my friend, in answer to a note I had sent her about my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing and a dread of being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter I carefully avoided looking towards my husband.

"Read this, Minnie," he said presently, putting one of the letters he had received before me.

I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?" I asked, when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging his mediation with the stern old father, who had been bitterly offended—how does not concern my story.

"Shall we go, you surely mean, Minnie?"

I drooped my head; my work was nearly completed; it would be dreadful to me to leave it now. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every secret was very great; if I were left alone for a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an expensive journey; your father does not like me, and—"

"I had rather my wife had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have prudence on your side, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I cannot bear it!" I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use I should go to-day—at once," he began. "The last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong, indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which baffles men sorely.

"It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! You treat your wife as if she were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she loved to be so treated—"

when she made me her conscience and hid nothing from me—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

He left the room; when he was gone I wept. But I was a little angry; or, as passing his study-door on my way up-stairs to pack his clothes, I saw him seated at his study-table with his head bowed upon his hands, I could not have resisted the temptation to go to him and confess everything.

It was only by looking back afterwards that I could understand how much change he found in me—how many signs he saw that my thoughts were not all, or even chiefly his—besides reading that in my often abstracted face. Many of my little duties were neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those feverish weeks.

As I packed my husband's clothes I shed some tears over them. When he was actually gone, after a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a cordial—a few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before from the resting-place, which was half-way towards his journey's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by re-perusing my friend's note, which told me of the favorable arrangements which she hoped to make for the publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was one with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away I did not go beyond the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept.

One night—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house—my self-possession, my sense of my own identity altogether failed me.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I struggled to separate myself from the woes into which I had plunged the wife of my imagination. I could not, intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Husband, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had startled me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I had always been timid of night and darkness.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, it seemed to me that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and arms. I raised my head, seeking light.

My candle had burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness, the thick darkness of a close-shuttered room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the middle of the room, regarding me. He was pale; his expression was reproachful, his form spectral.

I spread out my arms towards him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flush of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up with difficulty, and turned sick when I saw a pool of blood close to where my face had lain. By-and-by I managed to get to my bedroom; and, after washing my stained brow, discovered a small but deep wound on my temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which I had used as a desk.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt terribly weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rang and ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. My window was darkened, and she seemed to notice nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my thoughts returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not to be a tragedy; it was to end quietly and peacefully, perfectly, as a beautiful summer day. I laughed softly over the happiness of this summery ending, and the tears rained from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on

that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote my blissful concluding chapters.

With one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with haste and passion, but as I remember with a quiet sense of perfect power.

I had finished. I said, "thank God."

My heroine was happy now, and my heart craved like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm!" I cried.

I went down stairs to hunt for string, wax and stamps; my book must be immediately sent off.

On my work-table lay a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home this evening! What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what time could it be now?

Even as I wondered our clock struck—seven.

There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not move; it was like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand upon my brow; unwittingly I displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began again to trickle.

I would have given years of life to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden gate; I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was like the face I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I tried to believe this was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and a black gulf opened at my feet.

Both my husband and Ann were standing over me when I regained consciousness; when I raised myself on the couch Ann disappeared.

"I am so sorry, so grieved," I began; "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter, and ——"

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No; I struck my head last night, and ——"

"My poor wounded darling!"

I had no need to make excuses. He cared for me to-night instead of I for him; yet he looked very travel-worn and ill. He dressed my wound with tender fingers, and said many tender words. But he looked very sad, and I could not bear to meet his inquiring gaze. I closed my eyes and felt myself a wretched little hypocrite. I passionately vowed never again to have a secret from Kenelm.

My husband made me go to bed early. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he prayed by me before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was afraid and ashamed.

When I heard him go down stairs and shut the parlor-door behind him, I sprang up. My Bluebeard chamber was unlocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I secured the key, but as I got into bed again it fell from my trembling fingers. I regained it. The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my face in my pillow. As I clasped the key I renewed my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

Next day I noticed that my husband seemed very, very sad. His mediation had only availed to draw more of his father's anger upon himself; he had been of no service to his brother.

When we had talked over this and some other family matters silence fell. I felt afraid of what might come next, for Kenelm's eyes watched me earnestly.

"Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said presently. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much disturbed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! so much!" I knew that my face kindled brightly; for indeed I longed after them all, and thought it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"Poor child! I thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"You shall not say that. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

Well! well! do not believe I reproach you, darling; we will part in peace."

"Part!"

"I think it will be as well that you should go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"Do you think I will go home alone? Oh, Kenelm! what does this mean?"

"That is what I cannot tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy; I know that our poverty has pressed its privations upon you; I know that you pine in your dull life here."

"What more do you know?" I asked defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, but absolutely hurting me by the urgent pressure of his gaze, "I know that in some self way—by my own fault it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence; I also know that this is not one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, sir?" I demanded hotly.

"This is all. When you are at home, Minnie, and I am alone again for a little while, we may each be able to find out in what and how far we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impended, such utter ruin threatened our peace, that I shuddered; but he spoke, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been a devoted and contented wife, and only remembered the last few weeks—this made me angry; it was unjust!—he was exaggerating everything!

"I will not go home unless you command me, and I am your wife, whom you have no right to send away; you are cruel and unjust!"

"Am I so? We were not talking of rights; I was planning for your happiness; but indeed I work in the dark. I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me, and the obstinacy with which you keep it, is my only ground of displeasure. It may be that my own character is alone to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me?"

"She does! Oh, Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sally away. But then my looks belied my words; the key of the Bluebeard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped, the picture of guilty confusion.

He picked it up. "This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said as he gave it me.

Then he knew that my last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember the innocent, holy motive of all this long concealment.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire for revenge was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere to the end. I thought that the lower I now sank in my husband's esteem the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all, when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I locked myself into the empty room. I packed up my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do everything quickly. Then I put on my bonnet and shawl, hid my precious roll under my arm, and set off for the post-office.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the limes in our lane, and then through suburban streets, my thoughts were quite engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly I swerved aside and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. Had he seen me? I thought not. I had disappeared before the abstraction of his look had changed to recognition.

I made a little circuit, accomplished my purpose, and turned homewards.

My heart sank when I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was now waiting for me. The limes were in full blossom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

When I met Kenelm's eyes, and noted the pinched expression which repressed excitement had given to lip and nostril, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked my hand under his arm, taking me into custody. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand and stood opposite to me. I noticed that the hand he leant upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm; but when I raised my eyes to his, his air of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense pain and anger in his eyes—still I laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me. I chose to believe that he had locked the door; I would not go to ascertain. I ceased laughing, and grew very indignant. I, Kenelm's wife, to be treated like a naughty child! Very bitterly would he repent his injustice! Then, as I loved him, my heart grew tender at the thought of the pain he would feel when my hour of triumph came. For the first time I doubted of the possibility of this triumph. I could not rejoice in his suffering. We were one.

I threw myself on the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's foot-stool and cried myself to sleep. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out. I must have slept many hours. It was dark when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of the turning of a key, staggered me in my belief that I had been locked in; but I would not think that I had been a voluntary prisoner all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He peered about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! She has jumped out!" he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm!" I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away?"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"Tea is waiting in the parlor—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and repressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary, I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips; I repressed it, and said nothing.

"Your eldest sister passes through London on her way home from Kent to-morrow. I shall take you to the station to meet her. I have written to her and to your father. Your health requires change of air."

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

"The scene of this afternoon taught me that we cannot live together, feeling as we now do towards each other. I will not risk again feeling towards my wife as I did when you laughed but now. In your absence I will earnestly try to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

I hardly heeded his words; my foot was beating the floor restlessly. I answered:

"You will be sorry; my day will come; you will repent this harshness."

"Am I harsh, Minnie! then I shall indeed repent. I strive to be calm and just, only to act for your good."

"Oh, you are very calm; you will be happy without me, quite! But you are most unjust!"

"I repeat again, Mary, that I suspect you of no wrong. Your want of confidence has irritated me. When I am alone I hope to see clearly how I lost your confidence, and how I can

regain it. If you were reasonable, you would own that it is best for us to part for a little while."

"I am very reasonable! It is best!" I answered; and I know my eyes shone gleefully, for I had jumped over dismal weeks, and was thinking of our joyful meeting. He left me abruptly.

My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband, who stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all lookers-on, I gave way to a great burst of weeping, hiding my face on my sister's shoulder.

My time at home was chiefly spent in wandering about the garden, orchard and fields, recalling past courting-days, and dreaming over my coming triumph.

They were all very kind to me, petting me as they had been used to do; but I liked best to be much alone, to think uninterruptedly of Kenelm. Several times he came to spend an hour or two with us; he rejoiced at my improved looks, but neither of us said anything of my return.

My friend had written to me in most fervent praise of my book. She was working at it diligently—was to write a preface for it, and had made favorable arrangements for its publication.

Time slipped away rapidly. My husband's visits were the only events of my life, which passed in dull dreaminess. I suppose nature was avenging herself for the excitement in which I had lived for so long.

At last my book was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered a very large sum as part payment for the work.

My family had reason to think me suddenly demented. Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on departing the very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only promising to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before long.

Completely roused from my torpidity now, my longing for Kenelm and home was intense. I would travel alone, too; I had planned a meeting of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homewards across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; but there seemed to me something eerie in the wind that swept the sun-steeped fields. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlor blind was down; I saw no sign of life about the house. I paused longer yet before I could bring myself to open the house door.

My heart stood still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I lost the sound of his listless "come in." A slow, heavy step crossed the room, the door opened—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie! my darling! Come back to me of her own accord!" He opened his arms wide. I did not spring to him. I had lost all buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. Triumph indeed! In what? In the sorrow-stricken, weighed-down aspect of my husband?

"Yes, Kenelm. I am come back," I answered soberly. I stood before him, feeling very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear all now," I continued. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all.

When I paused, and in my dreaming had planned that I should be clasped in his arms, and hear his exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not seem quite to understand. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

I shivered. Where was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made him suffer so much—for what?

I sunk down at his feet. I aid my cheek against him, and said "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Cannot you forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up, and kissed me many times. "This is the pain of poverty indeed; that for these, or such as these, you should suffer as much as you have done. My darling! how could you do it? How could you endure so long? How could you let me treat you so sternly? Dearest! these were not worth your pain!"

I saw it clearly now: I had burdened him with remorse, overwhelmed him with self-reproach! I, his wife, had irrepa-

rably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive him!

With those notes, for which I had worked and endured, lying at our feet, we made a new marriage compact of mutual confidence and forbearance.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew better, my husband took me to a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our world.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature the less for having read her book; and, when he had grown accustomed to the marvellous fact of its existence, I even sometimes fancied that I detected just a little lurking pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth when people, in our presence, spoke of "A Wife's Secret." At such times I only cared to hide my confusion. Even now, after the lapse of so many many years, I felt a burning flush upon my face the other day when I suddenly came upon a heap of newspapers and reviews, which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them read the name of my book.

COMFORT FOR HOMELY WOMEN.—In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c., have fallen into the very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result, of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second-hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting! how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation; he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub nose," or the "bewitching girl with the reguish leer" (squint), without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innamorata before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains; it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny; he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs or Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle ugly women will be converted into belles, perfect frights will become irresistible, and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

THE POWER OF HUNGER.—It is hunger which brings stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great ironways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison-houses, barracks and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which, with stealthy power, is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible, for our higher efforts are dependant on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labor, which he hates, and will always avoid when possible.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

CRABS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

THAT singular crustacean, the crab, is found, in almost infinite varieties, in nearly every region of the habitable globe. Go where one may, the crab is still met with; and in the temperate seas of Europe, or our own American coasts, or in the burning waters of the tropics, it is met with alike. One of the most curious varieties of this widely disseminated shellfish is the one known in the Indian Ocean as the sepy-crab. It is frequently seen on the shores of the coco-islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and sometimes, although rarely by day, climbing upon the coco-palms. The crusted animal is something between a crab and a lobster. From the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen he generally measures about twenty inches. The color of this crab or lobster is sky-blue, shading into white, with white patches, speckling the blue of the carapace, and of the plates of the abdomen. He has more of the general form of the lobster than of a crab. Natives of the coco-islands assert that individual crustaceans of this species are sometimes met with, measuring from three to four feet from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. The color—blue, it is said—sometimes passes into red, and the white into yellow. The natives call this crab the sepy-crab, just as we call a similar crustacean the soldier-crab. He is the soldier-crab of the tropical islands. Persons familiar with the soldier-crab can imagine the appearance of the largest sepy-crabs, by supposing the soldier-crab of a size measured by feet instead of inches.

The soldier-crab has a naked and curling abdomen, and must find a shell to protect it from the grabs of his enemies. The Indian sepy-crab has three rows of rudimentary plates partly covering and protecting the upper part of his abdomen. When surprised by men upon a tree, the sepy-crab snaps the pincers

of his formidable left claw to announce to them that he is ready for battle. He seems, however, more desirous of frightening than of fighting his enemies; for, notwithstanding his menaces, he retreats very rapidly. The sepy-crabs, about a couple of feet long, are not objects of fear to the natives; but they speak with awe of the rare monsters, which exceed three feet in length, and one of which is said to have once stolen a child.

When the sepy-crab has climbed up the trunk of the coco-palm he detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk until the nut falls. After the fall of the nut he descends the trunk slowly, and searches for the nut, which he drags, when he finds it, to the mouth of his hole. Three or four days are spent by him in patiently and laboriously tearing off fibre after fibre, and the husk is completely denuded of them. He is too provident an animal to wait until one nut is done before he goes in search of another. On the contrary, he is always peeling, as he is always eating his nuts. He spends his time in these alternate operations. He searches about in the trees, or upon the trees, for a nut to peel, and when it is peeled he transfers it to his larder in his hole. He has a peeled nut always in the almond state. A nut lasts him about a week. The largest kinds of sepy-crabs hold themselves in their holes with such tenacity that the natives are unable to draw them out. As for the individuals of the ordinary size, the blacks put their arms into their holes, and seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skilfully. It is surprising how rarely the blacks are pinched. The sepy-crab, when in his hole, sleeps or respires, and moves slowly; before his obtuse senses have warned him of the intrusion, his formidable claws are clasped by the muscular hand which pulls him out of his stronghold. When an unlucky or an unskilful finger is pinched, the sepy

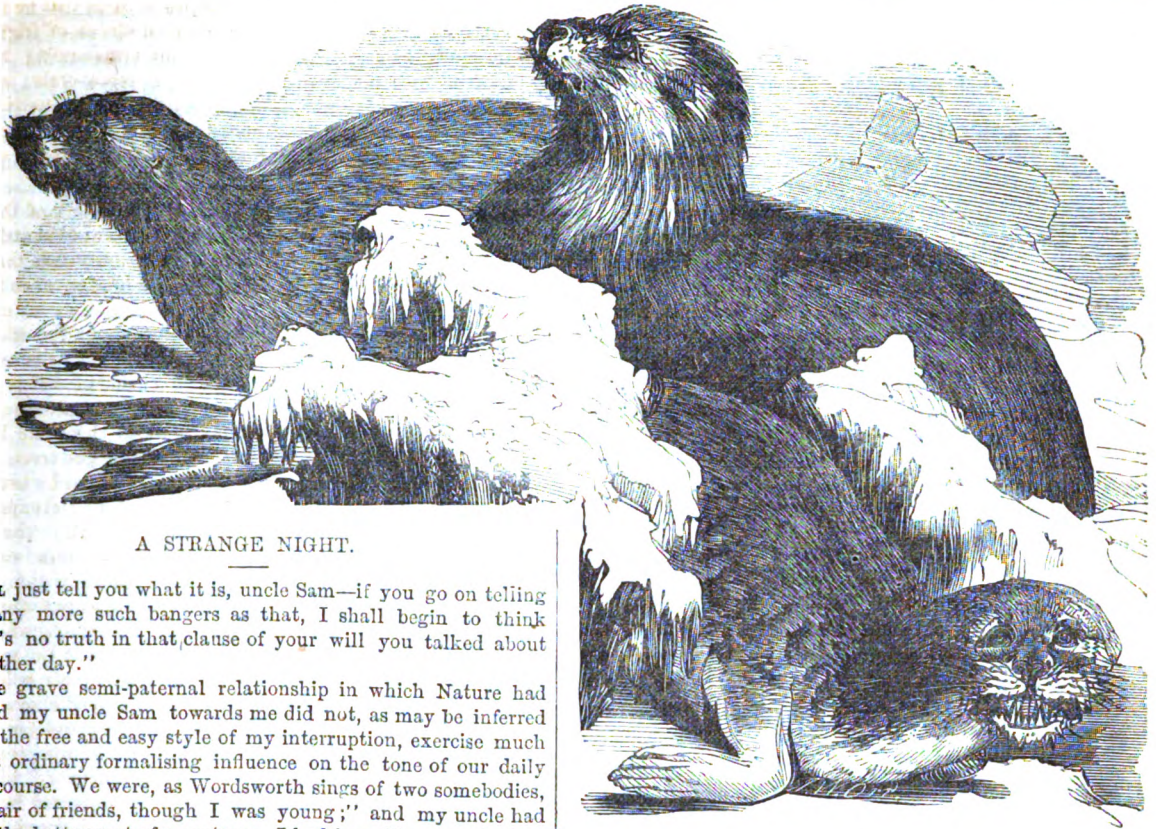
lets go his hold the instant he is seized by the abdomen. Sometimes a kernel is dropped into the hole, and when the crab takes hold of it, he lets himself be pulled out rather than let go his hold. In their battles with each other, the sepy-crabs will seize hold of each other's abdomens, and will not let go until one of them has ceased to live. The sepy can be made to do the same thing for himself; for when his abdomen is tickled, it is said he will seize hold of it with his great claw, and never relax his hold until he dies. The sepy-crabs are excellent eating. Gourmands of the Mauritius have them sent to them alive from the coco-islands. They are sent in boxes which are strongly nailed down. Such is the strength of these crustaceans that they have been known to lift up the lid of a box with a hundred pound weight on the top of it. There a few holes made in the box to admit air, and a coco broken in two is placed within it; and then, without further precautions or other furniture, the sepy-crab arrives in good condition after voyages of seven or eight days duration.

The crabs of another hemisphere have puissant enemies to dread in the crab-eating seal (*phoca carcinophaga*), which is remarkable not only for its figure, but also for its peculiarly formed head and teeth, which latter are so constructed as to crush almost to powder the hard covering of its principal food, the crab. Very little is known of the habits of this seal; it is exceedingly shy and difficult to approach—much more so than the majority of Arctic seals.

THE elder Vestris, when apprised that his son had had the insolence to refuse to dance before the Queen of France, when commanded, indignantly exclaimed, "How!" said he, "the Queen of France has done her duty—she has invited you to dance; you have not done yours. I will disinherit you, for I do not wish the house of Vestris to be on unfriendly terms with the house of Bourbon!"



CLIMBING CRAB.



A STRANGE NIGHT.

"I'll just tell you what it is, uncle Sam—if you go on telling me any more such bangers as that, I shall begin to think there's no truth in that clause of your will you talked about the other day."

The grave semi-paternal relationship in which Nature had placed my uncle Sam towards me did not, as may be inferred from the free and easy style of my interruption, exercise much of its ordinary formalising influence on the tone of our daily intercourse. We were, as Wordsworth sings of two somebodies, "a pair of friends, though I was young;" and my uncle had seen the better part of a century. I had been his pet and plaything as a child, his licensed favorite as a boy; and, as I arrived at man's estate—partly from the fact that I was an only child, then parentless, and that he had no other nephew—partly from the fondness he had, in common with most cheery natures, for the society of those younger than himself—and partly from the hearty liking I bore him (and, indeed, few knew him who did not share that), the difference in our age had ceased to be practically remembered, and I had become his almost inseparable and confidential crony.

Years were a burden which sat very lightly on my jolly uncle; he was, at four-and-fifty, as thoroughly a boy, in spirit, as he was at fifteen, and he had gone through more hair-breadth 'scapes and adventures than ninety-nine men out of a hundred, nevertheless. I need hardly say, my uncle Sam was a bachelor, for, had he been a Benedict, it stands to reason that he and I could not have gone on together as we did—an "aunt Sam" wouldn't have stood it, you know—your married men slink back from the freaks of "us youth" vilely—though he had all but put his neck into the noose fifty times, for he was as inflammable a "piece of man's flesh," as Dogberry says, as any in England; but, somehow or other, his good genius had preserved him, and he still walked erect, carried a free latch-key, and, saving in some occasional temporary subjugations, called his soul his own.

A wild boy had my uncle Sam been in his youth—a wandering, rollicking, careless, devil-may-care fellow—with an eye for a bit of fun, like a hawk; he could smell out a lark five miles off, and, if there was a spice of danger in it, the savor thereof was none the less grateful to his palate. He went at an adventure with as much *gout* as an Irishman to a faction fight, but, luckily for himself, with a much better temper; for, of all the good-natured souls upon earth, I do verily believe there was not one more good-natured than my merry uncle Sam—and, still more luckily, with a cool head, a strong arm, and a stout-built frame that could inspire, when necessary, a wholesome sort of reverence, and brought him unattacked out of many a scrape, where a man of less than his inches would have been more mauled than enough. It was a treat to see my uncle Sam in his more genial moments, sticking his feet on the fender, with his hands diving deeper and deeper still into the pockets

of his inexpressibles, and his face lighted up partly by his own merriment, partly by the blaze of a cheerful fire, and partly by the cordial effects of a tumbler of tolerably stiff punch—his favorite liquor—and to hear him gossip on in his careless, pleasant way, story after story, of all the strange things he had seen and done—laughing till he had scarce strength to wag his tongue.

Lord help him! what a lot of lies he did tell!—at least, so we all used to say, and that, without much delicacy, to his honest old face; though he swore stoutly they were all true—and they were all such merry lies, too! I don't know how it was, but, if the story was ever so serious, ever so solemn—and even he sometimes had tales of such a kind—there was something or other in his manner of telling them which made one laugh all the same. I do verily believe that, had it been my uncle Sam's mission to break to me the intelligence of my father's murder, I should have been undutiful enough to chuckle over the catastrophe—the merriment breathing from his face was so irresistibly contagious. Poor uncle Sam! I smile to this day, though in sorrow, when I think of him—his very memory is mirth-moving. But it is time I get back to my muttons, as my friend the Gaul says, and leave my uncle Sam to speak for himself. I certainly will not undertake to say how many tumblers of my uncle's composition—for he was his own brewer at these symposia—we had each swallowed, or how many of my uncle Sam's marvellous histories I had treated in a similar fashion, though the latter was the more difficult gulp of the two; but he did, at last, give vent to something or other, I forget what, which drew to so large an amount upon my credulity, that I broke out into some such exclamation as that recorded at the head of this paper.

"Bangers! y' undutiful young dog!" said my uncle Sam, looking as stern as he could—that is to say, putting on much the same kind of expression of countenance that ordinary people assume when they desire to appear good-natured. "What the devil do you mean by bangers? Do you mean to insinuate that you suspect my veracity? By all that's disinherit, I've four-fifths of a mind to scratch out that graceless name of yours before there's another day over your head."

When I'd got such a prince of a story to tell you into the bargain! Fill up your glass, do, you misbelieving young Hebrew; I don't know that I mustn't tell it you, after all—that is, provided, beforehand, you promise me faithfully to believe every syllable of it."

"Why, as to that, uncle Sam, the law, you know"—("Devil fly away with it!" said my uncle Sam, parenthetically)—"the law, in its wisdom, lays it down that no man shall be bound to perform impossibilities, but I'll try what I can do; and by the time that respectable bull-necked, apoplectic-looking jug there has done its duty, I suspect I shall be in a fit humor to believe even the biggest—ahem! I mean the strangest narrative in your collection, uncle Sam."

"Just pass that same jug this way, if you please, before I begin," said my uncle; "it's a dangerous neighborhood for full jugs where it stands just now—and I never could talk long, in my life, dry lipped. What saith the poet?

Mysterious and poetic truths,
I never could unfold 'em,
Without a flagon of good wine,
And a slice of cold ham!

An excellent sentiment generally, though I don't think much of his rhyme, or his choice of solids. Besides, do you think I'm going to let you get drunk under the roof of your own father's brother, you graceless reprobate? Mark my words, Master Oliver, bad company and strong drink'll be the ruin of you some day or other."

"Then, I've gone a few steps on the road this evening, I'm thinking," said I; "but you'd better be quick with your story, uncle of mine, for my credulity is somewhat like Bob Acres' valor—beginning to ooze away pretty rapidly."

"You'd hardly think it now, Oliver," says my uncle, clearing his throat, "but I was a sad wild dog once upon a time."

"Nothing to stick in the throat there, anyhow," quoth I.

"If you speak another syllable," says my uncle, "I'll—"

"Mute as a stock-fish, uncle," says I.

"Well, as I was saying," resumes my uncle, "years ago, before ever you were born or thought of Master Noll, I was a sad wild harum-scarum young dog—up to all manner of mischief—everlastingly in some scrape or other, and no sooner in than out again—much such a pickle as you bid fair to be, in short—a loose fish upon the town—with a face and figure (though I say it that shouldn't say it) for a woman to look kindly upon, plenty of money in my pocket, dozens of friends, acquaintances at least, who were never proved otherwise—and a heart as light as—lighter, perhaps, than it ought to have been; but I don't know how it is, I think one cannot even look back upon one's youthful misdoings, without a sneaking sort of longing to be at them again—at least, I confess, I can't."

"Well, I had a great fancy in those days for going about to the theatres, partly because I liked a play, and partly because I was sure to meet there lots of people I knew; for I never could be content to sit at home by myself, building some castles in the air out of the bricks of my brain, and conjuring up others lower down out of the coals in the grate; and, as for reading, though I was a tidy scholar as a boy, I never took much to it afterwards, and a capital memory managed to bear me through with an indifferently good reputation for knowledge. In those days, you know, Noll, plays were all in their glory; and the women, bless their pretty faces, used to go to see them in shoals. It was a sight worth seeing then, to stand up in the pit (gentlemen went into the pit then), and look round at the show in the boxes; and he must have been a tough-hearted dog that didn't get a wound from some bright eye or other."

"Well, it so happened, one night, that I found myself in my usual place in the front row at Drury lane, and without a soul that I knew in the house—at least, I could not see one anywhere; so I thought I would take a parting look round, and be off to some other more companionable quarters. I had got about half way round in my survey, when I lighted upon the face of a woman, in a private box near the dress-circle, scrutinizing the house much in the same fashion that I was, and looking as if she wanted to find somebody. She looked about two or three-and-forty, as far as I could judge; but she was handsomer, for all that, than many women not half her age—

what the French term wonderfully well *conservée*; and, besides, she was particularly well 'got up,' as you youngsters call it, and had a sort of stylish air about her that did wonders in glossing over the extra lustrous. So, as she was looking round, and I was looking round, in the natural course of things, our eyes met, and, as she evidently didn't mind being stared at, and I wasn't quite so bashful as I might have been in the expression of my admiration, we looked hard at one another for two or three minutes. Somehow or other, I could not help fancying that she wanted to make some kind of signal to me; and yet, again, I thought it could be only fancy, for what could she possibly want of a fellow she had never set eyes on before?

"Well, I couldn't make up my mind about the matter, but you may be sure I wasn't in such a hurry to be gone as I was ten minutes before; so I sat down again, glancing round as quietly as I could, every now and then, and every time I looked there she was, looking at me as hard as she could look, and again I thought I detected a movement—a gesture, an expression—something like a signal, in short. I never was very long at getting at the bottom of a mystery, so I determined, somehow or other, to find out, if I could, what it all meant; and, as the play was now nearly over, I made up my mind to put myself in my lady's way as she came out, and, if nothing came of that, at any rate, to watch her home, and find out who she was, cost what it would; so I extricated myself from the pit as quietly as I could, and laid myself in ambush in the box-lobby, taking good care to observe that she watched me all the way out, like a cat watches a bird. I hadn't waited above ten minutes when the doors began to open, and the people came pouring out by dozens, and I presently forth steps my *incognita*, still looking keenly about her, just as she was when I first noticed her inside, but with something of disappointment written on her countenance. I had put myself close to the door of her box, so that she couldn't help seeing me, and, the instant her eye lighted upon me, there came a sort of a gratified, pleased kind of expression over her face that none but a fool could have misinterpreted. Nevertheless, she stood still for a moment, as if half hesitating what to do—and no wonder either, Master Noll, as you will say by-and-bye—doubting, as it were, whether to speak or not."

"Well, I didn't understand the matter a bit, but I saw what I was expected to do as clear as daylight, so I made up to her at once, and made my most insinuating bow."

"Will you allow me to have the honor of calling your ladyship's carriage?" said I, wondering all the while whether she had or had not got a carriage to call, and looking her steadily in the face at the same time. She certainly was the best-looking middle-aged woman I ever set eyes on."

"I do not think I need trouble you so much as that," says she, without any tone of offence in her voice, and laying a particular emphasis on the last four words; "I ordered it to wait close by, where we can find it without any trouble."

"Done, by Jupiter!" thinks I to myself. "She's no more of a lady than I am; and as to her carriage, she carries it about with her, or I'm more in the wrong than usual."

"However, as I had fairly broken the ice, I thought I might as well take the plunge."

"You seem alone, madam; may I, without impertinence, presume to offer to escort you to it?" said I, offering my arm, and making my most fascinating bow. You don't recollect, my boy, how the regent used to bow? Well, no matter."

"She looked hard at me without answering a word, put her arm within mine, and we moved on together. I could feel that she trembled a little, but she never spoke a syllable till we got out of the press, and turned into the long, dirty, narrow street that runs along the northern side of the theatre."

"Thank God!" she said, earnestly, and as if for the moment unconscious of my presence, and I thought I never heard the words uttered so thankfully before. "Unseen! unseen! Thank God!"

"Well, you may guess this did not tend much to enlighten my darkness, and I was on the point of making some effort to

clear up the mystery, when we came plump upon a very handsome carriage, but perfectly plain; and a single, middle-aged attendant, out of livery, considerably muffled-up about the face, who left his horses' heads for an instant, to throw open the door as we approached. My companion stepped in without saying a word. I don't know what you would do, Noll, my boy, in such a case, but I honestly confess that the whole business was such a strange one that I was standing like one bewildered, till the attendant advanced, with an un-servant-like gesture of impatience, as if to shut the door of the carriage. As he did so, however, there was a small hand laid gently upon it, which prevented it from closing. There could no longer be any mistake in the matter, and in I hurried. The door was shut, the man mounted the box, and we began to move. I hardly knew what I was about to say, but my companion was the first to speak.

"'In ten minutes' time,' she said, in tones now firm and decided enough, 'we shall be on this spot again. If you then determine to accompany me, you must submit to let me blindfold your eyes till we arrive at the place of our destination—to pledge me your honor that you will not now or hereafter endeavor directly or indirectly to discover where or with whom you went, and that, on our return, you submit to the same restraint till you are brought back to the same spot whence you started. In return, I give you my word that you shall, while under my direction, incur no greater danger than you do at this moment, and you look like one for whom such perils have small terrors. You have five minutes to decide.'

"Well, the sword was drawn, and there was nothing for it but to fling away the scabbard at once; besides, my curiosity was by this time up to boiling heat, and it was not a trifle would have stopped me. I had decided long before we had completed the circuit. To make a long story short, when we got back to our starting point, after exacting from me a second promise to preserve inviolate her three conditions, she swathed the upper part of my face so effectually with a scarf, or some such feminine fal-lal, that I could see no more than a one-day-old puppy—pulled the checkstring, and the coachman, without receiving any further instructions, set off at a good round pace.

"What did I say to her on the road? Well, I believe not much. Put yourself in my place—blindfolded and promise-bound, driven by a strange coachman, with a mysterious companion, to an unknown destination for an unrevealed purpose. The position was hardly *rasurant*; the whole circumstances somewhat unfavorable to 'agreeable rattledom.' And, moreover, by the tone of the answers to what I did endeavor to say—awkwardly enough, no doubt—the first momentary whisperings of my vanity were utterly and unmistakeably silenced. I had not made a conquest unawares—or, if I had, this, at any rate, was not the vanquished. Perfect politeness, expressions carefully measured, some apparent effort to tone down an habitual grandeur of manner, mingled, as I fancied, with involuntary indications of disinclination to her own part in the performance. What the deuce could it all mean? No neophyte, at his initiation into the mystic craft—not Ajax himself in the thick of the death-press before Troy—ever longed for 'light' more earnestly than I.

"As to judging in what direction we were going, the thing was simply impossible, though, of course, I could not help guessing. Sometimes, I fancied we were merely going round and round in a sort of circle; then we seemed to bowl along a long line of straight road, as if we were emerging into the country; and then, again, we rattled over the stones, through twistings and turnings innumerable, as it seemed to me, who could only judge by the occasional jolts and variations of sound, till at last we stopped on a sudden. The door was opened, and out we got. Somebody—the coachman, I suppose—aided me to avoid breaking my shins in getting down the steps, and then my companion took my arm and led me onward into some building. Still, however, it was the same system of travelling. In and out, up stairs and down stairs, through lofty passages, as I could tell by the echo of our footsteps, till at last we passed through a door which my

guide shut behind us, and I was suddenly released from my restraint.

"I should have said, by the way, that, just before we came into the room, there passed a brief whispering dialogue between my conductress and some one whom I, of course, could not see, but the softness of the fresh voice told me it was that of a woman, and a tolerable experience in such matters added that it was a young one; for, though I could not tell distinctly what was said, I well remember that it was as soft and musical a whisper as ever I heard before or since; and, from the tones of my companion's voice, it seemed to me that she was authoritatively, and, at last, successfully, combating some opposition or hesitation on the part of the other.

"Well, you may guess, when my eyes were set at liberty, the first thing I did was to make use of them. I found myself in a large, lofty, handsome saloon, whose walls presented the appearance of being usually hung with pictures, though there were none then visible; the furniture, moreover, was covered up as much as possible, and the whole apartment had the air of having been suddenly and recently dismantled. In short, as it afterwards struck me, there was as little as possible left in it which could give a clue to future discovery by description. In the centre, however, stood a small table, laid out for supper in most elegant and complete fashion, and covered with a vastly pretty collection of tempting things, in the shape of eatables and drinkables. I don't remember anything else about the apartment, except that it had another door corresponding with that by which we entered, which was, however, closed. It did not take half a minute to observe thus much, and having completed the survey, I turned to address some observation to my companion, but she was again beforehand with me.

"'I must leave you alone,' she said, 'for a very few minutes—may I trust to your honor to make no attempt to quit this room till I return?'

"How could I help myself? It was very clear that had I got out of the room, I should not have known which way to turn, and might possibly run my head into mischief where no mischief was otherwise intended me, so I bowed the required promise, and the unknown made her exit by the same door through which we had entered.

"Well, I paced the chamber for a minute or two, thinking what a queer adventure it was, wondering where she could be gone—how long she would be before she came back, and casting now and then a glance of pleasurable anticipation—I always was partial to suppers—on the well-garnished little table before-mentioned; when at last some dirty little imp of equivocation began to put it into my head, that though I had promised not to go out of the room, I had not said anything to hinder me from just opening the other door that I spoke of, and taking a peep into the regions beyond; but then, suppose the strange lady was to pop back upon me at the very moment, how should I justify the breach? But it was all of no use—the temptation waxed every moment stronger and stronger, and at last up I marched to the door. I turned the handle gently, sufficiently to satisfy myself that it was not locked, and then I turned away again without opening it; and if I were to say that apprehension, or fear if you like it, had nothing to do with my hesitation, I might perhaps be more deserving than I am of your un-nephew-like imputation of mendacity, Master Noll. However, curiosity you know, is stronger than most things, even in men, and after a minute's parley with resolution, I again went to the mysterious door, and opening it as noiselessly as I possibly could, to an extent sufficient to allow my head to pass through, peeped into the apartment beyond.

"After all, nephew of mine, I don't think I can find much fault with you, if you won't thoroughly believe what I am going to tell you, for to speak the honest truth, I don't think I should be very apt to give credit to anybody else who told me such a story of himself. It was another large room, equal in size to that in which I was, but presenting a still more unusual appearance. The walls were all hung with black, which the light of a few lamps burning in the centre made to look more gloomy than they otherwise would have done; and dimly lighted by these, and supported on three trestles, with its head

close up to the wall beside the door, stood a coffin, which being yet unclosed, allowed me to cast one hurried glance on the face of its tenant. It was that of a man between sixty and seventy years of age, and from the appearance of the corpse, or at least, from the face, which of course was all I could see, he seemed not to have been dead for more than a day, at the most. There was nothing else remarkable in the room, but this, you will say, was remarkable enough; and a minute or two after I had reclosed the door, I confess I did not feel particularly at my ease as to what this could all mean, and the dainties on the table suddenly lost much of their appetising charm.

"However, it struck me after all, there could not be much mischief intended—the only male thing that I had yet heard or seen inside the place, the old gentleman in question, could certainly do me none—and as to the women, that is to say, my conductress and the other one, whose voice I had heard as we came in, I feared nothing from them, for if they had entertained any sinister design against me (which of itself was scarcely supposable, inasmuch as we were perfect strangers, at least to the best of my belief) it was not very likely that I should have had the option of going through with the adventure, or of retiring from it at the first outset. Evidently then, I was wanted in some way or other as an instrument to serve their purposes, and I had, moreover, the pledge of my mysterious guide, that I should not be placed in any peril more imminent than that which I risked by journeying with her to the place where I now found myself—and the peril of being left alone with a fair lady, Master Oliver, was one which, as she justly divined, I never was much accustomed to dread. I had but just brought myself to this encouraging conclusion, when my conductress re-entered, and apologising for her protracted absence, invited me to be seated, and commence operations on the good cheer so unexpectedly provided for my enjoyment. So down we sat accordingly, she on one side and I on the other; and I promise you I have not often had a handsomer *vis-à-vis* than my friend unknown.

"I said before, I think, that she must have been somewhere or other on the confines of forty, but there are some few sorts of feminine faces which continue good-looking up to a hundred, 'huckaback beauties,' as Harry Walpole called them, which wear for ever, and hers was one of them; and I kept forgetting to eat as I looked at it, wondering every now and then what on earth could be her relation to the quiet old gentleman in the next room. Luckily for me, she never seemed to entertain the slightest suspicion that I could have thought of making such a discovery. Another thing too, there was, which puzzled me not a little, for though she kept continually pressing me to eat and drink, with all the persuasion I could use, I could not induce her to make more than the merest pretence of setting me the example in either process. This again might not unreasonably have awakened my suspicions, had there not been a something in her look which banished them as fast as they rose, not to mention that every additional glass of wine tended more and more to prevent them from rising at all.

"Moreover, as we drew near the close of the meal, or rather, as I did (for as I said, she ate nothing, and I for shame's sake, before so sparing a companion, ate but little), I observed that she seemed to grow more and more restless and uneasy, as though there was something which she must shortly do, which either she did not know how to set about, or which went very much against the grain with her; and though she listened to my civilities (for I hope you don't think, Master Oliver, that I made no better use of my tongue all this while, than to help the good wine down my throat, no bad use either, let me tell you), and though she answered them all, yet it was in a constrained, uneasy kind of way, which showed me pretty plainly that she considered them a sort of necessary infliction, and most effectually dispelled the vanity which had been once more whispering to me, 'how I, like those beautiful young gentlemen we read about in the Arabian Nights, had smitten a fair princess, rather older, to be sure, than the ladies therein mentioned, at first sight, and like them, had been mysteriously conveyed to the chamber of the unknown Inamorata, to cure the wound myself had inflicted.' For the life of me I

could not tell what to make of her; but there were stranger things to come.

"All this," she said at last, and now in a hurried voice, as though she wished what she had to say to be said as quickly as possible—"all this must seem to you most strange and unaccountable, nor can I promise you that you may ever look for a solution of the mystery. I can not, may not, give any explanation. Could I hope that you would hereafter look upon the events of this night but as a dream, it would be to me and others indeed a blessing—and that, too, though you will never be able to establish their truth. What you would think of me, did you know all, I scarcely dare—but time flies, and we talk idly." And as she spoke she took up a light that stood by, and motioned to me to follow her. Well, I got up and did so, but just as we reached the door, all on a sudden she turned short round upon me: "Once more," she said, "may I rely upon your promise never to attempt to discover who they are who have brought you here to-night—that you will be silent—"

"Dumb as the dead," said I, without thinking what words rose first on my lips. You should have seen her start! The momentary look she gave me as I uttered them would have made an actress's fortune: fear, suspicion, and an endeavor not to betray either, all striving hard for the mastery—and a pair of eyes to look one through and through. If I had not in those days had the devil's impudence as well as my own, I don't know how I could have stood it, for the words had escaped me unintentionally, and almost before they were out I saw what dangerous ground I was treading upon. However, I suppose I managed to look insuperably unconscious of any mystery or allusion involved in them, for she dropped her eyes from my face in some confusion, and again bid me follow. It seemed we had not very far to go. There was a door which stood more than half open, at the further end of the corridor, into which we passed; and just as we came out, I caught sight of a white robe—the figure of a slight, fair girl, in the room beyond, flitting across the opening. I said nothing, but observed my companion look hastily round to see whether I had noticed it. The look, however, was not so much one of apprehension as of curiosity to see what was the effect of the vision.

"For myself, I felt convinced, though on what grounds would have been difficult to say, that the figure I had just seen, and the whisperer whose voice I had heard as we entered, were one and the same person; but as I had already two or three times found out the utter inutility of making inquiries, I said not a syllable. To my surprise, we kept on making straight for the open door—but if that was surprising, judge how infinitely more so was it when my guide, as I must call her, just as we reached it, and while I was wishing with all my heart that the fair apparition would flit back again, just to give me an opportunity of getting better acquainted with her appearance, made a gesture, half of invitation, half of command, which it was impossible not to comprehend, and merely saying, 'In one hour I return for you,' closed the door behind me, and left me fairly shut in the chamber with —. But it's just struck me that it is not altogether the right thing in me, who am some thirty years your elder, not to say your lawful uncle, Master Oliver, to be telling you stories of this kind, so, if you please, we'll just drop the subject, and—I'll trouble you for the punch jug, that you've contrived to get over to your own side again so cleverly."

So saying, my respected relation threw himself back in his chair, stuck his feet upon the fender, filled his glass, folded his arms, and presented every symptom of a man rapidly subsiding into a brown study.

Now my uncle Sam was in one respect, with all due deference to his memory, remarkably like a pig—if you tried to drive him one way, it was a thousand to one but he turned right round and went the other, just to plague you. I knew perfectly well that to request him to go on with his story would be the most likely thing in the world to prevent him from doing so, however much resistance ran against his natural story-telling inclination—but that if I let him alone, and seemed not to feel any particular interest about the matter, I should have every syllable of it out of him before we parted; so I just got up; gave the fire a careless, unconcerned poke, walked to the win-

dow, stuck my hands in my breeches pockets, flattened my nose against the pane, and looked out into the street, negligently humming the air of the last new ballad I could remember. At last my uncle began to be impatient.

"So I suppose you call yourself a sociable fellow, don't you, Mister Oliver? standing gaping there out at the windows, as if there wasn't a rational being within a hundred miles round to talk to."

"Why, you've been talking so long, uncle Sam," said I, "that I thought you must be beginning to get tired, and would be glad of a five minutes' halt;" and so saying I lounged lazily back into my chair, and started off with another ballad, taking care to stop in the middle of the first verse and yawn very audibly.

Well, I could see the old gentleman fidget and twist about in his seat every now and then, half suspecting that I was playing with him as an angler does his fish before he lands him, half longing to go on with his story, and not exactly knowing how to do so with a good grace. At last he could contain no longer.

"Oliver," says he, "did you ever read Terence when you were at college?"

Now, what the deuce could my uncle be driving at by this question? I should just as soon have expected him to ask me if I had read Confucius in the original Chinese.

"Why yes," said I, "I think I recollect when I was a boy—"

"Meaning to make people believe that you've been a man these twenty years, I suppose, you young coxcomb," interrupted my uncle; "well, when you were a boy, as you are pleased to have it, do you recollect reading of one Master Chierca, who was shut up along with one Miss—I forget her name—for some half an hour or so, and what was the consequence of the imprisonment?"

"Rather more than might have been expected from appearances, if I remember rightly," said I; "but you don't mean to say, uncle Sam—"

"Don't mean to say!" repeated my uncle impatiently—"I suppose now a lump of butter would not stand a chance of melting if any one were to clap one in your mouth. Did you ever see a ready-made angel at six-and-twenty, you desperate young hypocrite?"

"Really uncle," said I, "I cannot say what might have been the precise age of Scipio when he—"

"Scipio be —" said my uncle hastily; "you would not have had your father's brother behave like a poor, miserable, benighted pagan, would you?"

"Truly a most unanswerable argument," I said, laughing, and thinking it polite to decline further controversy as to the propriety of my relative's conduct, lest I should provoke him to another fit of taciturnity more lasting than the first. "So what passed between you and your second incognita—"

"I shall leave you to make out for yourself, Master Oliver, as you seem so mightily alarmed about the matter. You may suppose, at any rate, my allotted hour did not drag so heavily, but that I could willingly have disposed of a few more in the same fashion; but my original conductress must have been watching the clock pretty closely outside, for exactly at the expiration of the sixtieth minute came a gentle tap at the door, and I heard her voice, and it sounded far less agreeably to my ears than when I first made its acquaintance that evening, say distinctly, 'Now!' There she stood, sure enough, with the scarf in her hand which had served to hoodwink me on our mysterious journey, and which, it seemed, was to perform the same office on my departure.

"I must once more for a short time subject you to this restraint," she said, but she did not seem to like to look me in the face now, 'and as I no longer accompany you, must rely entirely on your honor not to remove it till you arrive at your journey's end. You have but to name the spot to which you wish to be conveyed, and you shall be carried there; and once more, let me warn you to think of what has passed this night but as a dream; and to forget it as speedily as dreams are forgotten."

"There are some dreams, madam," said I, as she replaced

the scarf around my eyes, 'for which one would be content to sleep for ever, some visions of such exceeding happiness, that it is impossible ever to—but my altitudes were clean thrown away, for before I got any further, she had taken hold of my hand, and telling me to follow, began to lead me, as I supposed, out of the mansion.

"And is this," said I, as she guided my hesitating feet down a short, easy flight of steps, which I did not recollect to have ascended as we entered, 'is this all that I am to be allowed to know of so strange a mystery—am I never to hope for an explanation? never again to see those with whom I have so strangely become acquainted?"

"You and I," she said, laying a strong emphasis on the two pronouns—you and I may meet once again, but—and she suddenly let go the hand which she had held, and stopped, as if she had said more than she intended.

"Where? When?" said I, eagerly, but I got nothing for answer but a gush of fresh, chill air blowing upon my face, which told me that I had reached the outer door, and that my conductress had left me alone in my blindness. I was just thinking what there was to prevent me from taking a momentary peep at my situation, when a man's hand suddenly laid on my shoulder saved me from the suggested violation of faith, and a male voice asked me in a tone of roughness, which afterwards struck me as affected, to what place I should like to be conveyed. I replied directly, that I would be set down where I had been taken up, for it struck me that my only chance of discovering the road which I had travelled, short of breaking faith with the lady, and unloosing the bandage, would be by returning to the spot whence I had set out—but it did not strike me at the moment, that as a matter of course I should not be taken back by the same route.

Well, my new guide led me a little distance some way or other, till the pawing of a horse's hoof against the ground, gave me notice that a conveyance was in waiting to retransport me—and, with the aid of my companion's arm, I managed to seat myself once more in the carriage which had brought me there. I won't take upon myself to say that I shouldn't even now have given my promise to the winds, and taken the best view I could of surrounding objects, but just as he shut the door upon me, my gentleman added, 'Remember your promise, and in an hour's time you shall be where you wish. I do not—I mean you are not doubted—but there will be an eye on you all the way to insure your fidelity.' The speech was not that of an ordinary coachman, that on after reflection, was clear, though it did not occur to me at the moment. You know, doubtless, how remarkably pleasant it is to be conscious that somebody or other is silently observing every movement and gesture you may happen to make, even when you have no reason for shrinking under the surveillance of the watcher—but when you are longing with all your soul to do something which you ought not to do, the felicity of such a situation is augmented in a ten-fold degree.

There was I, who would have almost given my eyes themselves, so I might have just had five minutes free use of them, and yet dared not so much as stir a finger to release them from their bondage—fascinated by the fancied gaze of an unseen eye, as the bird is said to be by the visible presence of the rattlesnake. It struck me afterwards, when I came to turn the matter over coolly in my mind, that the man's warning must have been nothing more or less than a lie—for I could swear there was not more than one person besides myself engaged in the journey, and unless he had got some sly peep hole made in the front of the carriage for the express purpose, it was physically impossible that he could have kept watch on his horse's heads and mine at the same time—but however this might have been, it had its desired effect, and I sat as still as a mouse for the whole of the journey.

"Whether the fellow acted under orders, or whether he wanted to get rid of his passenger as soon as possible, I know not—but I could feel that he was driving at a tremendous pace, and he appeared to be going over the stones the whole distance; but all attempts to make out on which side we turned, or often, indeed, whether we had turned at all, or were continuing in the same direction, was utterly useless. One thing only I could deter-

mine, that the time occupied in returning, was, allowing for the speed at which we travelled, so much shorter than that taken up in going, that we must then have gone very considerably out of our way for the purpose of mystification, and this one conclusion you may suppose, tended as much to discouragement, as to foster any hope of further discoveries.

"Well, we stopped at last—and the same voice, with the same exaggerated roughness, told me I was at liberty to unbind my eyes and alight, which you may guess I lost no time in doing. But before I touched the ground, my conductor, who had not even taken the pains to shut the carriage door, was on his box again, with his hat well drawn over his eyes. And a pretty trick the rascal played me: a heavy shower had fallen in the interval between my strange departure and return, and the kennel presented at the moment a fine, broad rolling flood of rich London sludge. One dexterous, though apparently accidental jerk of his whip handle, and my hat was sailing down the stream three yards off, and my Jehu urging his steeds in the opposite direction, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. I could not help afterwards admiring the cleverness of the dodge and forgiving the perpetrator, who never even looked back to enjoy my dilemma, as a mere idly-malicious practical joker would have done, but tore away, straight up Drury lane, as if the devil was at his heels, rushing like a London *gamin* for a lift on the footboard.

"By the time I had recovered my hat—the rascal knew well enough what would be my first involuntary impulse—pursuit was out of the question, there was no hackney coach visible at that hour, and had there been, what hackney coachman, however stimulated by present shillings and promised drams, could have overtaken the cattle he drove? And then again, my oath, my oath! Well, he was gone, and I was '*pluté la*,' a half bewildered, winking and blinking object of suspicious examination to an ancient, inoffensive Charley, who came toddling by, stirred up by the sudden rattle of the wheels and plunge of hoofs, with a quavering, 'Past three o'clock.'

"You may well guess, Master Oliver, that when I found myself standing alone on the spot which I had quitted only four or five hours before, with the gray light of an early summer's morning beginning to make dimmer the miserable oil lamps, at all times very sufficiently dim, my eyes still weak and tremulous from their recent incarceration, that I felt half inclined to take the advice my fair friend had tendered me so lately, and to look upon what had taken place but as a mere phantasy of the imagination, a more than usually strange freak of a fancy-sick brain, and half disposed to attribute the dirtiness of the hat, which I held ruefully in my hand, to an accident not unnaturally consequent on a not unjoyfully spent evening; and yet, after all, it must have been so; I could actually hear the sound of carriage wheels growing rapidly fainter and fainter in the distance; I could not have been asleep in the street, or I should have been long ago committed to the watch-house, and the clocks which I heard everywhere pealing around me proved beyond dispute the period that had elapsed since last I stood there.

"But the more I thought about the matter, the more bewildered I became, and at last giving myself a desperate pinch by way of final assurance that I really was awake and in calm possession of my senses, I turned in the direction of my lodgings, let myself in without disturbing the inmates, and flung myself on the bed to dream for three or four hours of nothing in the world but wandering with middle-aged, bold-eyed, strong-minded ladies, blindfolded, and yet seeing, through interminable mansions—fair, pale, trembling girls, whom I could never get to speak—and grinning corpses peeping round a half-opened door, or peering at me through the folds of a heavy bed-curtain. Do you know what it is, Noll, to be haunted by a tune, or a snatch of a song, that you can't, by any effort of resolution, shake out of your memory? For three weeks after that night, I was the victim of such a visitation, and at every fifth minute out came, once more, in spite of myself—sung, said, hummed or whistled—the old nursery refrain of

Goosey! goosey gander!
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs,
In m' lady's chamber!"

"And pray, uncle," said I, when my worthy relative stopped, "what may you seriously expect me to think of all this tale of wonder you have been telling me for the last hour?"

"Why, as to that, Oliver," said my uncle, "you must use your own discretion; and faith, I can hardly blame you if you decide upon thinking the draft upon your credulity too heavy to be honored; I can only tell you, that strange as it may appear, all that I have related to you did as certainly happen to me, and was afterwards proved to me as incontestably as—"

"Proved!" said I, "uncle, you never said anything about that before."

"How on earth could I," said he, "when you break in on one's speech as impatiently as if you hadn't been allowed to utter a syllable for the last three years? I was going on to tell you that from that time, night after night, was I to be found posted, as regularly as the hour came, in the same position in the pit of the theatre as that from which I had first seen my mysterious acquaintance. I believe my friends all thought me mad, so inflexible was I in refusing to be seduced elsewhere, and refusing, moreover, to assign what they considered a satisfactory reason for my obstinacy. The very musicians in the orchestra grew acquainted with my face, and many a half-pitying look or contemptuous shrug of the shoulders from these sons of harmony voted me most unadmiably *non compos*. One night I even overheard the second violin and the flute (what an ugly brute that flute was!) discussing whether the office of my keeper belonged to my right or my left hand neighbor.

"But the quest was still unsuccessful, and after nearly ten months' fruitless perseverance, I had nearly made up my mind to give it up as a bad job, when one night, on taking my usual survey of the house, I caught sight of a woman's face, half-concealed by the curtain of the private box in which she sat, which, however, allowed her, herself comparatively unseen, to command the greater part of the theatre. There wasn't a moment's doubt about it; I could have sworn to that half face among ten thousand. My first impulse was instantly to rush upstairs, fly to the box, and present myself to its mysterious inmate; my second, and my second ones usually were best, was to do no such thing. Had I not promised, as a gentleman, to forget, as far as possible, all that passed between us? to seek no elucidation of the mystery? How did I know that her second appearance had any connection with myself? that she might not be accompanied by strangers who would either take me for a madman, give me in charge as 'drunk and disorderly,' or be led to entertain suspicions which I had sworn never to be instrumental in exciting? No, I would not thrust myself upon her; but, at the same time, she should not leave the house without being made aware of my presence, and how to do this was the question. She evidently had not observed me, if I was the object of her search, for her eye was keenly and curiously on the quest.

"It so happened that the play was Macbeth, and just at the particular moment when that conscientious murderer was tip-toeing with a most catlike step towards the chamber-door of the sleeping Duncan, when you might have heard a pin drop in the gallery, with the sole idea of attracting her attention, and without so much as dreaming of the effect it might produce among the audience generally, and turning as I did it full towards the box, I gave utterance to a tremendous groan, apparently directed against the mimic murderer, who little deserved such a greeting for the admirable manner in which he was enacting his part. It had its effect in the quarter intended, for I saw the occupant glance instantly to the spot whence the unexpected sound proceeded, and, as if comprehending in a moment the object of it, made a hasty gesture of recognition and invitation. But such a storm as I waked among the British public I have not often seen directed against any single individual. Hisses, groans, whistlings, yells greeted me from all quarters. 'Order!' 'Silence!' 'Shame!' roared five hundred indignant Stentors. 'Turn him out!' thundered five hundred more, still more exasperated, and when I began forthwith to make my way to the side of the pit, the whole house considering my attempt to escape as a confession of guilt and shame, and taking advan-

tage of the emptiness of the stage, while Lady Macbeth was coming to listen at the door, opened upon me with one simultaneous roar of execration.

"I carried about for a month the bruises I received on my passage out, from the malicious treadings on the toes, kicks on the shins, and punches in the back, which I endured as I squeezed my way out through the crowded benches, though at the moment the excitement of the cause in which I suffered happily rendered me insensible to the pain and indignity of such annoyances. If the musicians in the orchestra thought me mad, as I told you before, much more must the few who were lounging about the lobbies, as I emerged from my persecutions, have set me down as so afflicted, for I rushed up the stone staircases as if the whole pit were still at my heels, eager to fulfil its still unsated revenge. Half breathless with the exertion of both doing and suffering, I turned the handle of the box door, entered, and found it—empty. My first thought was, of course, that I had mistaken the box, and I was turning hastily away to try the next, when something white lying on one of the seats caught my eye. It was a letter folded, but unsealed, and directed merely 'To ———.' I have got it still, and will show it you some day, Master Oliver; but as I know its contents by heart, it does not matter just now. It was unsigned, and written evidently in a woman's hand, though even in this there was an attempt at disguise, and ran thus:

"I told you that you and I might meet again. We have done so, and now I tell you that we shall never meet more. What is owed to you, and why, you will never know; that there are some who hold themselves something your debtors, this, which has been long prepared for such an opportunity, may serve to convince you. Fill up the blank left in the enclosed with the date of an evening which you will hardly have forgotten—or it will be useless. All endeavors to follow or trace me hence will be fruitless. In a few days broad seas will roll between us for ever."

"Well," said I, "uncle, that was a strange sort of epistle, however."

"It was so," said my uncle; "but there was something still more strange in it, nevertheless."

"And that was—?" said I, inquiringly.

"A cheque for one thousand pounds!" said my uncle, emphasizing each word.

"Drawn," said I, "upon the Man in the Moon, and made payable at the latter Lannmas."

"Drawn," retorted my uncle, "upon the first banker in London—signed by six independent letters of the alphabet—filled in by my own hand—in favor of 'the 23d of June, 18—, or bearer'—and cashed in good clean crisp bank notes, by the chief clerk of the establishment, who, as he handed them over, told me, with much politeness, in answer to a half-commenced inquiry, 'that the orders of the house were to honor such a cheque, and neither to ask nor answer any question whatsoever.'"

"Wh—ew," said, or rather whistled, I.

"You may be sure," resumed my uncle, magnanimously disregarding my incredulous ejaculation, "I lost not a moment in making inquiries. The boxkeeper had seen a lady closely cloaked and veiled pass out not half a minute before, and pass towards the great staircase, but on the staircase itself there was a crowd collected round a fat woman, who had been carried out fainting, and nobody had seen or taken notice of any such person as I inquired for. I rushed out to the corner at which I had entered the carriage on that inexplicable night, but there was nothing visible save a drunken artizan warmly embracing a lamp post, and in the throng of carriages which surrounded the great door of the theatre, and the confusion which prevailed, all search was hopeless, nor was it in the slightest degree probable that the unknown, if she so much desired to avoid a personal interview, should not have taken measures to secure her retreat, without running the risk of hindrance in a crowd like that which was there collected.

"And so, Master Oliver, if you want any explanation of these facts, you must even take the trouble to invent one for yourself, for from that day to this, I have neither heard, seen, nor in any way discovered anything, directly or indirectly, to

throw light upon the matter; and, moreover, be so kind as to hand me over that punch jug, you seem to be so closely attached to, for my throat's as dry as a bone."

"Really, uncle," said I, "the only wonder is, that you weren't choked outright by telling such a long-winded rignamole, cock-and-bull, improbable, incredible—"

"True story," interposed my uncle, and he said it so quietly and yet so emphatically, that, whatever I thought about the matter, I did not contradict him.

THE GIPSY SISTERS OF SEVILLE.

THIS is one of the most striking pictures of the celebrated painter of Spanish character, J. Phillip. The study of Spanish national peculiarities, scenery and customs has long been attentively pursued by Phillip, and his success in the profession is due to the assiduity with which he has devoted himself to sincere study. In the Gipsy Sisters we find types of the whole Gitano race—the fiery eye, the glowing, dark complexion, the raven hair, full, luxuriant kiss-inviting lips, and general eastern contour of countenance with which the dweller in the Peninsula is so familiar.

The mysterious Gipsy race, although spurned and down-trodden by the haughty Spaniard, cling, nevertheless, with strange tenacity to their sunny land, and the unremitting persecution of successive centuries seems only to wed them more and more firmly to the soil.

The two sisters are evidently just startled by the approach of some stranger; and while one repels his glance with a look of haughty scorn, the other's countenance breaks almost involuntarily into a smile of pleasure at the admiration which the unseen gazer must exhibit.

SOMNAMBULISM.—One of the most remarkable cases on record is related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "Encyclopédie Methodique." It was concerning a young priest in the Catholic seminary, who used to rise in his sleep and write sermons. Having written a page, he would read it aloud, and make corrections. "I have seen," says the archbishop, "the beginning of one of his sermons which he had written when asleep. It was well composed, but one correction surprised me. Having written at first the words *ce divin enfant*, he had afterwards effaced the word *divin*, and written over it *adorable*. Then perceiving that *ce* could not stand before the last word, he had dexterously inserted a *t*, so as to make the word *et*." He continued to write, although a card was held between his eyes and the paper. Did the history stop here, we should have a well-authenticated case of vision without the aid of the eyes. But the collateral circumstances show that this writing was accomplished not by sight, but by a most accurate mental representation of the object to be attained, as will be further illustrated in our next case. For after he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this report is that which relates to his writing music in this sleeping state, with, it is said, perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but only such things as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him instead of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke; but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately; and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

AN OLD ACTOR.—Charles Farley, another old English actor, has just died, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. The *Illustrated London News* says, "In his way, Farley was an excellent actor. He was almost born on the boards. And what a link was he with the past! Garrick retired in June, 1776, when Farley was in his sixth year. Farley had more than seen Garrick; he had a child's part in a play in which Garrick acted."



THE GIPSY SISTERS OF SEVILLE.

THE TALE UNTOLD.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Where the mill-stream b'ndly gushes,
And the mill-wheel grinds the grain,
Leant I 'mid the bending rushes,
When the day was on the wane.
Not alone : a form the lightest
Moved around in girlish glee ;
But her smiles were ever brightest
When she turned to gaze on me.

Crimson hues of sunset glory
Glowed in all the western sky,
And I read a tender story
In the softness of her eye.
Of all earth I loved her only—
Parents I had never seen ;
Oft I fancied, sitting lonely,
What their features might have been !

Would that gentle hour had won me,
Then and there to claim her hand ;
But the thirst for gold was on me,
And I left my native land—
Left with the tale unspoken,
Which that eve I should have told ;
Sailing without word or token,
To the shores which gleam with gold.

Scarce a year there had I tarried,
When home tidings came, which said,
In a breath, that she was married
To another, and was dead—
Dead ! I saw her soft cheek vary,
And her eyes look love again ;
"O my Mary ! O my Mary !"
Cried I in my sorrow vain.

I have gained a lordly treasure,
And am honored for my wealth ;
But my days pass without pleasure,
For I've neither hope nor health.
Up and down I idly wander ;
And within my drooping soul,
Every coin I save or squander
Scorches like a flaming coal.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE FETE DIEU.

As Paul rode up to the chateau, with Smug at his heels, a strange sight met his eyes. The whole of the archway was blocked up by a large wooden shrine, which would have been splendid, if it had not been tawdry, covered with crimson velvet drapery, relieved by white satin. It was only half finished, and while Pierre, Etienne, and two or three maids were bustling about it, Madeleine herself was standing on a chair in front of it, busily engaged in grouping natural flowers round the wooden pillars which supported it.

As she heard the horse's hoofs upon the gravel, she turned half round, and Paul thought he had never seen her look more beautiful. She was in splendid disorder, like Venus after a romp. Her rich hair had half fallen from its prison knot behind, and covered one shoulder. Stray rose leaves had showered from over-blown flowers upon her head, in training them on the reposoir, and the white pollen from others was sprinkled over her blooming face. She had tied a large silk handkerchief round her neck in a loose knot, and as she turned to Montague, with her lips parted in a merry laugh, still holding the end of a festoon of ivy in one hand, and pushing back the skirt of her muslin dress with the other, she looked the fancy of some richly dreaming artist.

She laughed merrily as she saw the Englishman. This laugh had grown upon her of late. Madeleine, who had always been a pensive, melancholy beauty, had learned the mirth of life since she had known Paul Montague, you will say, but rather since Ludowsky had been withdrawn from the power of annoying her. She had grown happy in these latter days, and that with a happiness which she had never known in childhood.

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"You are come in time to be useful, monsieur," she said, "and you find me in a terrible state of confusion. Run and fetch that red ribbon, and then I will talk to you."

Paul did his missive with the reward in view, but found her busier than ever.

"Now, hold the end of this chain of ivy, while I tie it up. There. How did you get on last night? Did you follow my injunctions? No quarrel, eh?"

"We are the best friends in the world."

"The best! That is saying too much. You must not be too friendly with the vicomte. I have my doubts of him. Now give me the scissors. There, that will do. Does it not look well? This is all my work, with Pierre and Etienne to assist me. Is it not excellent?"

"And for what is it destined?"

"To receive the sacred Host," she said, gravely. "We are fortunate in being allowed to build a shrine for it."

"Superstition," muttered Paul, somewhat savagely.

"If you will," replied Madeleine, catching his one word more quickly than he expected. "But better—allow it better than atheism."

"Yes; as darkness is better than a light which blinds."

"Give me that garland, and a truce to your philosophy." Yet she looked at him with admiration. Paul was not given to quoting, and the sentence came from his own head.

An hour was passed in finishing the reposoir, and then, while Madeleine went to "set herself to rights," Paul strolled into the drawing-room, and received the welcome of the baron and baroness.

At last, the distant tinkling of a little bell announced the approach of the procession. The whole family, servants and all crowded down to the front of the reposoir, and arranged themselves on either side.

Presently, a deep low chant came murmuring up the avenue, and soon, in the distance, were seen three little cherubim, in white surplices, girt with red bands, and with little scarlet skull-caps on their heads; they came, flinging up the silver censers one by one. A stout peasant, clothed for the occasion in a magnificent chasuble of white satin and gold embroidery, all rather the worse for wear, bore a tall crucifix next in the train. A splendid canopy followed, carried by four peasants, and beneath it walked the excellent curé, in his finest robes, holding in both hands the shrine which contained the consecrated Host.

Six dirty singing men, in cloth of gold, and a number of small choristers in scarlet and white, followed, chanting in low solemn tones a dirgelike litany. Another cross, and a series of ecclesiastical banners, on some of which was the Virgin with pierced heart, on others the lamb and flag, completed the procession; and the train that followed consisted of every respectable and pious individual from miles around, in their best attire.

It was solemn to look upon, solemn to hear. All wore the garb of humility, all bared and bowed their heads, all walked with measured tread, and joined in low tones the litany of humiliation. Paul had no wish to ask more. He had no wish to know how many of the souls there present really lifted up their thoughts to God, and deemed that they were doing Him glory. He might have thought that even the priest himself, under the splendid canopy, thought more of the effect of his show, than of the littleness of man's grandeur, and the true majesty of his Maker's. But he was willing to be deceived, and to lift up his own heart without cavilling, and feel that, even if this were but a show, it was an act of acknowledgment of the greatness of God—an act of faith, in fact. So he bared his head in reverence, not to the Host, but to the Being whom he and they now worshipped.

But as the procession drew nearer, and the priest, leaving the canopy, approached the reposoir, he saw one by one fall upon their knees. Madeleine sank into an attitude of deep respect. The old baron, with bare head, with difficulty brought one knee to the ground, and still more awkwardly succeeded in bending the other. Servants and all were kneeling, and Paul alone remained standing. He debated for a moment whether to fall down or not. He was a member of the true church, and deemed

their worship extravagant and erroneous. To kneel would have been to acknowledge the Real Presence in the Host. To stand, was to deny it. But would his standing offend them? Why? Republican as he was, he believed that every man has a right to his own opinion, and that the expression of it in any form should be no offence to others who differed from it. So he remained upright amid those crouching figures, boldly but unobtrusively avowing his creed. He was right, whatever your true cosmopolite may say.

A little cherub tinkled a little bell. The crouching figures bowed till they kissed the earth, for the priest, standing before the shrine, raised the pyx in both hands, once, twice, thrice, above his head. He darted an angry glance at Montague, who, though he had bared his head, remained standing.

Again the little cherub tinkled the little bell, and all rose as if relieved. Then the chant began again slowly, solemnly and dirgelike; again the priest took his place beneath the canopy, and all moved off in order as they had come. But the movement was slow, and the crowd of followers pressed forward to greet and be greeted by the baron. Among the foremost came a white-headed old man, erect and firm, and by his side a handsome fellow, in the rough dress of a gamekeeper.

Madeleine had come to Montague's side.

"Why did you not kneel, M. Montague?" she said softly, but with a slight reproach.

"I do not worship the pyx," he answered.

"Nor I. But we all worship the one God whose flesh and blood is carried therein."

There was no time for a discussion, however, for both by one accord turned their eyes upon the old man, and his son, who now advanced. Madeleine turned pale as death. Paul did not notice it. He was riveted by this young man's face.

"How like!" he exclaimed, "how like the Vicomte Delafosse, and still more like my bourgeois from Nantes."

Madeleine did not answer, but cast down her eyes gravely, as the old man advanced leading his son by the hand towards the baron.

"Well, Legrand," said the latter stiffly, looking doubtfully at the young man.

"Monsieur le baron," began old Legrand, "forgive me; you know my son has been long lost to me. He has been a wanderer over the world, and late last night he returned footsore and repentant to my cottage. I could not refuse him entrance. I bring him now to you a penitent. You have forgiven him, monsieur le baron. Surely you will receive him kindly?" And tears stood in the old man's eyes as he grew eloquent in his deep feeling.

"Give me thy hand, Antoine," said the baron roughly. "I am glad to see thee back, friend, and hope thou art come with a humbler heart than thou wast wont to have."

So the Baron de Ronville *tutoyed* the gamekeeper's son, who shook the offered hand; and no one saw the wicked smile that played on his face as he bent downwards. The baroness drew her daughter with her, and went to greet the prodigal, like a Christian, as she was.

"You will stay with us now, Antoine," she said kindly, "we have often stood in need of your services."

"So we have," said the baron, still sternly; "and we have not forgotten that thou once saved our daughter's life. Give him your hand, child; you owe him much."

Antoine trembled as he touched the cold fingers Madeleine offered him, and then moved on after his father to join the procession. The baron looked annoyed, but tried to shake it off.

"*Ma foi*, madame!" said he, turning to his wife, "don't you see a likeness in that boy to one of our recent acquaintances?"

"No, to whom?"

"Why, the Vicomte Delafosse, to be sure." Madeleine shivered.

"Come, Monsieur Montécu," the old gentleman continued; "by Jupiter, yours is a good name in France—one of our oldest and best families—and in England too, I daresay. Come sir, let me show you round my farm."

As he went, Paul turned to look at Madeleine. She was standing on the same spot, in the same position, her face paler

than ever, and her eyes fixed steadily upon the ground. A few minutes later she was in her own chamber praying fervently.

Paul found a capital companion in the baron, and much to interest him in the French farm, but he was longing all the time to be by Madeleine's side, and delicately question her. Much to his disgust, the good old gentleman kept him engaged till dinner time. The curé of the village had been invited, according to custom, to dine at the baron's table. There was a worthy farmer or two of the better sort besides, and so when Paul found himself next to Madeleine, he hoped to monopolize her. But he found he had a rival in her own sad thoughts.

The curé was not only an illiterate but a vulgar man. Almost all village priests in France are of the lower orders, and without education, but not many presume upon their position to be obnoxious in society. This man, however, made up for his usual abstinence by drinking of every wine that was handed round, and occasionally asked for more. He talked loud, laid down the law, picked his teeth with his fork, and was generally disgusting. Still, as he was the representative of the church, every one listened to him with respect, and the farmers, little better themselves, as far as manners went, but good hearty Bretons within, stood almost in awe of him. Even the baron himself, who could not bear this man, felt it due to the church to be extremely deferential towards him. At last the wine mounted to his head, and he began to talk without restraint.

"Don't you think our procession went off very well, monsieur le baron?" he asked, as if it had been a theatrical representation; but as I have often heard English clergymen talk in the same tone of their church-services, I suppose I have no right to be shocked at this.

The baron assented.

"Those men sing better than they used to do," continued the red-nosed ecclesiastic. "I've had a good deal of trouble with them, particularly about the Latin, which, though I'm not much of a scholar, I can hear them mangling frightfully."

"It's a pity," suggested Paul, "that they could not sing the services in French instead."

The curé met this speech with an impertinent stare.

"No, sir," he replied. "Latin has always been the language of the church, and it is only heretics who have discarded it."

Paul was in no humor for a discussion, and he saw that the arguments he could bring forward, strong as they might be to a large mind, could have no weight with the narrow brows that knew no authority but the tradition of the church, and he therefore only bowed.

The curé thought he had silenced, if not convinced an adversary, and began again more elated than ever.

"I was pleased to see that the reverence of the parish has not decreased—the procession was well attended."

The farmers chorused an assent.

"I only saw one instance of irreverence, and that I must say was a gross one," looking impertinently at Paul all the time.

"There was an individual present who did not kneel even when the Holy Body of Christ was raised before the people."

"Shocking, shocking," said the farmers.

Paul was inclined to reply, for these remarks were unmistakably hurled at him, and he felt that he might lose in the sight of the baron and baroness if he allowed them to remain unanswered.

"I think," he began, but at that moment a hand pressed his under the table, and Madeleine whispered in English, "Do not answer."

"That individual must have been either an infidel or a heretic," continued the priest, growing more and more excited with wine and fanaticism. "If he was an infidel, he should be ashamed to own it in a Catholic country in so gross a manner. If a heretic, why does he pollute with his presence so sacred a festival?"

Paul looked up to find four indignant pairs of eyes turned upon him. Only the baron and his wife looked down and did not conceal their annoyance. The Englishman felt as if he must reply, and began, "Monsieur le curé;" but again the little hand pinched his more anxiously still, and Madeleine hissed into his ear, "For my sake do not answer." She learned

the magic of those words "for my sake" already, and practised them in English against all emergencies.

The vulgar curé thought that the Englishman could find no words to defend himself with, and impertinently encouraged him.

"You were about to address me, sir; pray go on; we are waiting to enjoy your eloquence."

Paul grew red with rage, and Madeleine in terror said aloud to him in English, "Do not hearken unto him; he is very bad wickt man."

The sentence tickled Paul, and he turned to her with a laugh and loving look, for he began to rejoice in her now more than he could conceal. She returned his look with beaming eyes, and continued in English, "Thank you! you are very good boy; thank you, my dear!"

Little did poor Madeleine know the force of the last two words in English, and Paul was honorable enough to believe in her ignorance of his native idiom. But the words dwelt in him long after till he grew confident that his love was returned. We shall see.

Meanwhile the curé continued in much the same strain, until tongue-tied Paul turned upon him one of those haughty looks which none but an Englishman can give. This and his ominous silence frightened the curé, who had some crude idea that Englishmen were cannibals, and so he collapsed. Whereupon Madame de Ronville, in her hurry to change the odious topic, lighted on yet more dangerous ground.

"So you have found one of your lost sheep, monsieur?"

"You speak of Antoine Legrand, madame la baronne?"

Madeleine turned slightly pale. Paul was watching her.

"Ah!" continued the curé, now in that happy state when no man has a secret from his neighbor, but is ready *variis obsita frondibus sub divum rapere*. "You have heard his history. It is strange."

"No, where has he been to?"

"To Paris, madame. Imagine that after wandering about in that great prototype of hell, for nights and days without finding any work to which he could turn his hand, he was addressed in the street one day by a Breton, who took him to a café somewhere near the Louvre, and gave him a dinner, as he said, because he was from the same country. Well, madame, this pretended Breton, who turned out to be nothing but a clever Parisian police spy, who had assumed the garb and dialect of our province—this lying Breton, madame la baronne, and God's vengeance on all liars, madame la baronne—this Breton, I was saying."

"Well, what the deuce did he do?" asked the baron irritably.

"Monsieur le baron, this lying Breton induced this poor prodigal to tell him his history and promised him employment."

"Is that all?" growled the baron.

"Patience, *mon cher monsieur le baron*; patience. This wicked, lying, God-forsaken Breton—I mean Parisian personating a Breton; God punish all Parisians who personate our noble fellow-countrymen—he, messieurs and mesdames, found out that Antoine Legrand was in want of supper, bed, and all that appertains to the maintenance of life, which God—"

"Well, go on," the baron put in testily.

"Which *le bon Dieu* has given to men to maintain, and not to throw away, unless a man be an infidel or a heretic" (this glaring fiercely at Montague, and bringing his fist sharp down upon the table, to all of which Paul paid not the slightest attention, but took the opportunity of smiling at Madeleine), "but if he be one or the other, as was said by the blessed St. Eustathius; it were well for him if a stone were appended to his neck, and he were cast"—a violent hiccup concluded the quotation. "Well, sir, this lying Parisian Breton found this out, and offered to give him a job; a job, monsieur, a job—for five francs, monsieur et madame, for five francs. Now, messieurs et mesdames, this job was to watch a certain house, to watch a house," and at each repetition the excited curé gesticulated furiously with his fingers, turned round to each side of the table, as parsons do in the pulpit to each part of their congregation.

"From that moment," he continued, "Antoine Legrand became a spy; a spy, messieurs et mesdames—a spy—"

"A police spy?" interrupted Paul eagerly.

The curé looked at him in amazement, and muttering low to his neighbor, but loud enough for Paul to hear, *Je ne parle jamais aux hérétiques*, he continued his story without answering.

"He became an agent of the police of the emperor, whom God—"

"*Prenez garde!*" said the baron in alarm.

"Well, *n'importe*. He changed his name and—"

"Mademoiselle," whispered Paul eagerly to his neighbor, "ask him to what he changed his name; he will not answer me."

He looked at her as he spoke, and saw that she was ghastly pale.

"I cannot," she answered; "I must not."

"Cannot! must not! How so?"

"Do you particularly wish it?"

"Yes, most particularly."

"Then I will ask it."

It was indeed an effort for Madeleine. It was bad enough to have the history of this man told before her, in so coarse a manner, when every one present knew in what way Antoine had once treated her.

"Mademoiselle," replied the curé to her question, "I will do my best. It was, I knew, something like Legrand, but not the same."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Paul involuntarily; "Lefèbvre."

The curé started in amazement.

"It is right," he said. "But the devil is in this! No one has heard this story but myself. No one could know." And he looked round in surprise.

"And how do you come to know it?" asked the baron.

The curé put on a knowing look; he was growing reckless; the wine had told considerably.

"A secret; you will all keep it, will you not—all—all?" Paul alone was silent.

"Well, then, *c'était une affaire de confesse*," and he looked round as if he had said something clever.

Disgust was depicted on every face. This time the priest had ruined himself. The ladies rose from the seats, followed by Montague. The baron turned away from the offender, and the farmers looked glum. The curé saw he had gone too far, and laughed, "He, he, he! No, no. I was only joking; I'll tell you how I heard it."

But Paul would not stay to hear his lies. He had heard enough, and the gamekeeper who had been in love with Madeleine, the man with whom she had shaken hands that very morning, for whom he could not but suspect she felt something more than indifference, was the vile traitor who had ruined De Coucy—the dear, kind, tender De Coucy.

It is only in such out-of-the-way corners as Brittany that Frenchmen still sit over their wine. This English custom strangely enough went out when the English occupied Paris. Paul blessed it on this occasion. He reeled rather than walked into the drawing-room, so much was he shocked by this discovery. The man he had sworn to kill, if he came across him, was the very man for whom he feared Madeleine had some deep mysterious feeling. There could be no doubt about this. Madeleine had seen the likeness between Antoine Legrand and the vicomte; Paul had discovered it between the Vicomte and Antoine Lefèbvre. The two Antoinettes were therefore one and the same man, as the curé had given out. But it never occurred to Paul, that the Vicomte Delafosse was another disguise of the same individual.

He longed now to disclose all his perplexity to Madeleine, and ask her openly about it. He longed for some sympathy, but he dreaded to learn the worst. He had had evidence enough of the strange independence of this girl. He had been told by Clothilde, that artful minx, that she had been attached for some years to her father's gamekeeper; he would fain have believed it impossible, but republican as he was he could not call it unnatural. Her manner at the reposoir in the morning, her palor at dinner, all tended to add probability to the story; and he feared to learn its truth, perhaps from her own lips too.

He found the mother and daughter at the work-table.

"Oh! Monsieur Montague," said the good baroness, rising

and leading him to a place at her side; "what apology can I offer you for the shameful treatment you have suffered to-night? that man is detestable; but I am sure you will understand that had any one else than a priest dared to talk in this way, the baron would have silenced him at once."

"Mike," replied Paul with some hauteur, "you have no apology to make. It was my own fault. Had I known that the curé was likely to be one of your dinner-party, I should, for the sake of peace and good will, have waived my prejudices and knelt down this morning. It could have done me no harm. I should have knelt to God, not to the Host, and I might have prayed there as well as anywhere else."

"How good he is," said Madeleine enthusiastically; "and do you know, dear mother, that his silence at dinner was not from any fear of being defeated in argument, but only because I told—I mean I begged him to be silent."

"Oh! I am sure monsieur would always take the right course. I was charmed by his not replying. It could only have led to most disagreeable results; for you see, my dear sir, that our curé, though an excellent man, is so devoted to the church that he cannot brook even to sit at table with one who does not belong to it."

Madeleine looked gratefully, almost tenderly at Paul, as she said, "I am so sorry for it all; but most of all that you should see so bad a specimen of our priesthood."

"Believe me, mademoiselle," replied Paul rather stiffly, "the whole affair has already passed from my mind, which happens to be preoccupied with far more important subjects."

"I know, I know," she answered, blushing deeply.

Madame de Ronville changed the conversation, and Paul had no opportunity of speaking to Madeleine, before the gentlemen came rather jovial from the wine to their coffee.

They had scarcely been in the room five minutes, and were circling round the table, when Pierre came in and put a letter into the baroness' hand.

"The only letter by the post to-night, madame."

She looked at the address through her glasses, and reading out the postmark "Rennes," threw it across to Madeleine.

"Aha! ma miss," said the baron, "what correspondent have you at Rennes?"

"None, father."

"I suspect the vicomte has been writing to you. He is the only person who could do so at Rennes."

Madeleine opened the note with a trembling hand, and drew out the enclosure, which she opened and turned over and over.

"What!" exclaimed all the party, "a blank sheet! what can it mean?"

The poor girl's face was scarlet. She knew no better than they did what it meant, but she had a suspicion.

"It must be some trick," she said tremulously.

The blank sheet was passed round and examined, and gave rise to a good deal of surmise and talk, in the midst of which it was thrown down on the table, and Madeleine picked it up and put it in her pocket.

"Will you sing the ballad you sang last night?" asked Paul.

"I would do anything to oblige you," she replied in a low tone, "but this is impossible. The curé objects to any music except that of the church."

Paul cursed the curé inwardly, but could not succeed in drawing Madeleine away from the family party, until all were gone, and the candles were brought in for bed. Then Madeleine took him apart.

"You know," she said, "that I am thought very independent, and you know the construction that is put on that word here. Now you must not think ill of me for keeping so closely to my character, as to propose a thing which I would not propose to any but an Englishman."

She paused, and looked searchingly at Paul.

"I believe you almost perfect," he said warmly, "and nothing that you do will alter that opinion." How little he knew what he was promising!

The tears came into the poor girl's eyes.

"Alas!" she said, "you are perhaps the only person, except my father, who thinks so, and I am now forced to do

what I know must shake your kind feeling for me, monsieur—"

"Paul," he suggested timidly.

"Yes, I will call you Monsieur Paul, for I wish you to be a brother to me, to be very kind to me, to assist me."

"Yes, yes, I will, at the risk of my life." She silently gave him her hand.

"I am now going to tell you. To-morrow morning before breakfast, I shall walk in that *allée verte*, where—where we rode the other day. You must meet me there. Will you?"

Paul was staggered. This proposal from a French girl was terrible. He faltered out, "I will."

"Thank you! Good-night! Sleep well."

This last wish was simple mockery. Paul went to his room through long corridors and winding staircases, conducted thither by old Pierre, but he did not dream for hours of going to bed.

He walked up and down the room in a fever of excitement, in a whirlpool of doubt. When at last he collected his thoughts, he came to the following conclusions.

"These pressures of the hand, these unmistakable glances, and finally this strange appointment, are not the ordinary behavior of ordinary French girls, that I know. Now, either they mean something or they mean nothing. If they mean nothing, Madeleine is not what I took her to be. She must be a flirt, and that to me is hateful, simply hateful. If they mean something, they must either mean that she loves me, or they must mean—and there's the horror—that she wants to make a tool of me. If she loves me, good heaven, if it were so! how can you account for her conduct with regard to this Antoine Legrand, which conduct has, I say, been unmistakable. If she merely makes use of me, to what end can it be? why draw me into the belief that she cares for me? that is heartless. So that unless she loves me, I have every reason to hate her. There now, I am cooler."

But he deceived himself grossly. He was in a fever, and the proof of it was, that he went to the window and threw it open. The air that rushed in blew the candle out.

"No matter," thought he, "if there are no lucifers I can go to bed by moonlight, and though it is a strange old house, I am not afraid of ghosts."

The moon had risen about an hour; the air was soft and warm and fragrant, and beneath him lay the pleasure bounded on each side by thick shrubs. Beyond was a glorious country covered with wood, and all this lay sleeping calmly in the silver light. He looked round, and on his left hand saw the large round tower standing out, which he had seen as he rode up to the chateau. About the same height in the tower as his own room was a very small window, originally, perhaps, a loophole for shafts. The room which this window helped to light by day was now lit by a candle within, and it so happened that he could just see the candle itself standing on a small table somewhere near the middle of the room. The window was too small to admit of his seeing more than this.

"Ah!" thought he, "that must be one of the servants' rooms. It is too much out of the way to be any one else's."

But having no other object of interest to gaze at, he looked with some curiosity at this loophole. He had not been looking long when he heard a rustling in the shrubs beneath the tower. He tried in vain to see what caused it; the shadow of the castle hid these shrubs in a deep gloom.

All was still again, when he suddenly saw a female figure glide between the candle and the window. Its passage was too rapid for him to judge of it, and he thought to himself very wisely, "This is some servant girl of the castle, whose lover is beneath waiting for a note from her which she will drop among the shrubs."

How sagacious some men are! However, this little episode took him for a time from his own thoughts, and he laughed as he compared his own love with that of the servant girl's.

"And why," thought he, "should mine be more romantic, or nobler, or purer, or even more interesting than hers? We are all God's creatures and children; all fools together."

However this might be, he became interested in the loves of the servant girl and her swain, and watched for her to throw out a note.

Presently, as he looked, he saw just a hand pass between the window and the candle.

"A very white hand for a serving maid," thought he. Now this hand held a letter close to the candle, so close, indeed, that it must have scorched it. Paul looked with both eyes, and then with one, and he could swear that the letter was a blank sheet. He could swear it for one minute, perhaps, but the more he looked, the more he became convinced that there was some faint writing on it, and the more he gazed the darker this seemed to become, until it was quite black.

"Ah!" thought he, "blank sheets were running in my head. This is only an ordinary letter, but my eyes were not accustomed to the light at first, and so the writing on it was invisible, until they became accustomed. Still, it is strange this hand should hold it so close to the light. But then it is some servant who can't read writing easily."

The hand was now withdrawn, and for about ten minutes nothing took place, except that he thought, but only thought, that he heard a sob and a faint cry from the room where the candle was burning, and he was certain that he heard some one moving in the shrubs.

Suddenly a figure came close to the window, a hand was put out, and a little white parcel dropped into the shrubs.

Paul trembled from head to foot. That figure and that hand were the image of Madeleine's. It is true he could not see much of it, because it came between the candle and the window, and the moon did not reach it, but the outline, and the delicate hand, could only be hers.

He struck his forehead sharply. "O doubt! O doubt!" he cried; "if it is her, I am undone!"

But he had not a moment to lament in, for the minute after the note was dropped, there was a great rustling in the shrubs beneath, and the figure of a man ran down the pleasure, keeping close under the shrubs, and bending so low, as he ran, that it was impossible to see who it was.

For two or three minutes he saw and heard nothing more, but presently he perceived a man standing in a clear space on the other side of the moat. Paul turned sick at the sight. He could not be mistaken. This man was the gamekeeper's son that he had seen that very morning. He saw him tear open a note and hold it out in the moonlight. He saw him draw it close to his eyes. He saw him quiver, tremble, and fall flat upon his face.

What could all this mean?

Two hours later, when Paul was still walking to and fro in agony in his room, he went again to the window. The light in the tower was out. He looked down on the pleasure, and saw that all was still and clear in the moonlight. He heard nothing, but a bat which flitted close to his window. Then he looked out farther and found the spot where the man had fallen on his face two hours before. Yes, this man, this Antoine Legrand, was still there lying on his face. Another hour passed in agony, and Antoine is still on the damp grass, and Paul has not moved.

"Let him lie," he growls savagely to himself. "If he is dying, let him die. If he is suffering let him suffer. He cannot suffer more than I."

CHAPTER XXIII.—AGONY.

The dawn broke at last.

The chill air roused Paul from his lethargy. He rose and looked out upon the coming day. The light streaks in the eastern sky grew broader and broader. The moon had long set, and the whole earth beneath was dark. The fresh air soothed him, and he leaned there till the sun rose and gilded the weathercock on the high roof of the round tower. Then he could see that the little window was closed, and a blind drawn down behind it.

How strange it is that to those who pass a sleepless night, day often brings the soothing slumber—day that they have longed to look upon. Paul closed the window, lay down, and slept for a few hours. When he awoke he could take a calm view of all that had passed, but that view was stamped with the imprint of his night's agony. He had come to the definite conclusion that Madeleine loved Antoine Legrand. He did not

blame her for this love. "Had he been merely the peasant's son," he thought, "I should have thought her a noble girl for this love. But the spy—and she knows it now—the police spy, who has ruined De Coucy, her friend as well as mine; nay, if he were only a spy, it were enough. I do not blame, but I despise her. She has asked an interview of me. It is to implore forgiveness for him, to plead his cause I am certain, and I will despise her."

If love ennobles, how does hate degrade! Paul, who had only lately learned to hate, now learned to revenge. He could not bear the thought of Antoine, this man who had not only betrayed his best friends, but had robbed him of his love.

"But he shall pay the penalty, and I will repulse her prayers with scorn. She shall know what men think of a woman who can stoop to love a low spy, who is not true even to his own vile cause. She is not to suppose, that because she is beautiful she is to be forgiven everything."

He looked out upon the land. The day was bright and happy—a glorious summer morning. The birds mocked him with their noisy mirth. He drew his hands across his eyes.

"I wish I could wake from this horrid dream; I wish I could throw it off and forget it."

He dressed and went down, calm but resolved. This meeting, to which the night before he had looked forward with joy and pride, was now hateful to him.

"But it must be got over. The worst will then be done; and I will go—go to other lands, away from this hateful France."

He scarcely could bear to look at the *allée verte*. It was there they had first ridden together. It seemed now as if he understood all she had there said to him.

"Her cold and firm refusals at first were not, as I thought, the result of modesty and maidenly propriety. No; my society was a bore to her. Perhaps even then she was waiting—as I saw her leaning on her horse's neck—waiting for this beloved traitor, this romantic spy. Ah!"

And the thought maddened him.

He turned and saw Madeleine coming down the green sward. She walked slowly with her eyes on the ground. Her face was very pale, and her cheeks ruffled with the winter streams of tears. Poor girl! she, too, had passed a night of agony such as Paul dreamed not—a night not of selfish wailing, such as he had, and the man on the damp grass upon his face, but of prayer for guidance, for aid, for she—she, this one girl—stood now between two lives.

It is not right, because the prayers of the good are not always granted—even their prayers of agony—to suppose they are unheeded, or that the Divine promise is a lie. God forbid! How often the things we dread most, as most wicked and most terrible, turn out to be the highest wisdom of the highest wise One! How often the worst crimes bring the greatest blessings to mankind! yet we are right to pray against them—to do our utmost to prevent them.

She came and looked at Paul with sad, kind eyes; she expected him to welcome her tenderly. He only bowed stiffly. She thought, "He is afraid; I, the woman, must make the advances." She timidly put out her hand. He seemed not to notice it. She was pained, poor thing, but she had come to make a sacrifice, to struggle, and this was but the beginning.

"I will not excuse myself this morning," she said timidly.

"I know that you are shocked at my requesting this interview, and I like you for it; but when you know the object that has brought me, you will think better of me."

Paul bowed and said nothing.

"And yet," she continued, looking down, "I have heard that your countrywomen are not so strict as we are; that they often do what I have done."

Paul laughed bitterly.

"Some, perhaps; not those whom I respect."

"Is it so very bad, then? Well, then, I must make the interview as short as possible, since the evil is already done."

Paul bowed again. He thought, "The shorter the better for yourself and me;" but he did not say so.

She went on.

"Last night we both made a discovery, Monsieur Montague

—one which could not have been more painful to you than it was to me. You have spoken to me more than once of a certain Antoine LeFebvre, and spoken of him with a hate which I think almost unnatural. We now find that this man is no other than an old retainer of my father's."

"How respectfully she speaks of him," thought Paul. "An old retainer!"

"The other day, as we rode here together in this very *allée*, you told me that you would take his life. I laughed, and thought you did not mean it; but you were serious. I reasoned against it as a crime. Tell me, were you serious?"

"Perhaps my resolve was not wholly made up."

"Ah! that is good. I knew you would think better of it. I knew you were incapable of a crime. Tell me now that you have forgiven this man!"

"If my resolve was wavering then, mademoiselle, it is not so now. I hate the man. I have a just cause to hate him doubly—doubly; and I only wait to make my vengeance complete before I carry it out to the full."

Madeleine shuddered, and started back in horror.

"Oh! this is terrible. Can I stand here and listen while you swear to commit murder? Can I allow a crime to be perpetrated, and you to be the—"

"You sought this interview, mademoiselle, and if it is displeasing to you to hear my firm resolve, you have only to put an end to the colloquy."

"Yes, I know; I know it was foolish—it was wrong of me—very wrong—but with the dread of a crime before my eyes, what could I do else?"

There was a pause. Madeleine was changing her tactics.

"Monsieur Montague," she began again, more softly—she did not dare to call him Paul now; "I thought I had some little influence with you. You were very kind to me; and when last night I begged you to keep silence, you did it, though at the expense of appearing a coward. I know it is a hard thing for a man to be thought a coward, and therefore I can tell what a sacrifice it was to you. I thanked you for it, and I thank you again. Nay, the other day, it was at my request that you again sacrificed yourself, and apologized, where, after all, you were not in the wrong. I thought I had some little influence over you. Have I lost it all now? Tell me, Monsieur Montague, will you not give up this vengeance for my sake?"

And she looked tenderly at him, and smiled into his cold face.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "the other day I admired and respected you; last night I was fool enough even to love you—"

Madeleine started, and her eyes beamed with joy, that lit up her whole wan face.

"Fool enough!" she muttered; "yes, yes, go on."

She knew it was easier for men to be fools than to be good.

"Those words, of which, permit me to tell you, you made a free use for your own ends, had then some weight with me. Since then, mademoiselle—you force me to the confession—I have learned to despise you."

The poor girl clasped her hands in bitterness.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "this is unkind. This is unworthy of you, unlike you, to use such harsh words to a poor suffering girl who has erred. Yes, indeed, I have erred—I have sacrificed my dignity—but I am struggling to do right. Stay, sir; reflect. We have all much to be forgiven. You, too, have much, perhaps—how do I know?—for which you must pray Heaven to pardon you; and if you do this dreadful deed, you will need much, much prayer. Do you not know that you must forgive others, if you would be forgiven yourself? Can you not learn that Divine gift of mercy? Indeed, believe me, it is a very beautiful quality, and sits well upon the strong. You are strong, and I am weak. Will you not pity me? Admit that I have been bold, unwomanly, immodest even; still the greater fault, the nobler the mercy that forgets it. Oh! forgive me now at once; and if you will only like me a little, only a little, I will be very good; I will do all you desire, all you tell me; I will be your slave, your creature; I will try to be perfect."

And then there came a shower of hot, passionate tears, and Montague was moved.

"Mademoiselle," he said, less coldly, "I spoke too harshly whatever I might think. I recall the word; and, if you will—though I cannot see that it can be any satisfaction to you—I will say I forgive you. Indeed I have no injury to forgive. You have done nothing to me. Your knife is against your own breast."

And he strode fiercely on.

Madeleine ran after him with renewed hope, and touched his arm. He allowed himself to be stopped, but still refused to look at her. Long after, he remembered how strange those trees and shrubs looked, on which he stared proudly, as she poured her pleadings into his ears.

"Stay," she said; "you must not go yet; you have made one step in the right direction. Be persuaded, and make one more. Remember each step in that direction brings you nearer to Heaven. You have learned to forgive; practise the art, and forgive this man too."

"Never!" he growled savagely.

"Ah! do not say that. Reflect that there is much good in this young man, who has been led into vile service by hunger and need. I have known him many years. He saved my life—"

"He saved your life!" a new light breaking on him.

"Yes, yes," she answered eagerly, with new hope. "Did you not hear my father say so to him yesterday, at the Fête Dieu, Monsieur Montague? He saved my life when I was a child, and I must now save his."

"Save it, indeed! Save him from the just retribution of his villainies!"

"Not his own villainies. He was led into this; he was drawn into it, and only did his duty. Duty, you know, before all things."

"Ha! mademoiselle, your Spartan virtue will not shield him. You plead eloquently for your lover, but I may tell you at once that you plead in vain." He strode on a few steps, and then half-turned, as she stood in despair. "I tell you," he hissed through his teeth, "that my life is now a blank. I have been deceived in everything—deceived in what I could have loved most fondly—deceived in you."

Madeleine bounded forwards to catch this moment, but he put her back, and went on speaking rapidly.

"I have nothing left now to care for in the world. My only true friend in a cell for life—my only hope of love gone; everything that makes this hateful existence even bearable, has slipped from under my feet one by one. I have never lived without an object, and I have an object now—one that will satisfy the only feeling that man has allowed me to keep. Blood, blood, that I have never till now dared to think upon—blood will pacify me; and then away to some land where I shall forget the treachery of men and the falseness of women."

Men talk great nonsense which they are crossed in love, but this burst of passion renewed Madeleine's hope. She had broken the ice, and found a furnace beneath it.

"Stay," she cried, as he moved forward sullenly; "I will not yield the point. I will cling to you till you have given in. I know it is in you. I know I shall succeed at last. A night prayer cannot have failed with God, though these hours of supplication do not move you. I have prayed all night long—"

"Ah!"

"I have sobbed and cried out in my prayer—"

"Ah! ah!" and he clenched his fist as this scarce needed confirmation to his suspicion came from her own lips.

She mistook his exclamation, and assumed more calmly: "I will not insult you by supposing that you can be bribed to do a favor which you have refused to all my entreaties. But there is one gift which a woman can offer, one which she must give, which none can take from her. Perhaps even now you could accept it."

She stopped and looked at him. He stood looking at the grass, and treading down a daisy with his foot.

He smiled ironically as she spoke. Perhaps he knew what she was going to offer, and was delighted at the prospect of

refusing what, but all for he had seen and suspected last night, he would himself have offered freely that morning.

Madeleine's quick eyes saw this smile, and she hesitated a minute. Just then Antoine, pale and miserable, approached the *allée verte* from the wood. He had not returned to the cottage that night. When at daybreak he rose from the ground and recovered his self-possession, many wild resolves competed for his choice. To weigh each thoroughly in his mind's balance, choose the most prudent course, and prepare its every detail, he wandered in the narrow paths of the wood, carefully shunning each spot that was at all associated with the remembrance of Madeleine, and yet unwilling to leave the neighborhood of the chateau, lest anything should happen there in his absence by which he might have profited. Madeleine's voice had grown loud in her anxiety, and its sound drew him towards the green alley, where he now saw her standing near Montague. The coolness between the two, and the pallor on Madeleine's face struck him as very strange, and hiding himself behind a large trunk, he listened eagerly to their conversation.

"Paul," said Madeleine, seizing his arm, "I am not blind. Women see these things with quick eyes. Since you have been here, I have seen beyond a doubt that you are not wholly indifferent to me. Nay, let me be quite open, what use is there in reserve? I have seen, and until this morning I was confident that you loved me."

She waited as if for some answer, or at least some look to encourage her, but Paul never moved his eyes from the ground. He seemed absorbed in the difficult task of treading down daisies with his foot. Was he there only to trample on daisies? But Madeleine could not know the fierce anger that was simmering within him.

She came from his side, and planted herself before him. Then resolutely placing her two hands on his shoulders, she went on:

"Paul, Paul, do not force me to a confession; do not abuse the advantage that you have over me now."

She paused a moment, staring eagerly into his face.

"Paul," she cried, "you force me to—to—, Paul, will you accept—will you take what I alone can offer—my love, my hand, myself?"

"Oh!" he answered rudely, and disengaging himself from her hold, "you cannot fool me with your hollow promises. I don't know why I should stay here. Good-bye, mademoiselle! I am going."

He could not trust himself to look at her, and walked quickly away. Madeleine bounded after him, but this time did not even touch his arm. He stopped, when she came up to his side, as if expecting something new. The poor girl shivered, as she wrung her hands and looked so piteously at the tyrant.

"You do not then believe me?" she murmured. "How can I—make you believe me? Must I repeat again and again that in spite of all—all—your unkindness, Paul, I still love you now as I have done, ever since I knew you well enough? But perhaps you do not value this love which I offer so freely, so boldly, more boldly than befits a woman to do. Perhaps—oh! I will speak openly—perhaps this very boldness shocks—chills—repels you. Perhaps you think it immodesty. Oh! remember what has driven me to this; remember how a man's life—"

Paul stamped impatiently. She went on hurriedly, gasping rather than speaking, her poor eyes still red with the old tears, her voice half choked with fresh ones welling up, which she would keep down.

"Well, then, I know not—I cannot otherwise understand it—you—you—oh! but I cannot be mistaken. Last night you told me that you thought me perfect. I know this was exaggeration, not flattery; oh, no! you cannot stoop to flattery. Well, I try to be good. Then I am rich, Paul—an heiress—and—ah! one thought—yes, do I guess it? oh! then, I have always loved your purer creed, always doubted the truth of mine; I can resign that, and friends and country, all—all for your sake, Paul, and will do—oh! how willingly, if—"

"This is abominable; this is past tolerating," Paul said quickly to himself, and for the last time walked rapidly away.

Madeleine looked after him, looked till, without turning for

a moment, he had left the *allée verte*, and then, overcome with shame, grief and anxiety, she sank upon the ground, and buried her face in her hands.

Little Smug, who had understood nothing of all this scene, but was clever enough to know sorrow when he saw it, came up and licked her hands. But even this pitying love, after so much scorn, could not draw from her the soothing tear; she writhed there, crushed, humbled, despairing.

Antoine had watched this scene from his hiding-place with indignation. When he heard in the distance the Englishman whistle to his dog, and saw Smug disappear among the bushes at the summons, he came out from behind the tree, and almost instinctively drew his hunting-knife from his side pocket. He knew nothing of the original subject of this interview, he had only heard Madeleine offer her love, and with amazement saw the Englishman reject it.

He came sneakingly through the bushes, and stood over her. Anybody who had seen his face, as he passed the blade through his fingers, would have said there was murder to follow. However, Madeleine was too absorbed in her grief to know of his approach. Her face was still enclosed in her hands.

"I have heard it all," he said in a calm gruff voice.

She raised her head from her hands, and looked up. For a moment she stared unmeaningly at him. Then as if the sense of the whole scene broke upon her, she uttered a shriek that drove the parent birds from beside their young, and fell back swooning on the sward.

Antoine doubted if she were not dead, so white was her face. He stooped down and touched her hand, which was cold. "A pretty hand," he said to himself. Then, as he still gazed at her, his face relaxed; the look of hatred gave way to one of tenderness. But suddenly he checked himself. "Damn her, let her die and—" what he might have wished matters little. He remembered that he had other business far more important to transact, and breaking again through the hedge, he ran as fast as he could towards the high road.

As he passed the drive up to the chateau, he saw Montague coming down it on horseback.

"Good," said the spy to himself, "there's not a minute to lose, then;" and he ran on at the utmost speed to a little inn about a mile from the chateau.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE FLIGHT.

THE baron was in his garden tying up roses, the very roses among which Paul had followed Madeleine two days before; and singing to himself the few verses he could remember of the *Sieur de Framboisie*.

*Avait prit femme, le Sieur de Framboisie.
La prit trop jeune, bientôt s'en repentit.*

Then another bunch of red blossoms, and then

*Cortieu madame, que faites-vous ici?
Danse la polka avec tous mes amis.*

But the conclusion was his favorite bit—

*De cette histoire, la morale la-voilà.
A jeune femme il faut un jeune mari.*

The worthy old man had picked it up in Paris last season, and was particularly tickled with parts of it, so that he continually hummed it in his livelier moments.

It was a dull time for the old Nimrod, but he was one of those sensible men who never make the worst of things, and so as he could neither shoot nor hunt, he took to the peaceful occupation of horticulture.

He looked up from his work and saw Montague coming down the walk. He thought he looked very ill, and rather cross.

"Why, Monsieur Montéau, you are an earlier riser than I took you for. Have you been enjoying this splendid weather, as the ladies call it, though for my part, I should infinitely prefer a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. I hope you have picked up an appetite, for I fancy breakfast will be ready very soon?"

"Monsieur," replied Paul, with a manner so stiff that the baron was quite surprised at it, "I was just coming to beg you

to excuse my presence at the breakfast-table. I feel extremely unwell, and have passed a bad night. I am quite unequal to the task of making *le fraie*."

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly. We shall be sorry to lose your society, but when a man's as seedy as I confess you seem to be, I know what a *cortée* it is to be with the ladies. But can't we do anything for you? There's my wife, who's a capital doctor, and ought to have taken her diploma. She would physic me into kingdom come if I let her."

"I have an idea that a little violent exercise would do me good. I was thinking of asking you, monsieur, to lend me a horse for an hour or two."

"Parbleu, monsieur, the stable's at your disposal, why make so much ceremony?"

So the baron, who didn't at all like Paul's stiff manner, proceeded to hum another verse, and tie up another head of roses.

Paul went at once to the stable, which he found old Pierre cleaning out. The old whitehead, who had taken immensely to the Englishman, was all alacrity in obeying his wishes, and began to throw the saddle across Ninon's back.

"Not that one, if you please."

"Why, sir, she's the best in the stable for breed and quality; but here's another that will carry you like the wind, if you want a good gallop. Come over, there, *vieux coquin*. This one came from the Baron Rothschild's stable at Chantilly—she used to be on the turf—an old flat-racer, but she's only rising twelve now, and is as fresh as the day she was foaled. But Ninon's the one for style, sir."

He went on with the usual familiarity of French servants.

"Have you seen mademoiselle ride her? *Nom d'un nom*, she sits well. I taught her myself, sir, when she wasn't bigger than that, and so plucky, too. To see her go over a bunch of gorse, as if she had been born with the reins in her hands. Bless her heart, she's the sweetest young lady in France, sir, that she is; and I should like to see the man who would say the contrary. Why, I've known her from a baby—ah! she was a lovely baby. I've carried her in these arms. Come over now, *bélarde*. Hist, gently, old lady. Well, sir, I was saying she's the best heart in the kingdom, and the best principles. La! she thinks it as much harm to tell a lie as I would to murder a man. And so kind too. She would do anything for anybody, and she couldn't say no, if you was to ask her life of her. She can't refuse, little dear. I loves her as if she was my own daughter."

Never a word said Mr. Paul; while the old man ran on, all the time buckling bellybands and bridle, and giving the old mare an extra rub down. He led her out, and Paul leapt into the saddle.

"By the way," he said, pointing up to the round tower, "who lives in that room?"

"That's hers, sir; my young lady's. She's—"

"Ah, good! thank you!"

And away he rode.

He was not wrong when he thought a canter would do him good. He got on to a strip of pasture land, and warmed himself and the old mare together. Then he felt better, and falling into a quiet pace along the road, began to think. The words of the old man had gone to his heart, as often the praise of others will do. We know Paul to be weak, and one of the characteristics of weak people is to be obstinate at the time and repent when just too late. We saw this on the first night that we made his acquaintance, when he had nothing in his pocket but a five-franc piece, and refused it to our old friend Louis, which same refusal was the beginning of all his troubles. And yet these weak characters have one advantage over strong ones—they do repent. Now, Antoine, on the contrary, who possessed a strong decided character, who did everything he resolved to do, whether good or evil, and did it systematically and deliberately—Antoine never repented of a single act of his life.

Paul rode on for a long way in sullen gloom.

"If I had this man's blood, I would leave France at once, and forget these heartless French women, who openly tell you

they love you before you ask it, and only want to make you of use. I am getting sick of French fickleness. I want good sterling English sincerity, where I shall never be deceived. After all, I think, I may bless my fortune. What could I have done with a French wife—a Romanist too, and a stanch one? Curse that priest, why did she not let me break his impudent head? Ah! I see through it all now. She was defending the priest at my expense; and then to butter me up and commend my self-restraint. Curses!"

And so he rode on sullenly abusing "God's good gift of speech." But Paul was not all bad. As he grew calmer, he grew better.

"So I was not mistaken about the bedroom and the letter. But what I can't yet make out is, why that villain threw himself upon his face. What could this letter contain? What could be the answer?"

And then he went on recalling every event from the night before till the last moment of the interview; and his reflections softened him. He recalled her pleading piteous looks, her forbearance at the harsh things he had said, her self-accusation, and lastly, her avowal of her love.

"Ah," he muttered, "if I could have believed that true, all might have been explained. Yet I fancy it was all put on for her own ends. These French women lie with so good a grace; and yet what did the old fellow mean? He said, 'She thinks as much harm to tell a lie, as I would to murder a man.' He could not know anything about it—impossible. No, it was spontaneous, I am certain. Oh, God! how fearful it is to have one's faith in human nature shaken, how dreadful not to be able to trust any one."

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one word which, if believed,
Had blessed thy life with true believing.

Those are Mrs. Butler's lines—a woman's, but they contain a strong and true philosophy. Had I believed her when she said, 'I do love you, Paul,' how blessed my life might have been! Ah me!"

Presently he said aloud:

"I am a fool."

That was true enough.

"After all said and done, what do I care for this man's blood? Blood, forsooth, I hate the very thought of it. What does it matter to me one jot whether he is alive or dead? If I saw his death in a newspaper, do you suppose I should be so very glad? Let him live on in his mean low villainy. It is only one scoundrel more in the world. And to think of me—me, Paul Montague, Esquire—me, who once thought I was a gentleman, and even a Christian—to think of me turning murderer! Ha! ha! the idea is absurd."

It was all very well to laugh when he had made others weep. Presently he said:

"I am a beast, a brute, a heartless wretch. How I threw her off, poor thing! How she writhed on the ground! Poor dear Madeleine! And how she pleaded, how eloquent, how truly eloquent she became! She must, she must feel deeply for this man to plead like that. And yet, who can tell? Did she not confess herself that she was more anxious to keep me from the commission of a crime than to shield him? But of course, poor girl, she would put her anxiety in another light. She could not in modesty confess her interest in me. What a villain I was to drag her to that confession, and then to repulse her. Oh! I must confess it was not the part of a gentleman, to say nothing of Christianity. It was mean, low; it was all the fault of that cursed night I had passed."

He rode on a little farther, and then suddenly wheeled round, dug his heels into the mare's sides, and rode back like the wind.

"I will, I will," he almost shouted, "I will go and throw myself at her feet. I will implore, beseech forgiveness. She will not refuse it, though I was so long in granting it. She will not treat me as I did her. She, dear, dear Madeleine, will receive me with tears and kind words, even if she does not love me. Oh! thank God for this resolve. It is not too late yet. There is time. Fly, mare, fly."

No, sir, no. You may as well draw rein. Do you think that after you have played the brute, till you have nearly killed a poor loving creature, do you think, you vile hard-hearted wretch, that you are going to get off in this easy fashion? Turn that corner and you will see.

He did turn the corner, and saw, coming at full speed, Antoine Legrand, with a pistol in his hand, followed by two gendarmes—a most refreshing spectacle.

He guessed it all in a moment. He would willingly have got rid of his life, if that was all, but he dreaded the prison walls, and he still hoped to claim Madeleine's forgiveness.

However, no thought of this kind passed through his mind. He only felt that common necessity for self-preservation, which keeps the world straight. He turned and fled. His mare was indeed swift, and the heavy chargers of the gendarmes would never get near him. He dug his heels in and dashed along, shouting again and again to the old flat-racer. Perhaps for a mile he fled like this, and still heard the rattle of the hoofs behind him; and all the while the faithful Smug was doing his little all to keep up with his master. But Smug's legs were short, and he, poor dog, gradually lost ground.

Antoine, who had got far ahead of the two gendarmes, saw this, the cunning rascal, and well knew how the Englishman loved De Coucy's dog. He gained and gained upon the little beast, till at length, when near enough, he aimed and fired.

Paul heard the piteous pen-and-ink cry behind him, and did not hesitate a second. He wheeled sharp round, so sharp that he was nearly thrown off his saddle, and rode furiously back. Antoine had scarcely calculated on so rapid a movement, and had not time to draw in his hard-mouthed beast before he had passed Paul, who was thus placed between two fires.

To leap from his horse, to put the wounded creature under his left arm, to throw himself into his saddle, was the work of two seconds, but it was time enough for all three to be upon him.

"Halt!" cried the stupid gendarmes, as if a man in despair would even hear them.

Antoine, more wide-awake, cocked his revolver. But even as he was doing so, Paul rode the mare straight at his horse's neck, and with such a shock, that over went horse, rider, pistol, and all. Then recovering himself in the saddle, for he nearly jerked out of it, Paul made for the side of the wood, where he knew the trees would baffle the shots of the gendarmes. Ping, ping, bang, bang. He felt something funny about his hair, but that was all. One bullet had passed clean through his hat, and grazed his head. "Thank heaven for that! now for the race," and he dug his heels in, cheered the old mare on, and flew away like Boreas in a hurry.

Meanwhile Antoine, using half his breath to curse, and the rest to recover himself, had remounted. His horse and himself had a hearty shake, and then away they went after the rest, Antoine ignoring the trifling fact that his right shoulder was out of joint with the fall.

However, this could not last long, and it soon became only a question of who should stop first. Now, undoubtedly, the baron's mare was a first-rate flat-racer, and may have won many a cup for aught I know; but Antoine was no fool, and had taken the precaution of having a splendid mount, on a five-year-old in perfect condition, and with a wind that even an ascent of Mont Blanc could not have knocked out of him.

So away they went, chap, chap, chap, on the hard road, riding for very life.

The heavy cattle of the gendarmes, with their clumsy riders, soon knocked up, one after the other, and abandoning the capture to Antoine, they contented themselves with following at a mild pace, so as to come into action when the fighting was over. So the race was now between the two rivals. They still flew on, till their beasts reeked again, and the riders themselves were panting with the exertion. But the old spirit of the flat-racer was up, and devil a bit would he let himself be beat.

They passed a couple of staring peasants on the road, to whom Antoine shouted in vain to stop the fugitive. They could not understand the game, and were perplexed at the sight of the blood streaming from the poor dog's leg, which had been completely smashed.

Still Antoine gained upon his quarry, when suddenly he uttered a shout of joy, as he saw before him, about a quarter of a mile down the road, a small straggling village. He knew the cottagers were sure to run out, to whom he could call in Breton to fly at the mare's head, and even if they could not succeed in stopping her, the mare's swerving would give that small balance in his favor, which was now all that he wanted.

Paul, too, had his apprehensions about the village, and looked anxiously for some by-path by which to escape. There was no time to be lost, and he wheeled round down a narrow cutting in the thick wood, with Antoine close in his rear.

"Why doesn't he fire?" thought Paul. "I am certain it was a revolver I saw in his hand. Perhaps he is reserving the shot. Good."

But the fact was that Antoine had some time since discovered, in no pleasant manner, that his shoulder was dislocated, and he doubted, with some reason, whether he could be certain of his aim with the left hand, and at full gallop.

But he gained so fast upon his enemy, that he felt that at any moment he should be hand to hand with him, and could then disable him. Paul understood this, and dug his heels sharper and sharper into the old mare's sides, getting a little away, when suddenly his heart sank within him, for about a couple hundred yards ahead he spied a hurdle right across the narrow path. A cry of pain at this moment escaped the Breton, whose shoulder began to give him more agony than even a hardy hunter could endure. Paul mistook it for a cry of triumph. Would the flat-racer clear the hurdle? that was the question.

"If we fall," thought Montague, "I am done for. He has his pistol and hunting-knife, and I have nothing. Never mind. It is for prison or no prison, so here goes. Oh! if I had but a whip or spurs, and that devil has both, I daresay."

He was close upon the hurdle, and Antoine close upon him. He lifted the mare in grand style. By Jove! she is over. No, she has caught her hoofs against the top bar. Crash! and off he went, and down came the baron's mare on her shoulder.

"Now for the struggle," thought Paul, as he leapt to his legs again, shaken and bruised, but not much hurt. "And let's see what fisticuff and English pluck can do against treachery and firearms. But where the devil is the villain?"

For some minutes, he could see neither horse nor rider. Presently he caught sight of the former quietly gazing upon the trees.

"There is some diabolical treachery here," thought he; "I must be on my guard." The mare had picked herself up again, and stood shivering near him. Paul wrenched the hurdle from the ground, examined the animal, found her shoulder bruised, but nothing more, and leapt again into the saddle. He was no sooner up than he saw the Breton lying on his side hard by in the long grass. His horse, frightened by the mare's catastrophe in so narrow a path, had refused the hurdle, and swerving round, brought its head in collision with the lower bough of a tree. He was stunned, and fell.

The moment Paul saw the gash—a bad one—on his forehead, he understood it. For one moment he thought of his vengeance, and leapt from the saddle, but no sooner was he by the man's side, than his English scruples overcame him.

"Ah!" muttered he to himself, "and I am the man who swore to take this fellow's life? He is in my power now, but it's the devil who put him there. I can't—I won't do it."

He took the pistol from the Breton's hand, and for a moment wavered. "One shot," thought he, "would rid the world of a scamp, and cure my hatred." It was tempting.

He levelled it at the head of the insensible man, but even as his eye brought the sight and the head in a line, Madeleine's pleading flashed back upon him, and his hand dropped to his side.

"At least I may take his pistol and knife. But no, I will not. No one shall say at Ronville that I even stripped my enemy when he was helpless. Ah! a good thought."

He took his pocket-book from his breast-pocket, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it with his pencil these words:

"I have spared your life. Make a better use of it than you have done, and be grateful—Paul Montague."

"Now," thought he, "I must not lose a moment. The gendarmes will soon be up, and if I can get away and dodge them in the cross-paths of the wood, I am safe for some time. They will stop to take care of this fellow, and that will give me an advantage over them. Poor Smug! It was a narrow escape for you, my boy, in that last tumble."

He mounted, looked down the path, saw nothing of the police, and then rode on. He had not gone far, however, when a new thought struck him. He rode back rapidly to the Breton, dismounted, and thrust his hand into insensible man's pockets. It was Madeleine's answer that he was looking for, and he found nothing but a piece of paper, on which was written the one word, "No!"

It was in a delicate woman's hand, and the paper was thin and rose-colored. He remembered having seen some like it on the drawing-room table at Ronville.

That one word gave him food for imagination for the rest of the day; and after composing all kinds of letters for Antoine to have written in sympathetic ink—which would account for Madeleine's scorching it at the candle, and the writing coming out by degrees, as he had thought at first last night—he arrived at the comfortable conclusion that Antoine, returning to his home after an absence of three years, had written to Madeleine to ask her if she still felt for him.

"Perhaps," he thought, "he added that the one word would decide his future course of life, that he would ask for no more, for no explanation, but just a simple 'yes' or 'no,' and that he would wait for the answer beneath her window at midnight; and this was the reply she had given, after praying and sobbing and asking for guidance. Then she loved him no longer, if she had ever loved him; but he had once saved her life, and she would not let his be endangered."

Oh, how bitterly he cursed his folly when he thought of all this, and now too late, for the police were after him, and to return even by stealth to the chateau would be madness; but he would write to her.

The forest, like all Breton forests, seemed boundless. He took all the cross-ways he could, without returning in the direction he had come, and at length, late in the evening, he came upon a high-road, which as far as he could judge was not the one he had quitted. He rode, as he believed, towards the south, and presently came upon a little wild inn, where the people could speak nothing but Celtic. Now he discovered the value of the few words of Breton that Madeleine had taught him the first evening he had spent at Ronville.

Buran Shistre, bread and cider, were probably the only entertainment which the inn supplied, and with abundance of these, though of miserable quality, he managed to recruit himself. The people wondered of course at poor little Smug, whose leg he now washed and bound up with a strip of his handkerchief, but as they had no language in common they could ask no questions, and Paul was not tempted to tell lies.

His great anxiety now was to effect a disguise, and send back the baron's mare, and he might never have succeeded if fortune had not favored him by causing a weather-beaten sailor, who was travelling on foot to Lorient, to turn into the aforesaid inn and call for cider. The sailor could talk French; the sailor had been to several English ports; the sailor had a very old blue jacket, but a very good heart; the sailor, furthermore, was not averse to money, which, if we may believe Lord Byron, is the usual case with sailors; lastly, the sailor, when plied with some very bad brandy that the landlady produced, and Paul paid for, became very happy, and consented with joy to receive Paul's outer garments of best English make in exchange for his own rather ancient, and at no time very elegant, pea-jacket and pants.

When Paul found that he was in a fit state of mind to receive his confidence, and forget it the next morning, he told him that he was running away from the police, to whom the sailor incontinently applied many gross epithets, which it would be wrong to reproduce even in French, though with the chance that not one reader in ten would understand them. He then asked him to recommend some quiet little sea-port, where he was likely to find a vessel trading with England, and could get on board without a passport.

The man of the sea immediately invoked the thunders of Brest—the detonations in the neighborhood of that sea-port would seem to have some peculiar individual power or charm—and informed him that the best place he could go to for his purpose, a place, he added, much frequented by smugglers, but scarcely by any one else, was the little port of La Trinité.

Lastly, he learnt from the seaman that there was a village two miles distant, at which was a post-office, in which, if he deposited a letter, it might reach Ronville the next day.

Paul therefore wrote in pencil as follows to the baron:

"Sir, when this letter reaches you, you will have been informed of the strange circumstances which caused me to leave so abruptly a house where I had met with nothing but the greatest kindness. I do not now write to defend myself from the charges which will doubtless be brought against me, and at which you will be much shocked. I merely wish it to be known by those whom I have learned to respect, that neither I nor my friend De C—took any part in the conspiracy in question, but did our best to oppose it. To you, sir, a revolutionist is, I know, an object of detestation. I have never been that. I was and am still a republican; but you will permit me to add, that the acquaintance I have recently formed with the true nobility of France, of which I hold you a just representative, has not a little modified some of my political prejudices. In a few days I trust to leave the shores of this country for ever, but my heart will ever be in Brittany. I thank you for your hospitality. I add no expression of my attachment and respect, for it is but natural that you will now consider them an impertinence."

"Paul M——."

"P.S.—I beg you to give the enclosed to Mademoiselle de Ronville."

To Madeleine he wrote thus:

"I only now know how nobly you acted, and how shamefully I wronged you. I have no right to ask your forgiveness, and it will take a lifetime of suffering and repentance to deserve it, but I am certain that if you knew all your good heart would grant it. I have only to ask, that if ever my name returns to darken your memory, you will not think of me as you saw me in my madness."

He was relieved when he had performed this duty. He added a line informing the baron that he had left the mare safely housed in the inn at D——, and regretting that he had no other means of returning it to him with safety.

He then examined his finances, which consisted of two five-franc pieces. This he thought would last him till he reached La Trinité, and he must then trust to Providence for the rest. He then borrowed a pair of scissors from the landlady, deliberately cut off his whiskers and moustache, and being satisfied with his disguise, set off for the next village on foot, with Smug under his arm, after leaving strict injunctions about the retired flat-racer.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE VICTIM.

It was the gardener who found her.

She had lain there for dead. The sunlight came dancing about her pale face through the boughs of a light waving ash. The tall Marguerite daisies, the sisters of those that Paul had crushed with his foot, perked up their innocent faces to look at hers, and when they saw it bobbed down again ashamed of themselves. The long, quaking grass kindly fanned her, and little beetles climbed up the green ladders to see what was the matter. At last the white-winged butterflies came by and lighted for a moment on her pale brow. Did the bee think he could sip honey from those lips? At least he left no sting, for they were motionless and blanched.

Well, the gardener threw down his rake, and muttering *Aves*, put his stout arms round her and carried her into the house. Every one rushed in alarm to see her. The old baron, not ashamed of his ready tears, knelt by her side and put his hand upon her heart.

"It has stopped!" he said with horror.

"No," said Madame de Ronville, who held her wrist; "the pulse beats, though very low."

They brought strong restoratives. She sighed deeply and

looked up into their faces. Etienne had already mounted Ninon, and was off to Baud for the doctor.

"Father," said the poor girl in a whisper so low that he bent his ear to her lips to catch it, "to my own room."

"Would it be right to move her?" the baron appealed to his wife.

"I think so. It is merely a swoon. She will be soon better."

"Thank heaven!" said the loving father devoutly.

The gardener and Pierre carried her up, and then the maids came with Madame de Ronville, and laid her in her little bed.

"Mother," she whispered, "send them away."

The maids left the room.

"How are you now, my child? Have you a pain anywhere?"

"Yes, here," and she pressed her hand to the left side.

"Have you hurt yourself, or how did it happen?"

"Another time, mother."

She drew another long sigh, and this sighing grew to a kind of panting as if for air. Madame de Ronville poured some more sal-volatile between her lips, and for a few minutes she was calmer. At last she said: "Mother, tell me, have they fought?"

"They! who, child?"

"Is he killed?"

Madame de Ronville thought she was wandering, and deliberately undertook to say: "No, no, dear; no one has fought; no one is killed."

But this was not enough. The poor girl wanted to ask some other question, but her anxiety and exhaustion brought on a fit of hysterical sobbing, and when this was over her mother forbade her to speak.

The doctor settled the question at once by assuring the wretched parents that it was a *fièvre nerveuse*. "The nerves," he said—French doctors delight in referring everything to the nerves—"had been fearfully attacked by some great excitement, which might have taken place as much as two or three days before, but under which she had succumbed at last." He was kind enough to give it as his opinion that Paris life might have laid the seeds of this attack—dancing, late hours, &c., and in this the baron heartily concurred. As to her strange remarks, they resulted from a little hysteria. The case was not a bad one, but would require extreme care and delicacy of treatment. The room must be darkened, not a sound allowed to approach her; and, in the meantime, he would go down and write his prescription and drink a bottle of the baron's best Burgundy.

The doctor was partly right. Madeleine was in a fever for many weeks, but whether it was nervous, or low, or what, not being medical, I cannot undertake to decide.

The doctor had scarcely finished his Burgundy down stairs when Etienne came in on tip-toe.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est ?*"

"Can monsieur come down to the village presently? A man has been brought in with his head broken and shoulder dislocated."

"Who is it?" asked Esculapy, who knew all the neighborhood.

"Why, monsieur le médecin, it's the son of old Legrand."

"What! Antoine Legrand?"

"Monsieur l'a dit."

"How did he manage that? shooting."

"Non, Monsieur. *Permettez que je vous dise*. Monsieur is aware that Antoine has been in the police in Paris."

"Parbleu, I didn't know it; go on."

"And only returned a few days since. Or, there has been a gentleman staying here."

"In the chateau?"

"In the chateau. Who was suspected of being concerned in a conspiracy against the life of the emperor."

"O-o-oh! *celui c'est sérieux*. Allons."

"Well, this morning this gentleman left the house suddenly, having borrowed one of the master's horses. Antoine pursued. A struggle took place, and the *monsieur fugitif* struck Legrand on the head with an English riding-whip, and thus felled him to the ground. So at least the story goes, though Pierre there

swears that the Englishman left the chateau without a whip of any kind. Monsieur will be able to judge."

The doctor poured out his last glass, and then proceeded to Legrand's cottage.

It would have been happy for Antoine, perhaps, if he had been in the same state as Madeleine. But how differently these things affect men and women. The doctor found him fuming with rage at the Englishman's escape, and still more at his own wounds, which prevented him following up his plans. A bad wound in the head often brings on a little raving, which takes the character of the state of mind under which the wound was got. Thus Legrand raved savagely, cursing with deep oaths and swearing that he would have the rascally foreigner yet. No one could guess what interest he had in the capture, but set down his ravings to delirium.

At last he called for his coat, and thrust his hands into the pockets. Instead of Madeleine's one word he drew out Paul's two lines. The effect was instantaneous, and for hours he lay there, trying to make out the full meaning of these words. And yet the next morning he despatched a messenger to the Mayor of Rennes with instructions which were far from being grateful for Paul's mercy.

* * * * *

Time passed, and with it went Madeleine's fever.

One day she sat up at the window, gazing out upon the floating clouds. Madame de Ronville sat in the opposite corner. The fever was gone, indeed, but its traces were there still. The mind had not yet regained its balance; the body was worn down to a frightful wanness.

It was the first time Madeleine had sat up; and it seemed to bring her back to the old world. She who had lain so long betwixt heaven and earth.

She laid her wasted hand—so thin that you could see the shadows through it—on her mother's chair, and looked into her face.

"Mother, dear," she said timidly, "will you answer me a question?"

"Yes, love."

"What has become of Antoine Legrand?"

Madame de Ronville started. She had always thought that Antoine had had something to do with this affair.

"He is gone from Ronville," she answered, as quietly as she could. "He has received an appointment in one of the state prisons."

"Ah!"

She looked out upon the fat gray clouds, and a smile broke for the first time over her lips.

"Mother, dear, tell me now what has become of Monsieur Montague."

Madame de Ronville could not restrain a shiver; she had heard the name of Paul so often in her child's delirium.

"My child," she answered sternly, "he has left France."

"Ah!" and there was another long pause.

When Madeleine grew stronger, she was taken into the garden, at her own wish, to sit among the roses. One day the old baron came and sat by her, and talked kindly to her. They talked of old friends—of the Vicomte Delafosse—for the baron thought this at least would be an innocent subject. He told her how about a fortnight after she was taken ill the Vicomte had offered the Chateau de Trénoc for sale, but not having found a purchaser, had left the place, and never been heard of since. Suddenly Madeleine turned towards him and said: "Have there been any letters for me while I was ill?"

"Ah!" said the baron merrily, hoping to make her laugh; "you think the vicomte has been writing to you, but you are mistaken. By the way, though, there is a letter which I have had in my pocket since the very day of your first attack. It comes from a man whom we can never respect again, but as it was addressed to you, I have kept it unopened for you. Do you think you are strong enough to read it?"

"Yes, father; yes."

The baron, who treated women much like men, drew out Montague's letter. It was written in English, and Madeleine's fever had deprived her of the little she knew of that language.

She spelt it over and over, and at last understood it. Then she turned to the old baron and said :

"This is from M. Montague, father. Do you think he will ever return to France?"

The baron smiled. He could tell a good lie when need was, as every Frenchman can, but he did not like to lie to his daughter. Now, he knew very well what had become of Paul, but he could not tell her. So he simply answered that he thought not.

"Well, then," said Madeleine, very quietly, "I have made up my mind. I shall become—"

"Become what, my child?" asked the baron, after waiting for her to complete her sentence.

Madeleine sighed a little.

"No matter, father; I must think of it. I will tell you another time."

That evening the baron related this conversation to his wife. "She has had a deep interest in this rascally Englishman, that is clear," said he.

"Poor girl," answered the baroness, "I do not wonder. I am sure I was half in love with him myself. There was something so honest, so genuine and manly about him—so unlike young men in France."

"Yes, thank heaven, very unlike," said the baron. "But what can she intend to become?"

"I cannot tell, unless she means a nun; and really, after all the scandal that has been talked about this unfortunate affair, there is so little chance of her making a proper marriage, that—"

"What, madam! And take my daughter, my only child, from me? Oh! I will never, never consent."

"It would be a great, a terrible loss, I confess, but we must bow to God's will," said the baroness.

"Well, we shall see."

CHAPTER XXVI.—"BILL-STICKERS, BEWARE!"

It was about a week after Paul's escape.

The town of Vannes is a dear old place. Once, when the armies of Cæsar were gloating themselves with Gallic conquest, Vannes was the capital of those distant Veneti, a Celtic race, governed by Druids, and living in boats made of hide, to whom he never penetrated. Vannes is now the *chef-lieu* of a poor district, very wild, very thinly populated by a remnant of those Veneti, still speaking little else than the Celtic tongue, and interesting only to the tourist and the antiquary.

As I am not writing a guide book, I will not take you to the curious old Tour du Connétable, which stands in one corner of the town, nor ask you to roam with me through the narrow streets. The houses are very old and quaint, built of rough stone, with a great deal of wood about them, and projecting upper storeys that nearly kiss across the rugged winding lanes. I will take you at once to the market-place, our scene of action.

This is a long irregular square, filled with trees, and surrounded by the few large houses of which the old Breton town can boast. In one corner is the cathedral, with a double portal of carved Kersanton stone; and just now you may see a number of old women shuffling in with their rosaries in their hands—old dames past work, who seem to live in the cathedral. At the inner door sits a gray, blind man behind a large stone basin, holding a brush in his hand. Whenever he hears any one coming in, he dips the brush into the basin and stretches it out. The new comer touches the wet twigs with the forefinger, raises this to her forehead, her left shoulder, right shoulder and breast, bending devoutly, and then passes on, satisfied that she is purified by the dirty liquid; unless she is rich, in which case she stops first to drop two or three sous into the blind man's hand. The old women went through this pantomime one after the other, and the blind man, whose ears had grown keen in his office, knowing them to be paupers, did not hold out his hand for their pence. Now the blind man observes that on this morning the old women are more numerous than usual. He also remarks that after the old shuffling steps, come a number of much lighter ones, but still not light

enough to insure his coppers. He thinks for a few moments. He is rather puzzled by this influx of poor worshippers.

"It is not a fête: St. Helène was yesterday, and St. Patrice is to-morrow. What can it be? Ah, *c'est-vrai!* I remember now, it is the mop."

Meanwhile the old women, followed by the younger ones, make straight for the chapels behind the choir. They have each their pet saint, and they move by habit to his or her shrine, some to stick little candles among a forest of tin spikes which issue from a tin tray dirty with drops of wax, standing before the tawdry altar; others to lay on the altar itself the wax model of a leg, an arm, or a head, and to pray the good saint to relieve them or their kin from their sufferings in these limbs; a few to fall down before a picture representing the first stage in our Lord's journey to the cross, the *Via Crucis*, repeat their paters, twist their rosaries, then rise and proceed to the next picture, and so on through the series.

But it is worth notice that on this occasion all the younger women, by one accord, went straight to St. Martha's shrine. They fell down on their knees on the cold hard stones, and each in a low tone repeated to herself the following litany:

"Oh, blessed St. Martha—Pray for me.

Thou who didst serve our blessed Lord himself—Pray for me.

That I may have a good Master, as thou hadst—Pray for me.

That I may serve him diligently, as thou didst—Pray for me.

That I may keep my hands from stealing, and my tongue from lying

—Pray for me."

And so on.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have never seen a "mop" in an English country town. I have; and of all the wretched sights I have seen, it is the worst. All the slatterns and drunkards of the country round are huddled up together like a herd of swine, and if a modest, respectable girl comes among them, she hears nothing but coarse low jokes and hateful oaths, and ten chances to one that some wicked old woman catches hold of her, and tries to seduce her to the vile house where she will live upon infamy.

Now, I am no advocate for worshipping St. Martha, or any other saint, but I will say that if our churches were left open, and the servants, whether by custom or conviction, were induced to go in and utter a little prayer for heavenly aid, it would be better for the salvation of their souls, and the decency of our towns. If it be true that Rome is the scarlet woman, and that every poor Roman Catholic is branded with the mark of the beast—from which bigotry may we be delivered!—there will be at least this excuse to come up for her before the Judge, that worship and faith form a part of the daily life of her children, and that her daughters, at least, her poor and humble daughters, do nothing without first asking the aid of heaven.

Well, the maidens are satisfied of St. Martha's protection, and they sally forth into the place. It so happens that the conscription is going on, and the town is filled with bands of young lads marching arm in arm with many a gay ribbon floating from their caps, and singing, with more noise than harmony, their wild Breton airs. Each boy has a little lozenge-shaped card pinned to his breast, and on this is the number he has drawn. They have left father and mother this day, but they are full of military ardor. And no wonder. Listen to them, and in one of their songs you will catch the words "The brave little Chouans."

Yonder stands the old crumbling college, and its walls tell the tale which explains these words.

In 1814, the inhabitants of Brittany, among other places, were commanded to swear to "*aimer l'empereur sous peine de damnation éternelle.*" The boys in that college refused the disgraceful oath, and one of them was beaten to death for his refusal. There were six hundred and thirty students in the college then, all boys from eight to seventeen years old. They assembled, with indignation burning in their breasts, as it can burn in young bosoms. They selected three hundred and seventy of the stoutest and oldest of their number, and they took this oath among themselves:

"I swear before God and the sacred image of the king, to be faithful to King Louis XVIII. and his successors, to shed the

last drop of my blood in defending his rights and his cause, to die rather than abandon my comrades, and to keep the secret inviolable towards and against all."

A brave man, the Chevalier de Margadel, encouraged and prepared them. His daughter, a lovely girl of nineteen, made three hundred and seventy cockades for them, and with her own hand pinned one on the breast of each boy; and then these boys marched forth to fight and fall in the ranks of the Chouans. The blood of these boy soldiers has hallowed the streets of Vannes.

But alas for the inconstancy of man. Forty years back this band of children fought against one emperor, and now the conscripts of Vannes rejoice that they have been chosen to fight for another, his nephew.

The morning is growing very hot, and the girls sit upon the stone benches under the trees, waiting to be hired, and chatter merrily to one another in Breton. There is one coming among them though who is silent and sits apart. She has a pretty face, round and piquant. She is stout and well built, and every way a buxom lass. Her name is Rose. Now Rose is not generally sad; she can sing at her work, and in her own village she can talk and laugh pleasantly with the neighbors; but to-day it would take much to make Rose gay. Her story explains it, it is brief.

Rose comes from a little cottage near Carnac. Her father died two years ago, and with him went all means of support for an old mother and another daughter, fifteen years old. Rose herself is only seventeen, and yet for these two years she has been working for her mother, whom she loves. Now the time is come when Marie, her sister, can work at home, and there is not employment enough for two; nay, it is very hard to get it at all, and gradually their means have been growing less and less, until at last her mother fell ill. Then Rose went to the priest; but Carnac is a very poor village, and the priest himself can barely live. What was to be done? only this—Rose must go into service. She will receive sixty francs a year, her bed and board, and if she is a good girl, an *étrenne* of a two-franc piece at the new year. She will send fifty francs to her mother, and, with what her sister can make, there will be just enough for two months, but much too little for three. But Rose loves Carnac, and loves her old mother, and it is very hard to leave them for years and go among strangers, who will, perhaps, treat her very unkindly. So there is a struggle within Rose between the joy of receiving and the joy of giving love, and the struggle makes Rose very sad. Yet as nothing else can be done, she waits anxiously for some farmer to come and hire her.

In vain: the farmers come, look at her pretty face, ask her what she can do, and then for her certificate and character. If these were good, they would take her in a moment, so pleasant is Rose's manner, so sweet her voice, so engaging her buxom face. But alas! poor Rose has never been in service before, and when she tells them this they shake their heads. In vain she assures them she will work very hard, and produces a piece of paper signed by the curé of Carnac.

"No, no, pretty one, that won't do," say the idiots.

It is hard for an inexperienced servant to find a master among so many, and so Rose sees the other girls, hired one by one, move away, quite indifferent, and she herself is left unchosen. Let us leave her there, poor thing, to be sad, and wonder St. Martha is not kind to her, and let us go about a mile out of Vannes, on the road from Rennes.

This road lies between the Auray and the forest. The Auray is a peaceful little stream meandering quietly between turf banks, none of your brawling, rioting rivulets that seem to caper with delight because they are going to leave the dull land for the huge rough ocean, where their name will be lost—just as the boy of fifteen leaps and laughs with joy when he sees the great black dome of St. Paul's before him, and longs for that city where he will be nothing—but a contented, soothing murmur that hurries not her fate. The forest rises gently, very dark and very green, on either side. The road is little used, and even the rucks upon it have grown dim.

On the turf bank sits a man with his legs stretched out, holding in one hand a dirty clasp knife, in the other a slice of bread

on which lies a piece of purple sausage, and munching away very happily. By his side is a very dirty, flimsy knapsack, from one corner of which a piece of thin paper, with the halves of some large black letters on it, sticks out; and a little tin pan of paste with a brush in it. In short, the man is a bill-sticker. If you look at him more closely you will see that he is pasty. His blouse is covered with whity-brown patches. His trousers are crackly as the outside of roast pork. Those peculiar twists in his mud-colored hair are produced by wiping his fingers on that natural towel. His hands, and particularly his nails, are quite plastered over with this material, so valuable to bag-makers, so precious to newspaper editors.

He is a man of the nineteenth century, and of no former one. Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal Cain could not even have dreamed of his trade. He has no scriptural referee, not even a saint in the calendar. Among the myriads of the canonized, where even the chiffonnier and dustman can find a patron, there is not one who was a bill-sticker. I humbly beg to call the attention of Pius the Ninth to this fact. It is the glory of a pope to have added to the calendar, and saints are rare now-a-days. I recommend his holiness to keep his eye on some humble bill-sticker. He little knows how the priests would profit by the canonization in such cities as Paris and Lyons. But no wonder then that the poor bill-sticker is classed with those beings to whom society growls "beware." Without a saint, a guild, or even a legal status, how can he raise his trade to that position which it is justly entitled to hold? Bill-stickers—not indeed regular members of the craft, but still stickers of bills—have revolutionized Europe, and driven monarchs from their arm-chairs. Bill-stickers are the publishers of the people. They circulate that gratuitous literature which is often such a comfort to the unoccupied *flâneur*. Upon the precision of their brushes and their discretion in the choice of walls, has depended the success of many a great speculation; and it is often their fidelity alone which brings an obscure candidate to the benches of St. Stephen's. Honor then to the despised but powerful trade, and down with the conservatives who dare to write up those justly disregarded words—"Bill-stickers, beware!"

Our man, like the rest of his calling, was ragged and dirty. The day is not yet come when the bill-sticker will take his seat in the House beside the haberdasher and the clothier already there. But he was contented and at peace with the world, and his rude breakfast was quite palatable after a walk of eight or ten miles. As he chewed, however, he became thirsty, and having no better tap before him, he took a little tin mug from his knapsack and made for the river, laying his bread and sausage carefully on the top of his paste-can.

But, alas for mankind! when not even this pasty pilgrim is free from the tyranny of circumstance. He has just finished his draught, and feels really thankful, and I believe, if he had ever been taught that there was a God interested in man, would have thanked him heartily for bringing him near so excellent a stream; he has just turned to go back, when, horror of horrors! he sees a little dog limp up on three legs to his tin-pan and quietly seize the remnant of his bread and sausage, with a most communist disregard for the doctrine of *meum and tuum*.

"Ah! *gredin!*" screams the wretched paster. "Ah! villain, lay it down. If I catch thee, I'll skin thee alive. Ah! brute;" and he takes up a stone and flings it after the thief, who only limps away the faster, and escapes to a distance quite out of sight, where, being very hungry, he discusses the half-meal with much gusto. The poor man is in despair.

"Oh! the unfeeling brute," he cries, wringing his hands; "oh! the scurvy cur, to take a poor man's breakfast out of his mouth. Oh! if I had him between my fingers I would wring his neck, and if his master was here I would do the same to him."

"Then, now is your chance," said a quiet voice behind him.

The bill-sticker started round to see before him a worn, weather-beaten, weary-looking sailor, very tall and with a face which somehow seemed ill-adapted to his dress. The bill-sticker

looked him from foot to head, and from head to foot with a surly frown.

"Ho, you're the master, are you? Then I wish you would teach that cur of yours better manners."

"Hunger makes thieves of us all," replied the sailor in the same calm voice.

"Ay, and it's like to make a thief of me now. Here's my breakfast gone, and so I must starve till dinner-time."

"But the dog was more hungry than you, my friend. He has had nothing to eat for two days."

"Why don't you feed him, then, if he's your animal, confound him, and keep him off honest people's breakfasts."

"Why don't I feed myself? The man must be fed before the dog, and I have eaten nothing for two days either."

"Humph," growled the man of paste, too much irritated to be softened, and moved towards his knapsack and paste-can.

The sailor looked at him thoughtfully, and his hand moved slowly towards the pocket of his pea-jacket.

"How far are we from a town?" he asked quietly.

"A town, eh? why, we're about half a league from Vannes; and a precious long way it will seem to me now too. But what has that to do with it?"

"Vannes!" murmured the sailor to himself, and a slight spasm passed over his starved cheeks.

"Well," said he with an effort, "for two sous you can buy as much bread at Vannes, as my dog has stolen, and more, eh?"

"Yes, and that will be two sous less for my dinner, and there's little enough for that already."

"Here," said the sailor, drawing two copper coins from his pocket.

The bill-sticker looked amazed.

"Well, that's honest," said he, and took them without the slightest compunction; then gathering up his knapsack and can, he proceeded to trudge on slowly, still grumbling a little to himself.

The sailor walked on by his side thoughtfully, and for some distance neither of them spoke. At length the bill-sticker looked up into the other's face rather oddly, and said:

"It's all a flam, then, about your going two days without eating. You've got money, haven't you?"

"No. It is quite true. Those two sous are my last."

"And why didn't you buy summut to eat with 'em?"

"I kept them in case I should get no more. I was afraid of starving."

The bill-sticker was silent and they went on some way. At last he stopped short and looked at the sailor somewhat suspiciously.

"Come," said he, "I'll toss you for those coppers."

The sailor shook his head.

"I never play with fate. God's providence is too solemn a thing to be trifled with."

The man of paste did not understand, but opened his eyes a little wider than usual.

"You won't toss, then?"

"No, thank you!"

"All the worse for you, then, that's all."

And again they went on in silence for some distance.

But the bill-sticker was not quite at his ease. Even bill-stickers have hearts, and the quiet manner of this honest stranger struck him. At last he stopped and making an effort, drew out the two sous again.

"You ain't telling a lie, are you? Haven't you really got any more money?"

"I never lie," answered the sailor.

"There," grunted the bill-sticker savagely, and poked the two sous into the sailor's pocket. But the seaman drew them out again as quickly, and held them out to the other.

"I'll not take them back," said he, getting very red, for the effort of self-denial was a violent one. "They are yours, by right, as my dog eat your breakfast. There, take them. Look how satisfied the poor beast is! Come, Smug. Why,

look, he scarcely limps at all now! There, take them back."

"What do you call him?" asked the other, who had not courage to refuse, but not the heart to accept, and so turned it off, as Smug came confidently up, vastly improved, and capered round the legs of the two. The bill-sticker looked askance at the animal at first, and secretly longed to kick him, but he conquered this desire.

"Poor little beast," said he. "Well, he's a rum-looking one. He's an English dog, ain't he? And how does he come to be lame?"

"You may well pity him. He was shot by accident the other day, and he'll be lame for life now, I suppose. But here, take your two sous."

"*Le diable m'emporte*, if I do;" and to escape this strong temptation he had recourse to Smug, who, unlike man, had no enmity for the being he had injured, but after ascertaining his respectability by sniffing at his ankles, was jumping up at him as affectionately as he could upon one hind leg.

Meanwhile Paul—for, of course, he was the sailor—held the two sous out, scarcely daring to look at them.

"Will you take them?" he said with a great gulp.

"Now, look here," answered the bill-sticker. "It's all nonsense, this is. I don't want them. I've got ten sous for my dinner, and six for my bed to-night, and devil a bit do I want any more. Come, sit down here a bit."

So saying he thrust his hand into his knapsack, and drew out a crust of black bread, looking rather ashamed of himself as he did so. He cut it in half, and held out one portion to Paul.

Montague's eyes glistened as he saw it. Those only who have starved for two days know what hunger is, and what a tyrant is the belly. And yet Paul had grown strict in his adversity, and he debated with himself before he took the longed-for morsel.

"But this man has really a heart. I will let him do a generous action. It will make him far happier than my wretched sous."

So he took it and devoured it eagerly, and Smug, who had fared sumptuously, had the delicacy not to beg for more.

From that moment the two men were friends, and Paul felt thankful that he had found an honest soul, whom he need not fear.

"You've a pleasant trade, there," began Paul, who was thinking just then that it would suit himself.

"Well enough. I like it, because I'm fond of travelling. I see the world, don't you know? Why, bless you, I know all Brittany from Nantes up to St. Malo, and round the coast to Brest, and I wouldn't leave this line of country for a thousand francs."

"Ah, you know the coast? Do you happen to know the port of La Trinité?"

What, down towards Guiberon? I should think I did. I was there only a fortnight ago, with some shipping notices from Lorient, that I had to take to every port on the coast."

"Then it's a good sized place?"

"La Trinité? It's the smallest port on the coast. They have a coaler or two in there now and then, and they bring up wine from Bordeaux for Vannes from time to time, but, bless you, you might be there for months and not see anything better than a fishing-smack."

Paul's face fell.

"Was there any shipping there when you left it?"

"Let me see. There was a brig in the creek unloading coal. I think they said she was English."

"Ah?"

The bill-sticker looked curiously at Montague.

"I should say you were from those parts," he said after a time.

"Yes," was all Paul's answer. Then to escape further questioning, he asked, "What kind of bills do you carry round?"

"*Dame!* all sorts. Anything you like to give me. I never know, for I never look at them. Bless you, I can scarcely read, though I can make out the big letters. But you see, I take them as they come. They tell me to stick up a certain number of each in a certain district, and so I calculate, and sometimes I put up only

one in a village, sometimes two or three. Then some bills, don't you see, are of a particular kind, like shipping notices, and them I take only to seaport places. Others have got to be stuck low, because they're printed small, others high. So you see it ain't learned without some practice. Nor it ain't every fool as can do it well. I dare say now, you think bill-sticking a very easy job, nothing but paste and paper, but you're mistaken. There's as much talent and discretion necessary as there is in an emperor, and a deal more. Why, look here, how would you know what was good walls and what bad! You'd go sticking them just about everywhere the same. But you see, I know the walls, I know where they'll be seen and read. Maybe you'd think a busy street was the best place, because there were most people in it? You'd be mistaken again. Choose a quiet nook, near a wine shop or a café, some place where men are likely to be strolling about with nothing to do, and their hands in their pockets, like public walks and that kind. They won't stop in the big streets. Or if they do, they look in at the shop windows. But you go to a market-place, where they'll be lolling and dawdling about, waiting for something, and maybe for nothing; or a boulevard, or a cul-de-sac, where they can't walk fast, because they'd run against the end if they did, and you'll see how they read the advertisements. Then the theatres, because they'll be waiting for the doors to open; and the public buildings, because the porters won't let them in—*mon Dieu!* it's quite a science."

And with such conversation they reached Vannes.

Meanwhile the mop proceeded heavily. Vannes is too quiet an old place to be lively under any circumstances. The day was growing hotter and hotter. The farmers, most of them having hired the servants they wanted, had retired to little cabarets and restaurants to get their early dinner, and even the enthusiastic conscripts had abandoned glory and ballads for shade and cider in the few comfortable little cafés that the old place can boast. The farm servants who were not yet hired were the only people that lingered beneath the trees, and they, poor things began to grow miserable and despondent.

One or two gave up all hope, and having nowhere to go to, stretched themselves on the stone benches, and tried to sleep away their disappointment. The rest wandered listlessly round the place and stood before the walls, spelling over the notices stuck up there, and verifying the bill-sticker's account. But in time all the more attractive advertisements had been thoroughly studied, and the listless idlers were growing more and more weary of their lives, when the appearance of the bill-sticker and the sailor created a grateful diversion.

The man of paste and paper walked unhesitatingly to the spot which his professional knowledge told him was the best, and laying down his knapsack drew out a number of bundles of flabby-looking sheets of thin paper. He selected a large one, and spreading it on his knees, battered the back of it with a flop-flop motion of his brush, talking all the time.

"V'là, that's a big lettered one. Must go up high. *Bigre*, why they've taken the stone away. I'll swear there used to be a stone here at this wall, and how is a little fellow like me to do without it? *Voyons*, you've a big one, just flop this up for me near that red lettered one there. Carefully. That won't do. Wait a bit. Turn your hands back like this, and let me put it on them for you. There. *Allons*. Now sharp to the wall—*va*.

And flop went the bill against the stones, and Paul had received his first lesson in bill-sticking.

Another followed under the last, and then the little man chose a rather smaller one.

"*Tiens*, little letters here, and a good number of them. This must come low down."

Paul was looking admiringly at his own achievement. It was something about a "*Magasin de Nouveautés à Rennes. Grand choix de taffetas*," &c., and having satisfied himself of the utility of his performance, he turned to read the smaller one. Now no sooner was this stuck up than all the listless farm servants poked their heads forward, edged themselves in, and became suddenly lively. And no wonder, for it was headed:

"*Département du Morbihan.*
Deux cent francs de récompense."

"Oh!" said Rose, aloud and eagerly. "Two hundred francs reward! It's something lost. Oh! good St. Martha, if I could only find it."

"*Tiens, mon brave*," said a sturdy man in a blouse, gently shouldering Paul away. "Your head is not made of glass; move on one side a little, and let's see what it's about. Maybe we can make our fortune."

Paul edged away, but his eyes still devoured the notice, and his haggard cheeks glowed with purple. At last, as he read, an idea struck him, and he moved quietly after the bill-sticker, who was going off quite unconcerned; and as he did so gave a curious look at the idlers reading the advertisement.

"It's a pity you can't read," he said to the bill-sticker, as they walked on.

"Well, so I think sometimes. But you see, I should lose a good deal of time if I did."

"But sometimes you might win a good deal of money, if you could read the notices you stick up. Now that last one offered a reward of two hundred francs for a prisoner who has escaped from the police."

"Ah, *diable!* I wish I could find him."

"Would you give him up?"

"Give him up? what for two hundred francs? Why I'd sell my own father for half the money."

"Not you, that's only talk. I know you can be generous sometimes. But just give me one of those notices out of your bag, and I'll read it to you. Maybe it will be useful, who knows?"

The bill-sticker had not much faith in notices, perhaps because he had stuck up so many thousands in his day, but he yielded and produced the moist sheet.

"Wait a bit," said Paul, "I can't read walking."

And he placed himself opposite to the bill-sticker, so that while reading the notice to him he could watch his face carefully. He then read:

"Department of the Morbihan. Two hundred francs' reward. Whereas a person, by name Paul Montague, an Englishman by birth"—

"Ah, a countryman of yours," said the bill-sticker.

"—And known to be connected with other men now in custody, in a plot of a diabolical character"—

"*Parbleu!* that makes it more interesting."

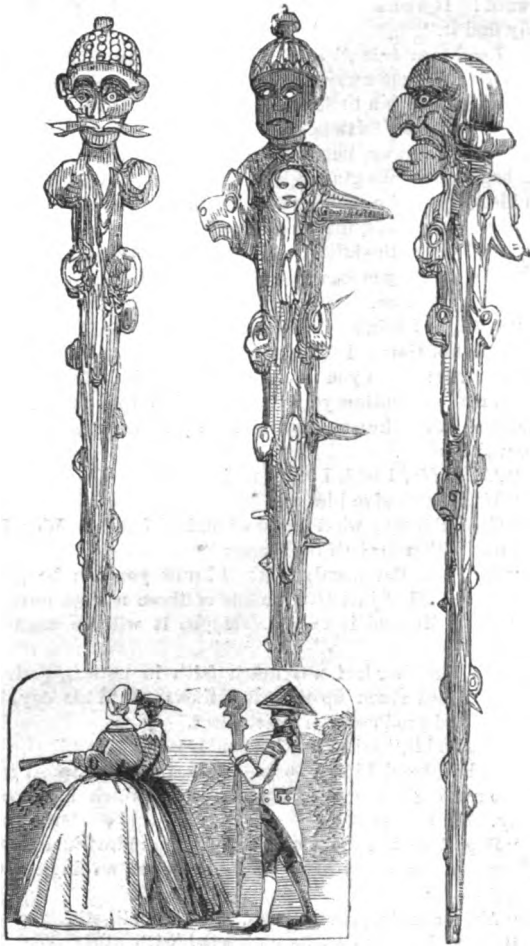
"—Has escaped the vigilance of the police, and is supposed to be hiding in this department; notice is hereby given that the above reward will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as will lead to his apprehension; and all persons are warned that to conceal or harbor the above-named criminal, will render them liable to prosecution as aiders and abettors. The accused was last seen in the neighborhood of Baud. His description is as follow: Height, five feet eleven; slight, but well built; hair very light; slight moustache and large light whiskers à l'Anglais; eyes blue and large; nose straight and Grecian; hands small and white. Dress, cutaway riding coat, waistcoat and trousers of a rough gray mixture, sprinkled with red, cut à l'Anglais; straight shirt collar, scarf and gold pin."

Here Paul stopped, and having noticed that the bill-sticker showed no signs of recognition, contented himself with reading the remainder to himself:

"He was followed by a small but very ferocious bouledogue, of the Scotch race, gray in color, and with long hair that falls over the eyes, and supposed to have been wounded in the pursuit by the police. Information to be given at the *mairie* of each *arrondissement*, or at the *Préfecture*, Rennes. (Signed) D'ANTIN, *Préfet*."

(To be continued.)

"THEY say" is the coward's child, the slanderer's dagger, and the swindler's certificate. It is a poisoned barb that will enter the smallest opening in the armor of honesty; a club that will lay the proudest reputation in the dust, and make a hero of the meanest scoundrel that ever crawled the earth. In the mouth of the vile it is a pestilence; the honorable scorn to use it.



CURIOUS WALKING-STICKS.

THE time is gone by when "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" was part of the education of every gentleman; and to a considerable extent the rage for walking-sticks of grotesque appearance has subsided, and only the articles themselves remain, some specimens of which we engrave. It is true that in steady-going England, the flunkies still elevate their long wands over the roofs of carriages, or bear them solemnly after their mistresses, as in the annexed sketch. Beadledom, too, that sublimely ridiculous institution, could not exist without its staff. Many a stranger would be puzzled to divine its use, as the man in office always carries a small cane, for the purpose of chastising any urchin who will not be awed into subjection by the sight of the great staff.

But, alas! for these degenerate days, beadledom is rapidly dying out, and in a few more years the species will be extinct, and the staff which erst while spread terror amongst the juvenile population of the neighborhood, will peacefully repose in some dusty corner, and be numbered amongst the things which have been.

HOGARTH'S TOMB AT CHISWICK.

THE celebrated English painter, Hogarth, who inaugurated the school of truly British art, was born in 1697, and in early life apprenticed to a silversmith, where he was employed in the engraving of arms and cyphers. From this he, no doubt, first imbibed that love of art and facility in the use of the pencil which so distinguished him in after life. On the expiration of his articles, we find him entering the School of Design in St. Martin's Lane, where he studied from nature; and as a means

of supporting himself, he engraved shop bills, which are now eagerly sought after by the curious in such matters.

In the year 1730 Hogarth married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the celebrated painter, much against the wishes of the father. Lady Thornhill, however, continued friendly to the young couple, and contrived that Sir James should see one of the young artist's productions, when he exclaimed: "That the man who could paint such a picture could maintain a wife without assistance!" Notwithstanding this, Sir James shortly after received them into his favor. After this Hogarth's rise was rapid, as his works only required to be seen to be appreciated by all true lovers of art.

Hogarth's whole life was one combined crusade against the vices of the age, and a dread of being exposed by his powerful pencil did much for the cause of morality.

After a long and industrious life, Hogarth died suddenly in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at Chiswick, where a handsome monument was erected, and an engraving of which we present to our readers.

A TRUE BILL.—The *North Alabamian* says: "A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the mayor of the town. Stop him—he is too fast! He don't know his speed. Stop him, ere tobacco shatters his nerves, ere whiskey makes a beast of him, ere his pride ruins his character, ere the lounge master the man, ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys; they are legion—the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, and the sad and solemn reproach of themselves."

SELF-DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying the bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God, the better.



HOGARTH'S TOMB AT CHISWICK.



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.

THE WEAVER.

MAIDEN fair !

With those tender dreamy eyes,
Art thou pondering what to wear,
To match the jewels in thine hair—
A gorgeous robe of many dyes,
To gleam and glisten in the sun,
With inwoven threads of gold
That melt in colors one by one,
As thy stately movements mould
To an antique grace the fold ?

Gentle one !

For thy youth it were more meet
To wreath the fresh blossoms, that the sun
With many a golden glance has won
To open wide each chalice sweet ;
But if thou still hast set thine heart
On braided hair and brodered vest,
Come, look behind the veil of art,
Behold the aching toil and smart
That wrought the tire thou lovest best !

The tiny worm whose curious toil
First spun each soft and silken line,
Those small twin threads, so bright and fine
In wondrous order all combine

To make his cradle and his tomb.
He weaves his silken winding-sheet,
With patient skill, compact and neat,
And dies to feed the hungry loom.

Gaze on that complicated loom—
Vast offspring of a mighty brain—
Where mimic buds and blossoms bloom,
That only lack the rich perfume
To match their kindred of the plain.
See on its fabric deft outspread
Each rainbow-hued and silken thread ;
The living colors gleam and glow,
And into life and beauty grow,
As the thin dextrous fingers throw
The shuttle across the loom.

Ill suits that splendid vesture, rolled
So orderly upon the loom,
With the poor garments, thin and old—
With that mean bed and squalid room.
Its maker, save upon its fold,
Knows little of a rose's bloom ;
Nor how the merry violets spring
So thickly o'er the grassy sod,
Where, soaring on a joyous wing,
The lark pours forth its lays to God.

Look on that gaunt and weary frame,
By constant toil so stooped and bent,
With labor worn, and hunger spent,
Till life sinks low—a flickering flame.
His eyes are weary of the shine
Of those bright hues ; his fingers ache
As swift but painfully they make
The delicate web of silken twine.

And in this symbol you may see
The poet's frequent destiny.
His sweetest and most touching strain
May soothe the heart, and ease the brain,
While springing from his own deep pain.
The ballad dear to cot and hall,
By gentle accents sung,
Linked with our happiest memories,
From bitterest tears was wrung ;
He only from whose heart it came
Can scarcely bear to hear its name.
The sparkling web of fancies wrought,
Of brilliant wit, or deepest thought,
That roused the eager pulse of youth
To battle for the cause of truth ;
That cry was like th' expiring light
That leapt to life so strong and bright,
Ere quenched in shades of deepest night
The love that on his accents hung,
That prized his every word,
Turned shuddering from the light, that flung
A flickering radiance as it clung
To hope and strength deferred :
Not with impunity the soul
Thus to its depths is stirred ;
In that song's pathetic echo rung
An undertone unheard—
A stifled and a failing breath,
That to love's ear spoke naught but death.

And yet the heedless world laughs on,
And cheers each sound of mirth,
That brightens many a social hour
Around the happy hearth.
Nor dreams that gay and sportive tone
Has left—how desolate!—his own.
How many Christmas hearths are bright
With all the poet's fancies light,
While his is dark with more than night.

O dearly prize the song and tale
That cheer your lonely hours ;
But sometimes cast a grateful thought
On those whose painful toil has wrought
Your tapestry of flowers !

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

THE death of this celebrated historian, which occurred on the 28th January, took the community by surprise, and was felt as a loss sustained by the entire nation. No American writer, indeed, has been more generally venerated, abroad as well as at home, and no one has contributed to such an extent to elevate the character of our literature. Mr. Prescott came of a family long distinguished in letters, the law, and military affairs. He was a native of Pepperell, Mass., where he was born on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, was long distinguished as one of the foremost lawyers in New England, and was a son of the gallant officer who commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill. The family of Mr. Prescott was removed to Boston in 1808, when his youthful son became a student under the Rev. Dr. Gardner, whose memory is still preserved in Boston as a profound and successful classical teacher. In his sixteenth year Mr. Prescott entered the Sophomore class at Harvard College, and graduated with honor in 1814. It was the intention of Mr. Prescott to follow his father in the legal profession, and the studies of his collegiate career had been mainly influenced by this aspiration, but an accident which occurred as he was on the point of leaving Harvard occasioned a total change in his hopes and plans. A blow accidentally inflicted by a fellow-student deprived him of the sight of one eye, and the other speedily became weakened by the double duty which it was thenceforward compelled to perform. Losing, in this manner, the use of the most indispensable of senses, Mr. Prescott was compelled to forego the unremitting application without which eminence in the law cannot be obtained, and found himself excluded from other professions by the same disability. Under these circumstances—prompted, doubtless, by that natural inclination which has, in the sequel, acquired so much fame for himself and for his country—Mr. Prescott, after two years' travel in Europe, and fruitless consultation of the most eminent oculists, determined to devote himself to investigation and study, with the intention of taking his place among the historical writers of the age. With this deliberate resolution before him, Mr. Prescott trained himself for the task as he would have trained himself for the profession of his earliest choice, and ten years were devoted to the mere preparatory studies—to the formation of a groundwork for future labors—during which period the literatures of England, France, Italy and Spain were thoroughly reviewed. The deficiencies in Mr. Prescott's eyesight were partially made good by the industry and perspicacity of his secretary and reader, and by the year 1828 the persevering student felt that his accumulated stores of knowledge justified the selection of a definite subject for elaboration. The records of the golden age of the Spanish monarchy had long been Mr. Prescott's favorite study, and they presented the advantage, further more, of having remained comparatively untouched by the historian. After ten years of constant labor he produced his celebrated history of Ferdinand and Isabella, in three volumes, which was published at the close of the year 1837. This work was most favorably received throughout America and Europe, and was translated into various languages. No historical work was ever more popular, if we except Lord Macaulay's work, which did not appear till long after its author's fame had been established, whereas Mr. Prescott's name was new to the world. At the close of 1843 he gave to the world, also in three volumes, a history of the Conquest of

Mexico, which was not less popular than its predecessor. A volume of critical and miscellaneous Essays was published in 1845, and two years later, in the summer of 1847, the history of the Conquest of Peru was completed, and published. For the greater part of the last twelve years he had been engaged on a history of the Life and Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, a work which was destined virtually to be the history of the civilized world for nearly half a century (1555-1598), Philip being to the last half of the sixteenth century what Napoleon was to the first fifteen years of our century. Two volumes of this work appeared in December 1855, and the third was issued in December 1858.

Mr. Prescott edited a new edition of Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth, in 1856, and added to it a valuable supplement, embodying the numerous facts brought to light of late years concerning the last days of the Emperor-King by Belgian, English and French writers. This work connected the History of Ferdinand and Isabella with that of Philip the Second.

As evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Prescott was held abroad, it may be mentioned that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, made a Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and chosen a corresponding member of the French Institute. He was a member of other literary and scientific bodies, both in Europe and America. He wore his honors nobly. Of those frailties which so notoriously mar the literary character, and render literary men but too often the most repulsive of human creatures, he was entirely free. Jealousy was to him unknown, and so was everything like pretension. No man has ever so uniformly had kind, noble, and judicious praise for others. His temper was never ruffled. He has not left an enemy, while all who knew him will be proud of the fact that they were his friends, as they were if they deserved to be. We do not recollect ever to have heard him unkindly spoken of, nor are we aware that any of his writings were ever harshly criticised, which, however, must be attributed to the care with which they are written, as it was always his custom to go to original authorities. His ample fortune enabled him to command all the sources of knowledge, and he laid the archives of Europe under contribution for the illustration of European history. Throughout life, from the time that he was at college, he labored under an infirmity of the eyes, which compelled him to depend upon others for peculiar assistance, but as he always chose his aides well, this enhanced the correctness of his works, which are as reliable as brilliant.

The death of the historian was extremely sudden. On Friday, the 28th January, he entered his bathroom, and was shortly after heard to groan by his secretary, Mr. John Foster Kirk, who hastened to his assistance, sending a servant at the same time for medical aid. Assistance was in vain, however; the paralytic shock terminated fatally within an hour. Eulogies were pronounced upon Mr. Prescott by his colleagues in literature in Boston and elsewhere, and evidences of genuine sorrow were exhibited all over the United States.

The unfinished History of the Reign of Philip II., will, it is said, be continued by Mr. John Foster Kirk, a gentleman whose talents and erudition eminently qualify him for the task.

THREE HUNDRED PER ANNUM; OR, LATE AND EARLY MARRIAGES.

"Well, and is it really you, Bessie Villiers? And what, in the name of goodness, have you done with yourself all this time? Five—well, no—but four weeks at least it is, since we have had the honor of a visit from your ladyship."

This speech was finished with a grand mock curtsy from the speaker, Miss Isabella Rivers, a handsome young lady, dressed in the very last fashion, in the richest of silks and the costliest lace; and it was addressed to another young woman of her own age, who a minute previously had been announced by Mrs. Rivers's page, who was gorgeously bedizened in blue and silver buttons.

Bessie Villiers, the visitor, beside her friend, would not possibly have attracted much notice at first; she was by no means so *distinguee* looking, and was dressed very quietly though neatly. Her black *glacé* was not enlarged to inconvenience by crinoline, though a daintily worked white petticoat just peeped from the skirt of her robe, as she held it up to avoid the contact of even Mrs. Rivers's handsome morning room carpet. A sweet and happy face, though not a very beautiful one, beamed from beneath a modest straw bonnet, plainly but elegantly trimmed with violet-colored velvet: perfectly fitting gloves and boots finished this remarkable toilet, if I except a black velvet mantle and sable furs, which served to denote the winter season.

"I have been very busy, my dear Isabella," said Miss Villiers, with a slight hesitation, and a color very perceptibly rising through her pure pale skin.

"And so, indeed, has been your humble servant," said Isabella; "balls, soirées, operas, weddings!"

"What!" said Bessie, smiling, "have you at last made up your mind then?"

"To my own wedding?" Miss Rivers almost screamed. "Good Heavens, no! How could you think of such a thing? Why, Frederick and I are not half rich enough yet. I say Frederick and I, but I mean Mr. Bury; for, of course, every one knows I have no money, don't they, mamma?" continued this lively young lady, tapping her mother under the chin—a proceeding which interfered with that matron's dignity materially, as, dressed in a costly morning silk, she lounged with one of Mudie's volumes in her hand.

"Don't be foolish, Isabella," her mother answered; "and pray don't tumble my collar so; it is really very disagreeable."

"What is, ma, dear?" replies her daughter; "that I still hang on your hands? Well, you know it is not Fred's fault, because he wanted to arrange our marriage only last month and you would not hear of it."

"Certainly not," the elder lady says, "until Mr. Bury's prospects improve, and his income will enable him to keep a wife."

"I was about to name to you," said Bessie Villiers, "that I am going to be married on the 17th of next month. We think now there is every prospect of Mr. Dimsdale's income progressing, and we have made up our minds not to make any further delay. I shall be twenty-one you know," she said, "next week; my birthday is on the 4th, and Arthur is just two years older, and—"

"And pray, my dear," Mrs. Rivers broke in, "what may—if not an impertinent question—what may be the income of Mr. Dimsdale?"

Most people would have thought this a very impertinent question indeed. Bessie colored a little, but answered quietly, "Three hundred a-year, Mrs. Rivers."

"Is it possible!!!!" in an accent of astonishment which demands all those four notes of admiration to describe it.

"My dearest Bessie!" (from Isabella) "you are surely dreaming, or out of your mind, or"—laughing immensely—"terribly in love."

"I do, certainly, wish to say that I love Mr. Dimsdale very much," says Bessie, in a little tone of pique. "If I did not, I should be very wrong to marry him."

This mildly tempered shaft, perhaps, was aimed at Miss Rivers, who had been wavering—so said evil report—between her engaged lover and a certain gentleman considerably older than herself; at any rate, Isabella received the inuendo (which became so, more from the emphasis with which it was delivered rather than the words) with a long loud laugh—the way, by-the-bye, in which Mrs. Rivers and her daughter usually received anything like hints of reproof, and which was doubly effective in at once expressing their scorn of report, and their contempt for the hinter.

"You are quite Arcadian, my dear girl," said Isabella, when she had indulged her mirth; "perhaps I might better say Utopian; but certainly I agree with you, it is much pleasanter to marry a person one does like, than any one to whom we have an aversion. And that is the reason I intend waiting for Frederick."

"But," interposed Miss Villiers, "surely Mr. Bury's income exceeds what Mr. Dimsdale and I think we can afford to marry on?"

"It does indeed," answered her friend, rather more seriously than before: "Frederick has five hundred a-year; but do you think we could keep house on such a wretched sum, my dear girl? The thing would be out of the question; even mamma says so, don't you mother, dear? although she wants so very much to get rid of me, and hear me called Mrs. Somebody, instead of Miss Rivers."

"Out of the question? Of course," her mother answered loftily; "and I cannot, my dear Miss Villiers, imagine how your parents can permit you to sacrifice yourself, and descend from the enjoyment of a comfortable and elegant home into poverty."

"Poverty!" said Bessie, smiling.

"My dear, yes. What can you possibly do with three hundred a-year?"

"At least," said Miss Villiers, "it is, in careful hands, a competency; and together we can make it go further than living singly; for Mr. Dimsdale candidly acknowledges that, as a single man, he can save very little, and wants beside the comfort of a home. Papa, you know," said Bessie, blushing, "takes a great interest in all social subjects, and discusses them freely amongst us all; and he declares this system of waiting till people are rich, now in vogue among the genteel middle-class people, is productive of great immorality."

Mrs. Rivers tossed her head.

"Those are questions," she said, "best left alone; at any rate, with us they are kept entirely out of sight."

"No man," said Isabella, in the tone of one who had definitively made her mind up on the subject—"no man has a right to marry unless he can support a wife in the way she has been brought up."

"And there again lies the fault. Papa says," exclaimed Bessie, "middle-class families bring up their daughters to know nothing whatever of domestic economy; to acquire showy accomplishments, which are yet not perfected enough to gain them bread, if accident or misfortune forces them to earn their own subsistence; to dress expensively, to frequent parties, and to keep a fixed determination not to marry until they can, as wives, be supported in the same reckless system in which they have as daughters before existed."

"Capital," says Mrs. Rivers, derisively. "Upon my word, Miss Villiers, you have retained your father's lectures well. I wish, Isabella, you would remember what I say to you, in the like manner. And pray, my dear Bessie"—patronisingly—"tell us your qualifications for keeping house on the smallest possible income I ever heard of people being desperate enough to marry on?"

"One thing—the first and best principle, I believe," answered Miss Villiers, gravely, "will be to keep our expenses within that income. I shall regulate them weekly, take a small house—just sufficient for decent and respectable comfort—have only one servant, and superintend every domestic occupation myself, which, I am happy to say, will be in my power, because we have always assisted my mother in those affairs."

"Really!" said Mrs. Rivers, being obliged to make some observation, and not knowing what other on earth to offer.

"Papa's income, my dear Mrs. Rivers," continued Bessie, "is, as you know, a very handsome one; but even he owns that if my mother had not exercised a strict economy and been prudent in her domestic expenditure, he could not have done as he has; that is, provided, by a life assurance, handsomely for her in the event of his death, and put by something for his daughters, for marriage portions, or to help them on if they remain single. Every one of us," Bessie pursued—a flush of honest pride coming into her sweet face—"has followed some pursuit, by which, if compelled, we could earn our own living. We have never calculated on marriage as a means of livelihood, nor do I believe any of us are likely to sink into repining helpless beings, if we are destined to remain single. I believe each state of existence has its own peculiar cares and trials. We have endeavored to prepare for either."

Excellent sentiments! but they appeared to make no impression at all on Mrs. Rivers or her daughter Isabella, who deemed it entirely beneath ladies to understand anything whatever about household matters. Had they been born to rank and wealth, perhaps their high station might have denied them a participation in woman's dearest duties. The Duchess of Oldschool would certainly be out of place, walking into her grace's kitchen, directing her grace's *chef*, haggling with her grace's butcher, baker or poulterer. But Mrs. Rivers, the wife of a commercial man, whose income was fixed at seven hundred per annum, might have so directed her affairs, with the greatest possible advantage to her husband's expenditure and her daughter's future welfare, since this young lady could not hope for an alliance with any member of the peerage, or even a wealthy commoner of high family. But Mrs. Rivers and her daughters preferred aping the Duchess of Oldschool, in their expenditure, their idleness, their fashionable modes, and even fancied that people mistook their Birmingham lacquer for her grace's massive gilding.

A week or two after the conversation recorded Miss Villiers was united to the man of her choice, and subsided down into a small neatly-furnished house in a cheap locality, where the Rivers family would have been horrified to have ventured, and where, for untold sums, they would not have been supposed to visit.

When the acquaintances of our girlhood once cease, they rarely become renewed. Very wisely, Bessie Villiers, instead of marrying to please the particular set among whom she visited, married to please herself! Many persons shook their wise heads at Bessie's marriage; they said Mr. Dimsdale was fond of company, was inclined to be gay, and that a longer courtship would have been better, because there would have been an object for him to pursue—to save, in short, for his marriage. As it was, Arthur Dimsdale had saved very little money, and Bessie married without many things which half a dozen friends told her were perfectly indispensable for a new-married couple.

"We shall keep no company," said Bessie: "our income, I know, will not suffice for that; so really I do not see that we require so much plate, neither do we want an expensive dinner-service, nor all the accessories belonging to the givers of dinners. As for the few friends who may take a cup of tea, or a sandwich supper, our everyday wares will do very well, for I always wish to set out a neat table for my husband."

And neatness reigned in the small household, and the young husband came to regard his house—small and inconvenient as many thought it—as a casket wherein he had enshrined a jewel of untold price.

As times and women go, I fear really good, unexacting and economical wives—wives, in short, who steer clear of that Scylla and Charybdis, extravagance and meanness, are regarded as something no less precious than rare.

When Bessie's third infant was born she accidentally learned that Isabella Rivers was not yet married, but still engaged to Frederick Bury; Isabella had declared that she would not marry till Frederick's income averaged a thousand per annum. Mr. Dimsdale's own income by this time had reached five hundred; but, though his family had increased, he had some little money saved, and lived in comfort, though neither in fashion nor splendor. The small house still was large enough for the married pair, and home was still the most attractive place to Arthur Dimsdale. A new book, a new song, a rare plant were among the few luxuries they permitted themselves. Never once had Mr. Dimsdale regretted his early marriage. Like most other young men, when first he entered the busy world, he had tasted some of those pernicious pleasures to which the world, in the intervals of money-making, devotes itself; but these soon palled on a taste too pure to enjoy amusements tainted with vice—too unsophisticated to find any happiness save in the ties of home. If he loved Bessie when he first knew her for her simple, unpretending manners, he became entirely devoted to her when he found that she did not refuse to share his privations as well as his more opulent prospects.

"I hear," said Arthur to Bessie, one evening after he had been dining with some bachelor friends—for Mrs. Dimsdale was not one of those exacting wives, who demand that their husbands should give up every former acquaintance—"I hear Fred Bury is living a sad fast life. No wonder the poor fellow has been disappointed in his expected home; he has no domestic happiness, not even at the Rivers's, who never spend their evenings at home, but are eternally gadding to balls, to lectures, soirées, parties, the opera, or Heaven knows where; and so he visits all the haunts about town, and finishes a night of dissipation at the 'Chimney Corner,' where the greatest attraction is Mr. Codling, that humorous comic-singer, who, I declare, always sent me home, whenever I have listened to him (and I confess, Bessie, I did sometimes—in the times before the Flood, I mean, my dear—before you took compassion and married me) with suicidal inclinations; so dreadful was the contrast between that poor wretch's ludicrous ditties and his woe-begone private descriptions of his sufferings, with a wife and nine children at home. But of course Isabella knows nothing of these practices of young men, and would believe no one who should assert that she is to blame for Fred's delinquencies."

Two years after, when, according to Bessie's calculations, Isabella was twenty-nine and Mr. Bury was thirty-three, Miss Rivers was married. The wedding was performed—for what are those silly pageants but entertainments enacted for the special amusement of the mob who congregate at the church door, and a large circle of private friends?—in the most approved fashion. Veils of Honiton lace, orange-blossom wreaths, white moiré dresses and bouquets were plentiful, and cost as much money as would have furnished a good-sized house from top to bottom. A honeymoon, spent in Paris, completed the expense attendant on this marriage; and when Mr. Bury settled down in his new and expensively-furnished residence, he was thoroughly put out by the expenditure to which he had been forced.

Mrs. Bury had furtively stolen two or three visits to Bessie Dimsdale's before her own marriage took place, partly out of curiosity to see her former friend's humble *ménage*, and to ascertain if they were not involved in deep distress, and how people could manage on an income of three hundred per annum. She was much surprised, on her first visit, to find that, although there was no page in blue and silver buttons, there was nothing at all sordid or squalid in the appointments of Mrs. Dimsdale's well-ordered home. Bessie herself on this occasion had been preparing her husband's five o'clock dinner, yet was dressed in a snowy wrapper and lace cap, as nice and neat as if she really had expected early visitors, which she did not.

"Well, my dear, you must be sorely put to it," said Isabella, sympathizingly, as she said "Good-bye!"

Bessie only laughed.

"Try it yourself," she answered; "but take my advice, don't try Frederick's patience too much."

Mrs. Dimsdale returned Isabella's visit, after the latter's marriage. Mrs. Bury resided in a handsome house near Bayswater, in which there was everything the most luxurious could desire. Mr. Bury, she informed Bessie, had received an addition to his income by some fortunate speculation in railway shares.

"So we are pretty well off," she said; "you know, of course, I could never have done as you did; and see now, you have actually three children! Bless me! I declare I am quite old, and yet how fresh and well you look—quite handsome, I declare. Do you know I was much happier at home, than I am, now I am married? Fred is so fretful, you don't know; but I always refuse to listen to his troubles, for he's always boring one about something or other; but I tell him women have nothing to do with business, and ought not to be worried with it: then he flies in a passion, and twits me with keeping him single so long; and actually, Bessie, the other day, what do you think he said?"—and the tears really filled Mrs. Bury's dark eyes as she spoke—"why, that I had grown into a cross, peevish creature, and that I was more like a sour old maid than a young wife. I cried all day, and did not come down to dinner; so my lord clapped on his hat, and left the dinner smoking on the table, and, I suppose, went and got his own where he

could. So, you see, I have my troubles, though we are well off."

Troubles, indeed, which Bessie, with her well-regulated temper and well-regulated home, had never experienced.

"And then," pursued Isabella, "Mr. Bury has habits quite unbecoming a married man. At first, of course, he was pretty attentive and well-behaved; but, my dear, he comes home sometimes dreadfully late; and, when he finds me up—would you believe it?—he actually swears, and declares he will have a key! He shall not, though," said Mrs. Bury, her spirit rising, and showing a tolerable sample of what she could be if roused; "though he turns round and reproaches me with his having got into bad habits; because, he says, I kept him for years from the comforts of a home and domestic happiness."

Her friend soothed and calmed her as well as she could; but Isabella, having once begun to complain, found it such a relief, that she kept on. One day she came to Mrs. Dimsdale in a state of great excitement; she produced a note, after some indifferent conversation—for Bessie did not care for these confidences, and, seeing something was amiss, wished to discourage her from making them—and, showing it to her friend, begged she would read it, being in Italian, in which language Bessie was a proficient, though Isabella knew nothing of it, but "Ah! Sospiri," or "Una Voce," which she used to sing to her Italian music.

"I found it," she said, "in Fred's waistcoat pocket this morning; I always search his pockets before he gets up. It is from a woman, I am certain; I have brought it to you to read, remembering how well you understood Italian before you were married. See!" she said, holding out the satin-pressed, perfumed billet, which, if not written in "very choice Italian," was nevertheless indited in that mellifluous language, unfortunately a sealed book to Mrs. Bury; "see! do read it, my dear! I am on the rack till I know whom this is from."

The rack! Ah, my dear Mrs. Bury, what were all the tortures of ancient times—the thumbscrew, the press, the knotted cords for flagellation—compared with those of jealousy, which women have, from time immemorial, invented for themselves, and which they administer constantly to their own souls so unsparingly, so remorselessly? So Mrs. Dimsdale, taking pity on her friend's agonies of doubt and curiosity, though protesting a good deal against the action, translated the note—not without much blushing and hesitation, for the first four lines explained perfectly, even to her inexperience, from what kind of person the epistle came.

"CARO CARISSIMO"—

So it began, and I will translate the rest, for the benefit of my dear reader, who, like Mrs. Bury, may not be sufficiently skilled in "*La bella lingua Toscana*;" for I hold it to be an impertinence to write in any language not universally understood:

"CARO CARISSIMO—I die a hundred thousand deaths, because you have not been to me for these two days. I looked for you in vain last night behind the curtain. The opera was 'Norma,' and if I had sung Norma—as but for *La Crinolini's* infamous jealousy I should—how I should have mourned my Pollio's falseness! As it was, 'Animo Mio,' having to go on for Clotilde, and support that vile Crinolini in her agonies, think how much my own exceeded them! By-the-bye, I have seen the sweetest bijou of a bracelet, at Houbigant's, yesterday; bring it with you and receive my forgiveness, my embraces, my fidelity till death.

"Yours ever,
"GIULIETTA."

"There, I told you so!" said Isabella, as she heard this, with a visage inflamed with rage, and eyes which, could their glances have been turned to steel, would have inflicted deep stabs on the person of her rival—"I knew there was something of this kind; and I have gone to the opera and actually seen this creature act confidantes and mammas—a beetle-browed, swarthy wretch. And for such an object he is false. Oh! I—I cannot—cannot bear this."

And Mrs. Bury's convulsive sobs threatened a fit of hysteria, which, being produced by violent and irrepressible emotions, are

not, as some male slanderers assert, always under the control of the female exhibitor thereof.

"My dear Isabella, try and be calm," her friend—distressed as much as it was possible for a bystander to be—said.

But you might as well have preached discretion to a tearing March wind, and have persuaded the same to become a Zephyr meandering among summer trees, as have prevailed on that furious and stung woman to cease complaining. When she could weep no more, and even the kind-hearted Bessie grew weary of trying to soothe or reason with such a tornado, Mrs. Bury rose and took her departure. Her brougham conveyed her home, from which her husband had long since departed; doubtless, she thought, to make his peace with the Italian woman, *Giulietta*.

To calm herself, and yet to keep alive her resentment—although that fire needed no fuel to be thrown on its flames—what does my sympathising reader think Mrs. Bury did? She opened the cellaret in her sideboard, and drank a glassful of French brandy—the best, the purest Cognac; but still, an undoubted and sad fact, brandy. I will not positively affirm that the same process did not take place more than once during the course of that miserable day; a process which certainly did not improve Mrs. Bury's temper, or give her reason the aid so much to be desired.

Mr. Bury came home to dinner; it was as much as his wife could do to preserve her equanimity till the servant had withdrawn. Then a dessert was spread out before Frederick which he had little anticipated. Olives of bitterness formed the principal ingredient of this repast, to which no sweetness came as alloy; no cooling fruits offered themselves to the parched palates and fermenting acids of recrimination and anger. His wife threw the billet of *La Signora Giulietta* before her husband, in fact, into the plate from which he was just eating his grapes—sour ones indeed they proved to be. A storm arose, of which none of my readers can form an accurate idea, unless, as married persons, they themselves have passed through such experiences.

The battle raged with equal force on either side. The lady brought an overwhelming fire, at first, on the enemy—of tears, sneers, reproaches, complainings and a volubility which had well-nigh at last routed the opposing party, who, indeed, at the onset, acted merely on the defensive. Presently retaliation ensued.

"You would not marry me when I first asked you; you would wait till I had money enough to give you every bauble you fancied. I don't see much difference in women, for my part; *Giulietta* gets all she can, so do you; I'm only the poor stock that gets the money—how, none of you know or care, so long as your wants and pleasures are supplied. A man need have full coffers who presumes now-a-days to take a wife: I wanted a home, a place where I could smoke and talk and come and go, without a parcel of nonsense and etiquette, and all that rubbish that fags a man out; so I took to *Giulietta*. And when I married, why, I could not turn the woman off without more expense than I could well afford, with all the trumpery of our wedding. Well, separate if you think proper. I tell you to your face, I am much more comfortable and free and easy at *Giulietta's* lodgings than in my own stuck-up house, where I am in awe of my own servants, and frozen by my own wife, who is never pleasant, affectionate or kind but when she wants money or presents."

And this reprisal of the enemy fairly routed and silenced the invading force, who took flight in tears, and sought the refuge of her own room, which was locked and bolted against the approach of her husband, who smoked a cigar, without any concealment, in the dining-room, and who put on his hat about ten o'clock, and went to fetch *Signora Giulietta* from the opera, on whose boards she had been that evening representing the confidante in "*La Favorita*."

Mrs. Bury's own couch on that night was far from being a bed of roses. Her pillow, indeed, was bedewed with tears—not of repentance, but rage and balked revenge; and she arose in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, and with a breast filled with anger, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. She did not carry her threat of separation into effect. She determined on a

different course of conduct, and ordering her brougham, drove to various shops where she was known, and ordering herself rich dresses and jewellery, desired the bills might be sent in to Mr. Bury. She sought out a career of dissipation for herself, and flirted on the very verge of impropriety, and this she called revenge.

Mr. Bury took no notice of his wife's absence from her home. He did not frequent her set; and Mrs. Bury gave parties quite independent of her husband, merely assigning the bills to him for payment. He began soon to be uneasy at his expenditure. He tried to expostulate with his wife, and was answered with a threat and a sneer, which caused him to turn on his heel with something which I fear strongly resembled an oath.

There is little doubt but that the present writer will be blamed for so plain a description of Mr. Bury's vices and follies; and indeed there is no excuse to be offered but the statement that these things occur every day, and are heard of and discussed in many private families of respectability, who, if the truth must be told, are themselves to blame for the consequences of their own insatiable demands to be supplied with the very best loaves and fishes which this life offers, and who ignore love and suburban cottages as quite unworthy living for, and as things incompatible with genteel and fashionable existence in the nineteenth century.

When Mrs. Bury's milliner's bill, and her dress-maker's bill, and her perfumer's ditto, and that of the lady's shoe or boot-maker—for her gloves, bijoux, furs and other trifles not possible to be done without—came home, and the sum total of these came to be added to Mr. Bury's own account, that gentleman declared himself in a state of insanity.

Mrs. Bury was going out to a party one evening, when a messenger came to her house and informed her that her husband had been arrested at the suit of Messrs. Crescent & Opal, jewellers. Isabella turned white as her own *moiré* dress when she heard this news. She had been nursed in the lap of prosperity; for though Mr. Rivers lived up to his income, yet no signs of distress had ever hovered over him or shocked his wife and family; and Mrs. Bury's sympathy, therefore, was at once aroused for her husband, whom this lady came, although rather too late, to regard as the victim of her extravagance; which, indeed, she styled her revenge.

Oh, man and wife! of whom marriage is supposed to make one frame, one heart, one mind! what become of ye when either stoops to vengeance on the other? Is it not as if I should pluck out my own heart because my right hand had failed me and lost its cunning? And can two beings knit into one really exist independently and yet be happy?

Mrs. Bury, with many tears and sighs, acknowledged her error. Repentance came to her, as it comes to many other sinners, somewhat too late to do good. She visited her husband in his durance, and implored for his pardon, which he, much affected, freely bestowed, imploring at the same time absolution at her hands for his own grave errors as a husband. She became aware then that he had no longer an abandoned partner in guilt; that, in a word, *La Signora Giulietta* had—with the ready custom of her class to forsake Adversity, and cling only to the skirts of Prosperity—deserted him when he could no longer supply her rapacity.

Isabella became shortly afterwards aware of another circumstance; that she had been collecting hoards of dresses, jewellery and property only for the demands of her husband's creditors.

I will now close this dismal history, which, had it not been to point a moral to the evil every day increasing among us, I would not have related at all. Isabella and Frederick at the first and earliest period of their affection would have supported, soothed and wooed each other—the last only more devotedly for privation; whereas, waiting till selfishness got the upper hand, they could not enjoy the competence for which they had had the patience to wait whole years, and, like children who having with the utmost caution, skill and care, constructed a house of cards, so these full-grown babies blew down with a breath the edifice which had cost youth, toil and long waiting ere it was reared—reared only to be thus destroyed.

Mr. Bury was a bankrupt, and his former associate, Arthur Dimsdale, was not only a husband, but a loving father and a prosperous rising man. With him and his family, desires had not increased with wealth. Simple pleasures to them were ever the best liked. Love and happiness were, after years of union, still centred only in each other.

Isabella sat with Mrs. Dimsdale a twelvemonth after Frederick Bury's disasters. Mrs. Bury had discarded her gay toilettes; perhaps, more properly speaking, they had discarded her. Be that as it may, Isabella looked better in her plain black silk and net cap than she had ever done in her *moirés* and velvets; for there was a look of content and happiness which, in her earlier days of wedded splendor, she had never worn. She was conversing with Bessie on the past and present. Something of the future mingled, too, with their discourse.

"Yes," Mrs. Bury said, in answer to some remark of her friend, "we are beginning life again: and would we had so begun it years ago! But, O Bessie! I feel so light—so happy—so active! Ah, if people knew what comfort and happiness they miss by waiting to grow rich, early marriages—where there was a competence and a fair prospect of getting on—would be promoted, and we should in the end be wiser, happier and better. You must teach me," she said, the tears rising in her still beautiful eyes, "to be my husband's helpmate; and in return I will tell your girls, when they grow up, my story, and warn them against putting off happiness for riches."

A PHILOSOPHER ENJOYING LIFE.

Johnson was some time with Beauclerk at his house at Windsor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philosophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard, in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tombstones. "Now, sir," said Beauclerk, "you are like Hogarth's 'Idle Apprentice.'" When Johnson got his pension, Beauclerk said to him in the humorous phrase of Falstaff, "I hope you'll now purge, and live cleanly, like a gentleman."

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humor agreed to their proposal: "What! is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you."

He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them, but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighboring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called Bishop, which Johnson had always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines:

Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls." Garrick,

being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle*." Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him."

A LIVING SKELETON.—A passenger from Humboldt, says the *Trinity Journal*, relates that when Captain Messec recently destroyed an Indian rancheria, one of his men—Hank Smith—entered a deserted hut, but came out a deal faster than he went in, with each particular hair on end, and declaring that there was a ghost within! The jests of the others induced the man to go back, but again he returned more precipitately, and swore that there was a living skeleton in the lodge. Afterwards an opening was made in the hut, and a living skeleton was discovered crouching under a basket—an animated anatomy of skin and bones, five feet six inches high, which weighed but sixteen pounds! The thing is declared to be a perfect embodiment of death, without a particle of flesh discoverable either on the limbs or face, and that it was small enough at the waist of it to be spanned by a man's hand, yet capable of walking and intelligent action. The prisoners employ the skeleton in mixing bread, in which his long, bony claws exhibit considerable dexterity.

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.—Mankind has been wonderfully ingenious since its infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are sundry culinary fashions still extant which must be marvellously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat duck's tongues in China, kangaroos in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick; nor even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations, twenty pounds in weight, of flesh and oil, or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies at Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brook makes affidavit that melted bear's grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephant's paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton? for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpacha, mermaid's tails, bustard and anaconda.

A STRANGE FACT.—When shooting rabbits the other day (says a Northumbrian friend), I stood awhile on the spot where I was concealed by a piece of broom, when six partridges alighted about sixty yards from me. They had not enjoyed themselves there more than a minute, by stretching their necks and spreading their wings, when a sparrow-hawk came dashing along the hedge-rows in his usual rapid style. Taking a hurried aim at him, I broke his thigh and leg. He skimmed on, passing within three yards of the partridges, which were so frightened at the sight of their winged enemy that they did not rise, at the report of my gun. After loading, I proceeded to finish the hawk, which was perched on a willow, fifty yards beyond the partridges, going through the midst of them. The ground where they lay was quite bare, and so near was I to them that I might have touched the most distant bird with the end of my gun. It is said, if a paper kite be flown in a field where there are partridges, they will lie until a net is thrown over them. They must take the piece of paper for a bird of prey hovering in the air.

ELVEN hundred women and three hundred men are employed in the tobacco manufacture in Paris. They are brigaded almost like soldiers, and have to answer at the roll call, which is regularly made before the commencement of the day's work.



WHITE LINNET'S NEST.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train—
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers.

ONCE more the course of revolving seasons has brought us the ever-joyful spring. Spring, that most delightful of seasons, and more delightful from the contrast it presents to the dark and gloomy days of winter, when all nature is bound up in an icy chain; when the woods are destitute of foliage, and the branches of the trees stand out in sharp relief against the leaden skies, across which dark masses of clouds drive heavily.

Not that we deny that winter possesses any beauty, for we have all felt the charm which a sharp frosty day throws over the landscape—the hedges spangled with the hoar-frost, glittering like frosted silver—the clear gray sky, and the exhilarating influence of the atmosphere—all combine to make us, for the time, think winter the most charming of the seasons. But then cold misty days succeed, and after a while spring makes its appearance; and then how glorious is the whole face of nature!

Freed from the stern dominion of winter, she seems to rejoice in her liberty, and puts on her brightest garments in honor of the event.

The little brooks, thawed by the genial warmth, run their allotted course, murmuring as they go, and seem to unite with the songs of the birds in offering up a hymn of thanksgiving to the Almighty Creator of the universe.

The woods and thickets, just bursting into leaf, contribute not a little to the enjoyment of this season. The soft green of the leaves is the color on which the eye may dwell the longest without fatigue, and this is prevented by the fragments of coloring left still on the trees from last autumn. The air is mild and balmy, with occasionally a cold day, which is not unpleasant, but, rather, from the contrast, contributes to heighten that feeling of pure and unalloyed enjoyment which so often steals over us, we know not why, at this season. And spring should, by rights, be the most pleasant season; for is it not like our childhood, when we are as yet unacquainted with evil,

and in our ignorance of the world, imagine that all is fair that bears a bright outside. And have we not, also, the April showers of childhood, when all is dark for a while, but brighter than ever when the storm is past? Spring mornings are not to be neglected, even by the philosopher, for they stir up the springs of memory, and make us live over again many happy days of our past life, times and seasons, in which, for the pleasure and purity of our present thoughts, we cannot live too much.

If we happen to be wandering forth on a warm, still evening, at the latter end of this month, our thoughts may probably insensibly wander back to those happy days of childhood, and fancy may conjure up the exploits by flood and field which then took place; when, on the arrival of spring, birdnesting took possession of our thoughts, and early and late our only care was the addition of new varieties to our stock of many-colored eggs.

What man is there who cannot recollect, when on the discovery of a nest, with what ardor he climbed the tree, regardless of scratches and bruises, and his triumph on safely descending with his prize? and when, after some hours had been consumed, he bent his way to the margin of a rush-bordered rivulet, there to string and examine his variously-colored treasures!

Or, perhaps, later in the season, he deserts the woods and the danger and excitement of climbing, to spend his leisure hours in rambling over the breezy uplands, where

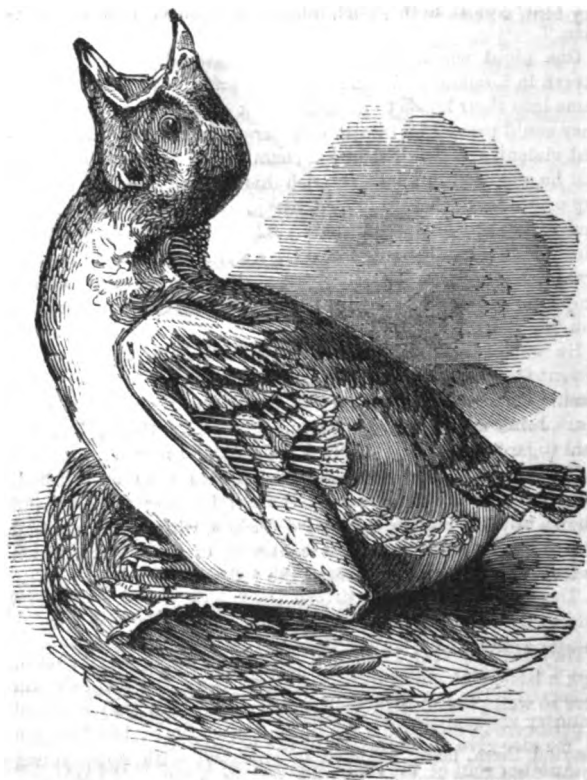
Sweet air stirs
Blue harebells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold,

in quest of the nests of the linnet and the bunting amongst the bushes, generally so plentiful in such places.

Many of those who have out-grown their love of birdnesting still look forward with much interest to the return to their usual haunts of several of our migratory birds.

Amongst the earliest and most familiar of these visitors is the blue-bird, or, as it was named by the early settlers, the blue-robin, which is well known to most of our American readers. For the benefit of those who have not observed it, we give an engraving, adding too, for the use of the same persons, a short account of the bird.

The blue-bird leaves the more Northern States for the warmer



NESTLING CHAFFINCH.



NESTLING SPARROW.

South about November, and returns to us about the end of March or the beginning of April. Like the British robin, the blue-bird appears to have a strong attachment to particular situations, and if not disturbed, will return and make their nests in the same spot, more particularly if, as is sometimes done, a small box or corner is placed for their accommodation.

The notes of this bird are clear and very pleasing, and from its familiarity and absence of fear of human beings, its habits may be observed without much difficulty.

There has, in one or two cases, been observed in this country, about this time, the ring-ousel and the field-fare; but we have no record of their breeding here. The former bird is a native of the south of Europe, and migrates to Great Britain about the same time as the blue-bird does here. It is a very shy bird, and seeks the most unfrequented places to build its



FIELD-FARE

nest. This has, perhaps, saved its species from becoming extinct, being much sought after as a delicate article of food; it is said to be very little inferior, if any, to the ortolan.

The ring-ousel lays five eggs, of a pure white; and of these two or three are generally unproductive. This, and the fact above mentioned, causes their numbers gradually to diminish. It is a handsome, well-shaped bird, and may very readily be distinguished by the white crescent on the breast.

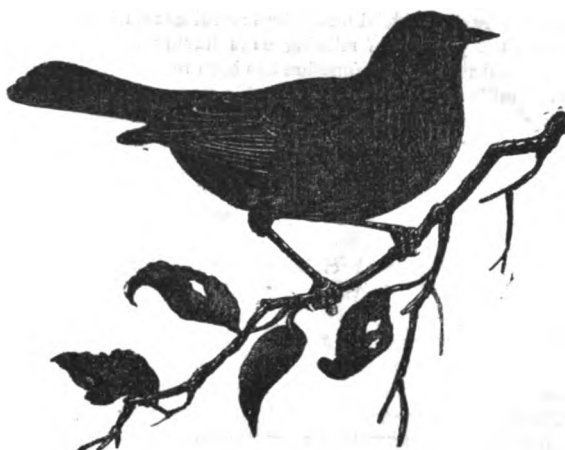
The field-fare is of the thrush tribe, and breeds in Norway and Sweden; it is found in large flocks in England, in the cold winter season; but, unlike the ousel, although immense quantities are yearly destroyed, no perceptible diminution is to be observed. The few specimens which have been observed in this country are supposed to be stragglers from England.

We also give an engraving of the field-fare.

Another sign of the rapid approach of spring is the perpetual cooing noise made by the pigeons, now commencing the breeding season.

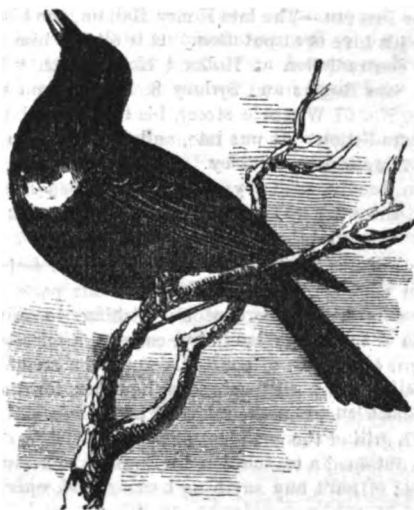
In another month the young pigeons, or squabs as they are called, will be hatched. The young pigeon presents a very different appearance from the young of any other bird. Contrast it with the nestling sparrow, and the difference will at once be perceived. The pigeon is hatched with more feathers already developed than any of our nesting birds, this being needful in consequence of the thinness of the nest, it being often so slight in its construction that it may be seen through from the ground. The sparrow, on the contrary, builds a large nest, thickly lined with feathers, and the young birds develop the wing-feathers before the others appear.

But not only do the birds themselves present a study of great interest; their various nests, adapted to the peculiar wants of each species, and arising out of the different instincts with which they have been endowed, combined with the propensity to construct, form a most curious and improving subject of research to the aspirant to a knowledge of natural history.



HEDGE WARBLER.

Gladly, did our space permit, would we tell of other glories and wonders of the woods at this season; of the countless hosts of water-fowl that haunt our coasts; of those glorious birds, radiant with every hue of the rainbow, that people the marshes and keys of Florida, and of the brilliance of which a denizen of the Old World could have had but a faint idea, until American ornithology was opened before him in all its glory, by that indefatigable naturalist Audubon. Gladly would we speak of the huge flocks of passenger pigeons darkening the air like an eclipse, and to attempt numbering which would be as counting the grains of sand on the sea shore, or reckoning up the starry



RING OUSEL.

worlds which shine around us in the clear cold atmosphere of a December night. But our space is limited, and even were it not, it might all be filled with signs of that glorious season, the beauty of which should make us more than ever fervent in our thanks to that great and beneficent God, who has declared that during the existence of the world, that seed-time and harvest, summer and spring shall never cease.

CURIOUS FACTS.

THE difference between the skull of the domestic hog and wild boar is as great as that between the European and negro skull. Domesticated animals that have subsequently run wild in the forests, after a few generations, lose all traces of their domestication, and are, physically, different from their tame originals.

It is not natural for a cow, any more than for other female animals, to give milk when she has no young to nourish. The permanent production of milk is a modified animal function, produced by an artificial habit for several generations. In Columbia, the practice of milking cows having been laid aside, the natural state of the function has been restored. The secretion of milk continues only during the sucking of the calf, and is only an occasional phenomenon. If the calf dies the milk ceases to flow.

The barking of dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct, supposed to have originated in an attempt to imitate the human voice. Wild dogs and domesticated breeds becoming wild never bark, but howl.

Cats, which so disturb civilized communities by their midnight "caterwaul," in their wild state, in South America, are quite silent.

The hair of the negro is not wool, but a curled and twisted hair. The distinction between hair and wool is revealed by the microscope.

The dark races have less sensibilities than the white. They are not subject to nervous diseases. They sleep sound in every disease, nor does any mental disturbance keep them awake. They bear chirurgical operations much better than the white people.

A certain species of fungus has been known to attain the size of a gourd in one night; and it is calculated that the cellulose of which it is composed must amount to forty-seven thousand millions. If it grew in twelve hours, this would give four thousand millions each minute.

Animalcules have been discovered so small that one million would not exceed a grain of sand, and five hundred millions would sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood-vessels, nerves, muscles, circulating fluids, &c., like large animals.

LOVE OF DISPUTE.—The late Henry Hallam, the historian, was noted for his love of disputation. It is told of him that after a night of contradiction at Holland House, with "My Lady," Luttrell, Sam Rogers and Sydney Smith, Hallam returned to his house, No. 67 Wimpole street, his tongue still tipped with ready contradiction. It was late, and the historian not in full health. A watchman went by. "Past one o'clock," cried the watchman, loudly, with a yawn. "No," cried Hallam, tartly and loud, throwing up the sash of his bed-room window, watch in hand; "it wants three minutes."

The love of fun is not unknown among the serious-looking Chinamen who are thickly collected in some parts of the Australian colonies. A storekeeper, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign, expecting, of course, it would be an enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on the relations of the sun and moon was to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions. By a considerable bribe, he obtained a translation in English, and found it to be as follows: "Don't buy anything here—storekeeper a rogue."

PROVIDENCE has given us hope and sleep, as a compensation for the many cares of life.

AMERICAN WATCH MANUFACTORY AT WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

TIME AND MECHANICAL TIME-KEEPING.

Nothing so baffles and bewilders the mind, and eludes the grasp of the subtlest human intellect, as the idea of **TIME**, of which electricity and space may be called the younger brothers. Time, the subtlest marvel of the universe; Time, the builder, the destroyer, the consoler—a limitless ocean of eternities! Who can fix its beginning or mark its periods?

The measureless harmonies of the material universe; the rapid wheeling of countless orbs in the broad fields of space; the erratic flight of comets; the unspent operations of the forces of Nature, exhibited at all points in the created universe, fall within Time's inflexible periods and cycles. To fix a standard of time, and to devise mechanical agents capable of giving an unerring record of the hurrying moments, required the highest exercise of man's inventive and reasoning faculties, and forms one of the noblest of his material triumphs, the importance of which is becoming daily more and more apparent, as one after another of the tremendous and subtle forces of Nature are revealed to his control.

The difficulties which attended the final establishment of a fixed standard of time, and the obstacles, scientific and mechanical, which have been overcome in achieving this result, are too great for adequate expression, since the importance of accurate time-keeping is incalculable. It is an element which enters into every department of business, and is more essential to the advancement and happiness of the human race than any other. Without a reliable standard and measure of time there could be no union of action among men. The voices of music would be hushed, the mighty network of railroads, telegraphs, river and ocean lines of steamers, which are obliterating the boundaries of nationalities and bringing mankind into a common brotherhood of interest, business, sympathy and feeling, would become a source of inconceivable disaster, or an utter impossibility, and the great triumphs of modern science over the forces of nature and in the domain of the stellar universe could not have been made.

Yet man began his observations and experiments in this broad and teeming harvest-field without a single ascertained landmark, wholly unconscious even of the period at which he commenced his own existence; with no idea of time, and no natural or mechanical means by which to fix its beginning or measure its flight. From the earth he was compelled to direct his attention to the great overhanging arch of the heavens, and on the broad, blue page of illimitable space to form an alphabet from the sun, the moon and the stars—a mighty circling host of glittering orbs rolling along in magnificent procession, endlessly, day and night—to create a language harmonious and universal, by which to read, arrest and fix the hurrying moments of the whole physical creation.

Thousands of years passed away before this language and its wonderful alphabet were reduced to the precision of scientific statement. It is only within a comparatively brief period, and under the light of Christianity, that man has been enabled to supply himself with a miniature portable solar system, substantially isochronal with the sun, that tells at all times, with unerring fidelity, the exact moment at which the sun passes any given meridian, day or night. Shepherds watching on the plains of Chaldea, five thousand years ago, traced imaginary forms in the sky, and gave them the names of the different animals in their various herds; and, by the aid of the hand and the position of the stars, fixed a rude measure of time. The necessity for superior means of time-keeping led to the use of a flowing tide of sand or water, and to the adoption of the noon-mark and the sun-dial; and finally, at the close of the tenth century of the Christian era, to the discovery of the balance clock with weights, and nearly eight hundred years later to the improved pendulum clock, and the balance spring clock or watch for the pocket.

The mechanical principle of time-keeping consists of the uniform division of a constant force in a given time, by means of delicately adjusted mechanism, so arranged that a rotary mo-

tion is continually changed into a vibratory or reciprocating motion. The delicate mechanical device by which this important result is obtained is called an escapement; and it is at this point that the highest skill and ingenuity has been expended. Investigation has traced the use of a pocket time-piece as far back as the fourteenth century, at which period the church tower clock was reduced, in a few instances, to a portable size, and moved with a coiled spring instead of a weight. But the origin of watchmaking proper dates back only about two hundred years. The discovery, at that time, of the "balance-spring," by Dr. Hooke, in England, led to the perfection of the watch and its introduction into common use, as did the discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum, at about the same period, by Galileo and Huygens, to the introduction of the "pendulum or house clock."

The mode of piercing jewels, discovered in the year 1700 by M. Facio, of Geneva, was, for a long time, a distinct art, and led to a still greater perfection in the construction of the watch. This improvement was developed in England; and Harrison, a London manufacturer, at a later period, added the famous compensation balance, which brought the machinery of the watch to its present state of perfection. Watches have been contrived not only to show the time but to mark it by a sound. The first "repeater" was made by Barlow, for Charles II. of England, in 1678. There have been watches made to record the day of the week or month and to play musical tunes. These, however, are looked upon merely as toys, too expensive for general use. The earliest watches were very awkward in form and size. Those first made in Germany were called Nuremberg Eggs. Beaumarchais, himself a watchmaker, a courtier and financier, connected with the French court of Louis XV., presented Madame de Pompadour with a watch set in a ring only four and a half lines in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in height between the plates; around the dial-plate there was a hoop with a hook, which, by being pulled with the nail, wound up the watch for thirty hours. Napoleon I. wore a watch which was wound up by the ordinary movements of his body.

The importance of the watch, and its peculiar adaptation to the person and the momentary necessities of existence, has led to its introduction into all civilized countries, and to its manufacture on a large scale in England and Switzerland, which countries have hitherto furnished the world with watches and movements. The United States have imported over \$100,000,000 worth of watches and parts of watches from foreign sources since the war of 1812, fully eight-tenths of which amount has been expended on watches that were worthless as time-keepers, besides being a grievous expense to their constantly changing owners, more than \$5,000,000 being expended annually on watch repairing in this country.

In the manufacture of all foreign watches, hand devices and machines are used to make certain parts of each watch; but there is no establishment in Europe like the great watch manufactory at Waltham, Mass., where every part of the watch is made from the crude materials, by a connected system of machinery operated by steam or other motive power; and where the various parts of each movement are all made to a uniform gauge, and may be transferred indiscriminately. All foreign movements are made by different persons employed to make the various parts, each part being made to suit but one place, and each movement fitted to a case which will suit no other movement—no two watches being in any respect identical. To overcome the glaring practical defects of the foreign method of manufacture, the American Watch Company, under the superintendence of Royal E. Robbins, Esq., have established the manufactory at Waltham, Mass., of which we have appended an illustration, in which watches are made in detail by machinery.

The value and importance of the invention and establishment in the United States of watch-making by machinery may be inferred by contrasting it with a statement taken from an article that appeared in a late number of the *Journal of Commerce*, in which the writer endeavors to give the impression that watch-making by machinery has long been practised in

Switzerland, and that the Waltham establishment is but a copy of the watch factories of Geneva. The writer says:

"Yet a few years ago it was stated by M. Arago, that an examination into the watch trade of Paris elicited the fact, that 'not ten watches were made in that city in the course of a year; the immense consumption of France being furnished from Switzerland, and the Swiss works being only examined and rectified by the French manufacturers.' It is also a fact well known in certain quarters in England and Switzerland, that comparatively few of the watches called 'English' are manufactured in Great Britain. Nearly all the flat cylinder watches are purchased by British manufacturers in Geneva and Neufchatel. Their names are stamped upon these articles, and the outside world buy them as the industrial products of Albion. The sale of Swiss watches has not by any means injured the trade in real English watches. Fine chronometers and those large watches, which are simpler in their construction than the Swiss (?) article, are made in Liverpool and London."

After reading the above extract, in which it appears that France and England, aided by Switzerland, owe their watch-making reputation chiefly to systematic false pretences, or a gigantic scheme of watch-stuffing, of which we poor Yankees are made the wholesale victims, it will not be very difficult to perceive the difference in simplicity, efficiency and value between the European and American methods of manufacture.

If, as the writer says, Swiss watches are all made by machinery, and have been for fifty years, it seems somewhat singular that not one in twenty of those bearing either the Swiss, French or English mark do, or can be made to, keep time; while the American watches made, by machinery, are almost necessarily good, reliable time-keepers; the movements being set up and regulated before leaving the manufactory, and, when sold, do not require to be examined and rectified in order to make them keep time.

In regard to "chronometers and those large English watches, which are simpler in their construction than the Swiss article," it is only necessary to say that they are constructed on the principle of the lever escapement, with the fusee and chain arrangement, and have from six to seven hundred more parts than the American watch movements made by machinery, which are also constructed on the simplest and most effective form of the patent lever escapement, running freely with less initial motive power by one-third than the best English watches.

With these facts in view, it is very evident that we must become our own watch-makers, if we would save ourselves from the mock-auction practices so naively exposed.

We are informed that more than ten thousand American watch movements have been manufactured at Waltham during the past year, and that of this number not a single one has been returned on account of imperfection of workmanship or action.

In addition to what has already been done at Waltham, a newly-devised stop-watch has been perfected which measures time to the fourth part of a second; also a fine open-face watch with a substantial gold case, especially designed for ministers and public speakers. This last style of watch will be furnished at a cost of about fifty dollars, and will be equal to the costliest watches in its time-keeping qualities, while the substantial and simple elegance of finish will meet all the requirements of good taste.

The accompanying illustrations are engraved from one of the full-jewelled Waltham movements, and give a perfect idea of the appearance of the works when set up and ready for casing, in which form they are packed and leave the manufactory for market.

One of the finest American watches yet produced was designed and manufactured to order, as a testimonial to Frank Leslie, concerning which we give the following interesting account.

This deserved and admirably appropriate testimonial has received a greatly augmented significance from the recent overwhelming report made against swill milk by Dr. Percy and a committee of the Academy of Medicine, which grew out



WATCH AND CHAIN, PRESENTED TO FRANK LESLIE BY THE LADIES AND CHILDREN OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1859.

of, and more than sustains, the shocking charges and illustrations made by Mr. Leslie, in his *Illustrated Newspaper*, some months since, and which led to a complete explosion of the horrible and murderous swill milk traffic.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN TO
FRANK LESLIE.

A party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Metropolitan Hotel, on Tuesday evening, February 8th, for the purpose of presenting to Frank Leslie a magnificent testimonial of their appreciation of his fearless and praiseworthy exposure of the horrors and the infamies of the swill-milk traffic in New York and elsewhere. The movement was commenced privately among the wives, themselves mothers also, of some of our most eminent physicians, who found sufficient and ready sympathy to have realized many times the sum required for the testimonial gift it was designed to present to Frank Leslie.

The gathering was, indeed, a pleasant and gratifying one both to the donors of the gift and to the recipient. The meeting was called to order, and Mr. Ottarson of the *New York Tribune*, and one of the Board of Councilmen, was chosen chairman. He requested the venerable Dr. Francis to make the presentation to Frank Leslie, and placed the magnificent gold watch and chain in his hands. Dr. Francis then made a most eloquent address, stating briefly, succinctly, but

strongly the invaluable benefits bestowed upon humanity by the fearless and persevering exposure of the horrors of the swill milk trade by Frank Leslie. His praise was warm, cordial and earnest, and was fully endorsed by all present. He said :

"The exposure of an evil is a great step toward its removal. You took that step, and had the sympathies of noble women and just men, of distinguished physicians, of conscientious nurses, of parents, of all who respect God's laws and human welfare. Reflect, sir, for a moment. All this is a prodigious support to any man in the great business of life. Praise like this is medicable for almost any wound."

At the close of his address the revered and beloved Dr. Francis was warmly applauded.

Frank Leslie's response was brief, manly and feeling, and modest withal, and the meeting separated with feelings of mutual satisfaction and esteem.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble hay-cocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzeberg once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like so many young puppies.

There are about six millions of women, upwards of twenty years of age, in the British Isles; of whom nearly one million eight hundred thousand are unmarried. Of widows, there are nearly eight hundred thousand.



REVERSE OF WATCH PRESENTED TO FRANK LESLIE, SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

APRIL, bright, sunny, smiling April, is with us; the darling of all the months of the year and the positive pet of the poets—that month which comes with a laughing face after the storms and frowns of the rugged, boisterous winter. When Nature laughs in the fulness of her coming joy, it would be hard indeed if we poor toil-laden mortals could not for a moment rejoice and be merry.

For a time, at least, we will throw aside the cares which goad into the soul, and rest our eye for awhile upon the hoarded fun of the past month, and spread a portion of it before our readers for their special amusement and delectation.

We heard recently of an ingenious but most unfair way of getting an unusually good dinner, adopted by a "brute" of a husband against a too confiding and affectionate wife. Thus it was:

A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being something of an epicure, he took it into his head that morning that he should like to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed a note to his wife, informing her that "a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with her that day." As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at the hour fixed she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin. A sumptuous dinner was on the table, and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a brother—from the place whence they moved. On opening the door she saw her husband, with a smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied her husband, complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with us to-day."

"Well, said he, good-humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance—an old and true friend?"

"Oh!" she cried, distressingly, "is there nobody but you?"

"No. Nobody but me."

WHEN children undertake to think for themselves, some remarkable mistakes very frequently happen. Curious facts come to light, and history is favored with many new and certainly original readings. We give an illustration of our position:

There was a time when the best existing definition of a man was *animal bipes implume*, a two-legged featherless animal. But I remember an argument held by a boy, which would go to prove that even that definition was entirely false.

"What is the chief difference between birds and men?" asked the tutor.

Boy reflects, and presently comes the answer: "Don't know, sir."

"Think," says the tutor. "try again."

"Don't know, sir."

"Why, look at a sparrow, and then at a man; is there no difference in their appearance?"

"Don't see any, sir."

"Not see! Has not a bird wings, and a man has none?"

"Yes, sir, but men used to have wings."

Tutor jumps out of his seat at this astounding reply, and stares helplessly at the boy.

"Men used to have wings," says the boy again.

The tutor thinks that the boy has read the "Vestiges of Creation" upside down, or lost himself in a maze of philosophy, and calls on the boy to explain.

"I saw it in the 'History of England,'" replies the boy.

"Where?" says the tutor. "Go on."

"Why, sir, it says in the 'History of England' that James II. took flight into France. He couldn't have taken flight if he hadn't had wings!"

A LAWYER in love is not so very remarkable a sight in every day life, but circumstances are capable of throwing a shade of ridicule over anything, and the love case of the lawyer in question is one at which even the sufferer himself could well afford to laugh. Read and judge:

The following incident, which occurred lately, will be recognised by many readers, without the introduction of names. At a country town not very remote, the occasion of a trial of considerable interest called together an unusual array of legal talent. The miserable little tavern of the town was filled, and a portion of the aforesaid talent esteemed it a privilege to procure boarding at the house of a wealthy widow of the place, who had no objection to adding a few more shillings to her heap, by receiving half a dozen agreeable guests, who presented her with flattery without stint, and paid her exorbitant bills without question. The widow had a daughter, who, by the aid of the toilette and a smattering of music, showed off an antiquated piano, and contrived to appear tolerably showy in company. One evening the widow invited the lawyers to spend an evening in her

private parlor, and to meet some young ladies duly invited to meet the gentlemen. In the course of the evening, the widow's daughter played all she knew she could play upon the piano—Archer's Quadrilles, &c.

Among the lawyers was one youthful piece of legal talent, whom we shall call Wilson; he had been admiring the young miss all the evening, but, having no more ear for music than a cow has for a sermon, he became ecstatic when the notes rolled beneath Julia's fingers.

"Beautiful, I declare, miss," said Wilson, at the conclusion of the set, "may I ask what tune you call it?"

"Archer's Quadrilles."

"Beautiful thing, I declare," replied the enchanted lawyer, who commenced paying his most devoted attentions to the gratified Julia. "Might I beg another specimen of that fascinating music?" he at length implored. With something of reluctance, the lady played again. When she concluded, Wilson was in raptures, and, pouring out a torrent of praise, asked the name of that tune.

"Archer's Quadrilles!"

"Splendid music, I declare!" exclaimed Wilson, all unconscious that he had ever heard the tune or the name before. In a little while he begged another tune, which the young lady evidently gave on compulsion; and this time she colored violently, as she replied to his request for the name of the tune—Archer's Quadrilles. The bewildered admirer repeated, and obtained, his request for music twice more during the evening, quite unconscious of the confusion of the poor girl, who could only play one tune; or the misery of the mother at this exposure of her daughter's accomplishments; or of the titbits of his co-talented brethren, who were, by turns, amused at his infatuation, and annoyed by the continual repetition of Archer's Quadrilles.

The next morning Wilson's abstractedness continued; he could not sit quiet; he could not take a maternal cigar; he could not—it is a fact, much as those who know Wilson may doubt it—he could not take his morning bitters. At breakfast, a meal at which Julia never appeared, sat the lawyer in love, totally unconscious of time, space or bread.

"Will you take tea or coffee?" inquired the waitress, a plump specimen of female beauty. Wilson did not hear a word—Julia filled all his subdued soul. "Tea or coffee, sir?" shouted the girl in vain. The lovestruck youth heard nothing. "Will you take tea or coffee?" bawled out the girl this time, with all the energy of impatience and a strong pair of lungs. A sudden glimpse of consciousness darted into Wilson's eyes, he started up with a sudden jerk, and bowing low to the astonished girl, replied in his politest tones:

"I thank you, madam, I will take—Archer's Quadrilles!"

A shout of laughter from his legal friends opened his eyes to the ridiculousness of his position; he rushed from the room, and the sound of wheels soon afterwards informed the party that their love-persecuted brother was on his way to London, to seek in the solitude of his office, escape from the fascinations of Miss Julia, and from recollections of the tune of Archer's Quadrilles.

To those who desire an illustration of a popular idea of what "drawing an inference" means, we commend the following:

"I liked your sermon very much, to-day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you used rather too many technical phrases."

"Did I? I didn't think of it."

"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now, that was Greek to many hearers."

"Oh, no. Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing an inference."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am. Now there is Mr. Smith," pointing out a man just turning the corner, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him, and I will ask him if he can draw an inference, and I do not believe that he will understand me."

Accordingly, the two ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to the said Mr. Smith, his pastor said to him:

"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds quite surprised, and then, rather hesitatingly, said:

"Well, I suppose I could. I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched; but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."

A GREAT poor man is a very poor man indeed. With all the habits of luxury and none of the means to gratify them he presents a pitiable picture indeed:

The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money—would to heaven that the want were confined to the Prince of Conti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to him one morning and said:

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn."

"Give them hay and corn, then," said the prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn-chandlers refuse to supply me any more until their accounts are discharged."

"Ah! that alters the matter," quoth the prince very gravely.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have!—call my steward."
The steward appears.
"So the corn-chandlers and farmers refuse us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the prince.
"Yes, my lord."
"Humph! who does give us credit?"
"No one, your highness."
"No one?"
"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastrycook does."
"Honest fellow, we must encourage him," cried the prince.
"Coachman, your affair is settled—give the horses cheese-cakes and custards."

A CURIOUS animal is a *violet de place*. He knows everything and everybody, and believes himself, indeed, to be omniscient. He is ready for every emergency, and by his cool impudence transforms his very mistakes into evidences of superior tact. For instance:

An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly describe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as—"English gentleman of independent property."

"But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you."

"I can't exactly pronounce it, sir, but I copied it from your port manteau."

"But it is not there, bring me the book."

What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself. "Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather."

PRACTICAL jokes as a general thing are to be universally condemned, but there are innocent jokes of a practical kind which, being utterly devoid of malice, are provocative of mirth only. Among the latter class we may place the following:

An old and well-known French hairdresser of a neighboring city has, for the past three months, been the subject of a practical joke of a rather comical character. Two brothers, well known in railroad circles, are remarkable for their striking likeness to each other. In height, size, features, complexion, color of the hair, and manner of wearing it, each is a facsimile of the other; nay, even to the cut and color of their coats, pantaloons and vests, there is the same resemblance, nor could those famous eastern curiosities, the Siamese twins, if the cord that links them together were cut, so completely mystify a community as to which was which, than the brothers in question. Three months since the elder made arrangements with the aforesaid fashionable French barber to shave by the quarter, and, as he paid liberally, there was no stipulation or restriction as to the number of times during the week that it should be the duty of the tonsor to take him by the nose. Chancing to mention this arrangement to his brother, the latter suggested a joke at the expense of the barber, which was forthwith adopted. One brother would undergo the operation one day, and the other, successfully personating him, would occupy the same seat the day following. Now, neither of the brothers could boast of a remarkably heavy beard, and it was therefore a matter of astonishment to Monsieur F——, the French coiffeur, to perceive how very rapidly, to all appearance, the hirsute covering of the chin and upper lip of his quarterly customer grew.

"Sacre, monsieur," said he good humoredly, as he was one day lathering the well-known face, "von sall judge nevare by appearance. I have shave barbes plenty vat sall look strong as de diable, but I sall nevare shave von barbe zat sall grow as zis barbe vat you has."

Matters went on smoothly until one of the brothers missed his accustomed day; the other, however, underwent the usual operation the next morning, and was operated upon by the dexterous fingers of Monsieur F—— himself. That same evening, the other, with a beard of nearly four days' growth, entered the saloon, and seating himself in an easy chair, requested F—— to shave him as rapidly as possible, as he was going to a party.

Perhaps the operator had a thought that shaving twice a day was piling the quarterly privilege a little too strong, but he said nothing until, as he was tucking the napkin under the chin, his gaze was fascinated by the extraordinary growth of what he supposed to be only a few hours.

"Mon Dieu!" at length he gasped, "by gar, monsieur, zis is vat ye call him, ze most magnifique barbe in ze country. Ze grand Turk sall give beaucoup l'argent, mosh money plenty for such barbe," and bestowing a goodly cup of lather upon the face and chin of his customer, he continued, "Diable! I have shave many barbes twice in von day, but I nevare shave one barbe vat sall grow so much as zis!"

The customer, in his effort to suppress his laughter, gulped down a disagreeable portion of the lather, but he nevertheless succeeded in avoiding a loud explosion at that time, reserving the denouement for next day, when both the brothers entered the saloon together, and stood before the amazed hairdresser.

In a few words they explained the joke which had been played upon him, and made all right by paying him a double dose for the quarter.

"Ah, messieurs," said he, "I have shave many barbes, but I nevare sall shave two barbes so ver mosh like as dese barbes vat you

sall have." Then, after a thoughtful pause, he asked, "Messieurs, you is married?"

Upon being answered in the negative, he winked his eyes, nodded his head, and remarked:

"Zen, messieurs, if you sall get marry, it is ver mosh best zat you sall live ver far apart, or you sall see ze wives sall make von little mistake, ze same as I make with the barbes."

"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world? said a parson to a young member of the church.

"Why, yes, sir," replied the hopeful convert, "I should think so, two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

"DONALD, said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism to her son, 'what's a slander?"

"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "awee! I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an over true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

A TIPPLER who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly-painted. Showing himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, but exclaimed, "Well, that are a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

THIS most remarkable case of indecision we ever heard of, was that of the man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

THE Cuban ladies must be model women, for, according to Madame Le Vert, "They never speak ill of each other, but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex."

"JOHN, spell effects."

"F. x."

"Right." Next spell seedy.

"C. d."

"Right again." Now spell cakes.

"K. a. x."

"There's a good boy!" said his mother, handing Johnny some of the latter.

A LAZY fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family.

"Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

A DOCTOR went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O doctor, you're a great butcher!" To which the doctor rejoined—"O yes, I'm used to sticking calves."

A YOUNG lady who lately gave an order to her milliner for a bonnet, said, "You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

THE latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, the other evening, rapped him on the face, and bade good night to the door.

WE have enjoyed the world as much as others, but have never been happier than when a boy we found a partridge's nest with eleven eggs in it.

A FACETIOUS boy asked one of his playmates, "Why is a hardware dealer like a bootmaker?"

The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up.

"Why," said the other, "because one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

"I'LL pay your bill at sight," as the blind man said to the doctor, who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

A YOUNG lady is charged with having said that, if a cart-wheel has nine fellows, it's a pity if a pretty girl like her can't have one.

WHEN one asks a question it is pleasant to be answered to the point. For instance:

"Hallo, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"

"A rabbit?"

"Yes? be quick! a rabbit!"

"Was it a kind of gray varmint?"

"Yes! yes!"

"A longish cretur, with a short tail?"

"Yes, be quick or he'll gain his burrow."

"Had it long legs behind, and big ears?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And sort of jumps when he runs?"

"Yes, I tell you! jumps when it runs!"

"Well, I haint seen such a cretur about here."

A MAN cannot be too particular as to who he embraces. Ac-

cidents will of course happen, and we entirely exonerate the military gentleman :

A gallant colonel took his wife and lady friend out to see a parade on a late gala day. In their progress it became necessary to cross a thoroughfare, never an easy undertaking, and now more perilous and doubtful than ever. At last the colonel espied an opening, and seizing, as he supposed, his lady around the waist, remarking there was no time to lose, nashed her at a rapid pace across, and after securing his charge in a place of safety, the fair one, whose face proved to be as black as tar, returned the courtesy, by exclaiming, "Tank ye, sir; tank ye, sir!" The colonel immediately looked back to his place of starting, where he discovered his wife and friend in high glee at his blunder.

EJACULATIONS are wonderful aids to those who have nothing to say and wish to say something. They are the successful deserts of blank minds, the saving crutch to the lame conversationalist. We subjoin a common specimen :

"I came from York by the mail train."—"Indeed!" "I came by the Great Northern."—"Dear me!" "The engine broke down soon after starting."—"Lor!" "But was quickly replaced by another sent from the York depot."—"S; oh!"—"and hurried off again very much alarmed, but not hurt."—"Did you now?"—"but we were destined to sustain another fright."—"Good gracious!"—"a luggage van caught fire!"—"Good heavens!"—"but fortunately seen by the guard."—"So oh!"—"and a. once uncoupled!"—"Ah!"—"and effectually extinguished!"—"Indeed!"—"and we arrived in London only ten minutes after the usual time." "Gracious me!"

We copy the following malicious slander for the purpose solely of branding it as such :

Not long ago, among the lakes of Killarney, a lady, more than ordinarily crinolined, attempted to mount on muleback, when, to the dismay of herself and husband, but to the amusement of their friends, she found the feat to be so utterly impracticable, that after repeated trials, the husband suggested the removal of the obstacle, which was at once effected, and the journey proceeded with—Benedict having hired a Celt for the sum of three shillings and sixpence, to carry the cast-off article, which he did by sporting it himself. So extensive was the apparatus that the head of the carrier was the only part of him that was visible during the journey

SCIENTIFIC knowledge is never thrown away. It is useful even in domestic life. See how Mr. Dossle proved that :

The late Mr. Dossle was a man of ready resources. "My dear," said his wife, one evening when company was expected, "we have no white sugar." "Sweeten it in the kettle with brown, then," remarked Dossle, "and add seven drops of essence of orange."

At tea Mr. Dossle entertained his wife's friends with the fact that Professor Squigeltch had discovered that lump sugar boiled in the tea gave it a delicious aromatic flavor, and that he, as an especial mark of grace, had been trying it for their benefit.

THERE is no pleasing some men. An obstinate, discontented man is an awkward customer, and our minister found in one not only a grumbler but a bit of a satirist :

A dry crust of a fellow who was unhappy with his preacher because the dry vine, as Carlyle would call him, could not penetrate the thick ligament that covered the crusty man's soul, signified to the minister his desire to have a pew nearer the pulpit.

"Can't you hear?"

"Yes."

"Can't you see?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you change?"

"Because," said the obdurate one, "I am so far off, that when your words get to me they are as flat as dishwater."

At an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Troibathe excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them."

WE RAN.—A traveller, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great matter in it, "for," said he, "we ran and they ran after us."

VERY LIKELY.—A fellow was arrested for stealing ducks, and after a description of them, the counsel for the prisoner said, "Why, they can't be such a rare breed, for I've some like them in my yard." "Very likely," said the complainant; "I've lost a good many ducks lately."

CAN'T BE BEAT.—"You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a music-dealer. "Yes, first-rate—all new—can't be beat," was the response. "If that's so," said Quiz, "I must look elsewhere." "Why?" asked the amazed dealer. "Because," replied Quiz, "I want a drum!"

ONE OF THE BOYS.—"Frank," said an affectionate lady, the other day, to a promising young son, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care anything at all about work."

"Mother," replied the young hopeful, "I've got so already."

RUDE HEALTH.—It is extremely rude when a strong robust fellow keeps bragging about it in the presence of an invalid.

A NEAT DISTINCTION.—Father—Well, Charles, you have come up, I suppose, to keep your Christmas in town? Clever son—No, sir; not keep my Christmas, but rather to spend it.

A GOOD RETORT.—Once a Hindoo said to Dr. Carey, as he began to preach, "Do you think to teach us anything? Why, see! you have no beard!" The preacher stopped him, and said, "Hold, my brother; goats have beards, but do they preach?"

THE HONEYMOON.—A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And let there be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

An editor in speaking of his domestic increase, gives the following :

"Sound the stage-horn, blast the trumpet,

That the wailing world may know;

Publish it through all the borders,

Even unto Jericho!

Seize your pen, oh, dreaming poet,

And in numbers smooth as may be,

Spread afar the joyful tidings,

Betsy's got another baby!"

A DIGGER.—A gentleman having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.

"And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which I dig up from it?"

To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "Have the pit made large enough to hold all!"

THREE CLASSES.—The violin player, Solomons, who gave lessons to George III., once said to his royal pupil, "Violin players are divided into three classes. To the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second belong those who play very miserably; and to the third, those who play finely. your majesty has already elevated yourself to the rank of the second class."

A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusions to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the Poor Laws—"You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave acquiescence in these pithy words—"Yes, I am aware of that—you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

AN inspector of schools, while lately examining the children of a country school, asked them the following questions:

"Are there any mountains in Palestine?"

"Yes," replied the children.

"How are they situated?" inquired the inspector.

"Some are in clusters, and there are some isolated ones," they answered.

"What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the inspector.

"Why, covered with ice, of course!" quietly replied the children.

"Ah, you're at the schule now, are ye?" was the interrogatory of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education.

"An' d'ye like the schule, my man?"

"Yes," whispered the boy.

"That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar, I'se warrand. How far are ye, hinny?"

"Second dux."

"Second dux; says ye? Od, man, he deserves something for that" (thrusting two whole penny-pieces into the hand of the delighted urchin).

"An' hoo mony's in ye'r class?"

"Me, an a lassie."

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.—If, therefore, thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend!

WHY is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he is the querist.

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.—The man who plants a birch-tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

"Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged school-master.

"Yes, master."

"Well, what do you think I will do to you?"

"Why, let me off."

HUMAN ARITHMETIC.



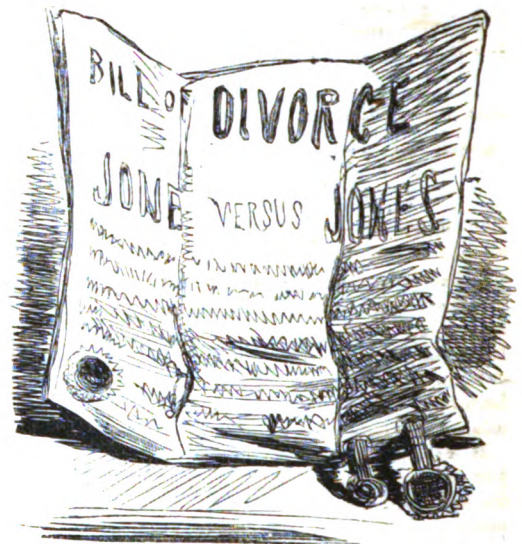
(An) Addition (to the Family).



Subtraction.



Multiplication.



Division.



A Vulgar Fraction.



A Single Fraction



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR APRIL.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

The sudden advent of a spring that in its warmth and brilliance almost rivals summer, has naturally caused a great demand for those light and graceful fabrics which are peculiarly suited to it; and it is doubtful whether at any former period the style and quality of the organdies, grenadines, and tissues and other summer goods has been either more tasteful or more excellent.

A. T. STEWART has, of course, the largest choice of such matters, and some of the brocaded silks, pearl-color and white, mauve and white, and two shades of mode, are singularly beautiful. Some of the brocaded white dresses, also, gleam more like frosted silver than anything else.

STRANG, ADRIANCE & Co., 355 Broadway, display the most beautiful assortment of



1. GIRL'S HAT.

grenadines and organdies we ever examined. Many of these are made exclusively for this firm; they are invariably double-skirted, with the design on both skirts, modified to the length of each. The grenadines have immense plaids, formed of the close and gauzy material, alternately. This delicate gauze is of twisted silk, almost as strong as fine wire, so that it wears as well as the solid parts of the material. There was one lovely dress of violet, with black and white; another of gray, with broad brown stripes, and a bayadere chiné pattern. Wreaths, medallions and bouquets are seen on the solid parts, in chiné, with broad stripes surrounding them.

Lovely bareges also are imported exclusively by this house. We noticed one of black, with a design in rich groseille silk, on which medallions containing bouquets of flowers in their natural colors were



2. GLENGARRY CAP.

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3. LEGHORN BONNET.

FROM GENIN'S BAZAAR. SEE PAGE 376.



4. GIRL'S BONNET.

placed at intervals. A double row of these medallions ornamented each skirt.

UBSDELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co., to whom we are indebted for one of our illustrations, maintain the high character of their establishment for taste, excellence and moderation of price. Their stock for the summer season is both extensive and well chosen.

Amongst other features of their silk department are flounced robes, in minute plaids, brown, lilac, pink, blue, green or gray, with white. Rich satin stripes of the leading color form the bordering of the flounce.

Nothing is more lady-like for walking or demi-toilette dress than these elegant and unpretentious robes; and we are glad to see that they are likely to become popular. The texture of those at Messrs. Ubsdell's is excellent.

GENIN'S BAZAAR is now more than ever a feature of the city of New York, since the proprietor has removed his down-town establishment to the vicinity of those so well-known under the St. Nicholas. It is the most complete emporium for wearing apparel, useful or ornamental, or both, for ladies, children and gentlemen, in any part of the world with which we—who have seen the leading cities in each quarter of the globe—have yet been acquainted; and in general arrangement and excellence, it may challenge competition with any other, however that other may be apparently on a more manageable scale. Visitors cannot fail to appreciate the convenience of being able to obtain every article requisite for a complete outfit under a single roof. We have availed ourselves so largely this month of the novelties exhibited by Mr. Genin for our illustrations of fashion, that we cannot devote further space to them at present; but the newly organized Bazaar is certainly a subject to which we shall return.

At JAMES GRAY & Co.'s, No. 729 Broadway, we were favored with a sight of a dress and lace tunic flounce, the fac-simile of those worn by the Princess Clotilde at her marriage. They were made expressly for this firm, and intended for the marriage of a certain youthful American lady. Alas! winds and waves combined against her; the unusually long passage of the steamer which brought the dress prevented its arriving in time for the ceremony; and some other fair bride may yet enjoy the pleasure of being, on her wedding-day, robed like a princess. It is to be hoped, however, that her fate may not be as similar as the dresses; for if one-half the reports that are current as to the honeymoon of the poor young Italian princess be true, her lot in life will be a most unenviable one.

But the dress! Truly it is a marvel of art. A rich white silk, with a double skirt, the design of which is wrought in cut and uncut velvet; the flowers, roses, rosebuds, foliage, might almost be plucked, in spite of the absence of color to aid the deception. The trimming of the body corresponds of course. The point lace dress to be worn over it is a deep flounce in the tunic form. It is four and a half yards long, and the depth of the robe itself. The tunic style gives a scope for elegance of design which a plain flounce would not have done; and the artist has availed himself of it to produce a truly magnificent work. The border is exquisite, and up each side of the front are bouquets of flowers, roses, forget-me-nots, fuschias and others, perfect wonders. We do not think that the wedding-dress of the Queen of England—the beauty of which was so eulogized—equalled this tunic in design. The price is moderate, too, for such a fabric, \$900.

Messrs. James Gray have also imported a beautiful point shawl, of large dimensions and design, to correspond with the dress, intended to complete this elegant bridal toilette.

Beside such silk and lace as we have described, the splendors of any ordinary dress must "pale their ineffectual light;" but the novelties imported by this firm will command, this season, even more than their usual attention. In every branch of the summer trade they display a charming selection of goods, which are distinguished by the excellence of the quality, and the general taste of the designs.

A good many of their organdie and lawn dresses are in designs which give them the appearance of tunics, without really being so. These and many others of the most beautiful patterns are imported exclusively by this house.

We noticed also some dresses in brilliant tartan patterns, the material *poil de chevre*, intended for spring and summer wear, very showy and distinguished; although for our own part, we think quieter tints more suitable to the coming season.

Some tulle ball dresses, embroidered in chenille, are selling here at very low prices. They will be just the thing for hops at the summer watering-place hotels.

At Jackson's Mourning Warehouse, No. 551 Broadway, we find the many novelties distinguished by the same excellent taste and idea of fitness we have before remarked as its characteristic. While every material is as good and rich as can be desired, all is appropriately plain and without lustre. We were shown some Baratheas and Ottoman silks, of substance enough to make them almost stand alone, one and a half yards wide, and only five dollars a yard. These silks could, indeed, be worn out of mourning with perfect propriety; their wear would be almost endless; and as five yards would suffice for a dress, it would not be much more expensive than a glacé. At the present time, black is so fashionable for out-door costume, that no lady's wardrobe can be considered as complete without, at least, one good black silk dress; and nothing in the New York stores can look richer than these beautiful goods. A rich soft material, known as Thibet, suitable both for shawls and dresses, is made of the extraordinary width of two and a quarter yards.

In place of bombazine, softer, more durable, and having the advantage of being the same on both sides, is the cloth called "Maltese." It also has no lustre. As the season advances a little, it will probably be superseded by a new material, also imported by this house, termed Spanish crape, which is somewhat lighter and thinner, but still not quite so thin as barege. Both these materials are two and a quarter yards wide.

Another novelty of this house is called Japanese silk; it is something of the same texture as India pongee, but superior in quality. It is in small black and white checks, stripes and other patterns. The designs in mourning lawns, muslins and calicoes are also very rich and beautiful.

In the mantle and bonnet department the same good taste is visible. The new "Clotilde" mantle is especially rich and handsome. It is composed of alternate stripes of crape and silk, of a pyramidal form, so that they are very narrow at the neck, and wide at the bottom of the garment, which is finished by two deep bias folds of crape. The hood is of crape, pointed at the back, with a rich crape tassel and ornament. The shape of this cloak is most becoming.

Several of Mrs. Jackson's bonnets are composed principally of ribbon; but there are some of white Spanish crape, trimmed with black lace and appropriate flowers, which we thought exceedingly pretty. A rich deep tint of violet arcophane, with black lace, and one of those fashionable black lace medallions on the crown, was also conspicuous for its elegance.

Suitable apparel for deep mourning, including widows' bonnets, shawls and mantles, is a *specialité* of this house; and the good taste of Mrs. Jackson insures her executing with perfect propriety any order which may be left to her discretion at a time when, perhaps, the intending wearer of mourning is unable herself to select it. Nothing looks in worse taste than gaudy mourning; and we think that Mrs. Jackson's patronesses need not fear being exposed to the imputation of wearing it.

Our expectations of the style and taste which would distinguish the importations of Madame HARRIS & Son, No. 571 Broadway, have been fully realized; and we are sure that their stock, this season, cannot fail to add to the number of their patronesses. A charming novelty, which makes the bonnets at this establishment *distingué*, without being in the least *outré*, is especially noticeable in their recent importations.

Amongst many other productions worthy of comment we saw a demi-toilette hat of Belgian straw, bound round the face and curtain with sky blue velvet. This curtain was of white silk, bound at each edge, and quilled so as to leave a ruching along the top. A bouquet of poppies, wheat ears and corn flowers, apparently knotted together with a cord of fancy straw, the tassels of which mingled with wheat ears trims it. The bandeau of white satin ribbon, on another of black lace lying on the fore-

head. It is so much more difficult to find a half dress bonnet perfectly *comme il faut* than one for full dress, that we have taken some pains to describe this one minutely.

Another of Madame ALEXANDRINE's productions, displayed by Madame Harris, is of white chip, with a puffed blonde crown, almost covered by a fall of rich blonde lace. A similar one covers the curtain. The front is trimmed with narcissus and grass, intermixed with pearl colored ribbon, and more blonde. The bandeau is also composed of the narcissus flower and peach ribbon, with grass.

A bonnet intended for slight mourning, at this house, also attracted our attention. It was of rich black lace, with a bouquet of purple poppies, and long, grassy streamers of the same color, on one side. The bandeau composed of white roses, with geraniums and purple poppies. The "Rough and Ready" straws, for morning toilette, with straw trimming à l'Impératrice, are also found here at a very moderate price.

At the establishment of R. T. WILDE & Co., 251 Broadway, we observed a pretty bonnet of fine split straw, with a drawn crown of groseille silk. It was barred across by a network of straw and white bugles; and trimmed with a fringed gimp, of Neapolitan straw, and bugles. The curtain was of silk, edged with straw and black lace, and a moss trimming, graduated, and terminating in tassels of groseille, made a novel finish to the brim. The bandeau was of groseille and white ribbon, with flowers and black lace.

There were other charming bonnets and head-dresses at this establishment which we admired much, and would gladly describe did our space permit us to do so. Mrs. McAdam's taste and experience in the management insure its entirely answering the expectations of its patrons.

Mrs. SIMMONS, 564 Broadway, has some very charming Parisian bonnets, among which we will characterize one of white whalebone. Over the crown was a lozenge-shaped piece of black lace, and black lace and white tulle trimmed the curtain. A large bouquet of double violets, with leaves, were placed on one side, falling partly over the cape. On the other side, a similar bouquet was at the edge of the front. The bandeau of violet ribbon, gathered at intervals, with meekallion rosettes of black lace edging.

Miss D'ORSEY, 683 Broadway, is another excellent milliner, whose good taste will certainly insure her a large connection when her merits are sufficiently known. We saw in her show room a drawn bonnet of *perle-gris* arcophane intermingled with deep groseille ribbon. These two colors and materials alternated both in the edge of the brim and of the curtain. The bandeau was a charming novelty, which, being her own idea, it would be unjust to describe too minutely. A splendid bouquet of variously colored roses and May, and the richest ribbons we almost ever saw, completed this *distingué* bonnet. Sure that many of our lady readers will be pleased to notice and patronise a modest and industrious young girl, striving to provide for herself and younger sisters, we have particular pleasure in making this young lady's artistic merits known to them.

AITKEN, late MOLYNEUX BELL, 303 Canal street, has some unique specimens of lace mantles — had we should say, since the entire first consignment was sold off for the South, as soon as it was opened; and it was only by good fortune we succeeded in seeing any of the specimens. They were of rich Barcelona lace, made exclusively for Aitken & Co. One was called the Royal Spanish mantle; it had a deep flounce, and a cape or fold, making it into something like a doubled scarf, but enabling the wearer to draw it over the head and shoulders after the fashion of Spanish women. Another variety was called the Cherbourg mantle—a deep circular with hood, lined with rich blue silk.

BULPIN, 415 Broadway, exhibits a large and well assorted stock of mantles and shawls, from the Chesterfield of summer cloth for a few dollars to the richly embroidered scarf mantelet, with its deep lace flounces. For morning wear, the Chesterfield seems to be the most popular style of outer garment; and as it leaves the arms free for action without exposing them to the wind, and also covers the dress well, it is probably one of the most convenient of wraps. It is made in drab, gray, ashes of roses and various other fashionable colors; double-breasted, of course, and with natty little pockets at each side. It is also

made in black silk, which, besides being more dressy, has the advantage of not looking quite so *fast*. The silk mantles, whether circular, Chesterfield or scarf shape, are almost universally trimmed with quilled silk in box-plaiting. Some of the silk Chesterfields have large open sleeves of an extremely pretty shape, with Burnous hood.

The Burnous mantelet at Bulpin's is a circular of rich glacé silk, with a pointed hood. It is trimmed with narrow velvet fringe and moss trimming. Some of the scarf mantelets, of velvet, have two deep flounces of rich lace one above the other. These are commendable on the score of economy as well as elegance, since they are so made that the warm wadded velvet centre may readily be changed for one of silk or lace, and thus the same garment will be equally suitable for early spring and the middle of summer. The lace will also trim a winter mantle afterwards most elegantly. It is much better, therefore, to spend a few dollars more on a scarf trimmed with handsome lace, than to select one which does not possess such powers of adaptability.

The lace at this establishment is generally of very rich designs; and one mantle we noticed had not only guipure trimming but a tassel of guipure lace. It looks altogether a very elegant and finished garment.

A. T. STEWART displays one of the richest collections of camel's hair shawls ever seen in this country. The designs of many of these beautiful wraps are unique; and the value from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. This is a large sum, apparently, to give for a single article of dress, and may be considered as an extravagance by those who do not remember that a real India shawl hardly loses in value even after many years of wear, while it stamps the possessor with a certain position and consideration in the world, that ten times the amount laid out in modern finery and jewels would never give. In France, *un véritable cachemire* is as essential to the trousseau of a bride of any pretension to fashion, as the wedding-dress itself; and though the passion for cachemires may sometimes be regarded almost as a mania, we must acknowledge that, in the first place, no sort of shawl or mantle ever looks so well; and in the next, that if a large sum of money is to be spent on any article of dress, it is a grand investment to buy something which will not lose in value with age. Stewart's lace and velvet mantles are especially beautiful this season.

Flowers, which were never in greater request than at the present moment, can be nowhere obtained in greater variety, or at a more extensive range of prices, than at the firm of S. & J. GOULDING, 18 John street. Geraniums, formed and tinted so accurately to nature that you might almost expect them to have perfume as well as beauty; delicate heaths; cysanthemums, with long drooping grasses glittering with dew; tulips for trimming crape bonnets; laurel and laurestinus blossoms, and roses and rosebuds of every species and shade, may be found here. There are also charming bouquets of spring flowers, comprising hyacinths, forget-me-nots, lilacs, roses, coreopsis, mignonette and anemones, mingled with feathery natural grasses; and the narcissus, which is one of the most popular of fashionable flowers, this season. These bouquets are designed especially to trim dresses for balls and hops. They decorate the skirt, *en tablier*, and the sleeves; one is also placed on the centre of the corsage, and another will form part of the head-dress. At Goulding's there are also a great variety of feathered flowers, and a beautiful selection of azaleas. The flowers we have mentioned especially are French; but the productions of American flower-makers can also be obtained here, at, of course, a much cheaper rate.

Plumes, marabout and ostrich, in black, white and the leading tints, are kept at this house; and the prices will be found very moderate.

Lace for trimmings, broad and narrow, black and white, forms also part of the stock; and the squares, medallions and fanchons of black lace, used so much for trimming bonnets, and especially for covering the crowns, will be found here in choice and excellent variety.

Illusion goods and lace sets are now made up especially for Messrs. Goulding, whose own good taste, directing the milliner in her operations, insures these pretty articles being both cheap



SIDE VIEW OF NEWEST STYLE OF HEAD-DRESSING BY W. J. BARKER. SEE PAGE 378.

and tasteful. Some of the morning sets here are sold under a dollar—for collar and sleeves. They look very pretty, and will wear a long time without becoming soiled.

The ribbons of Messrs. Goulding have long been known to the readers of this Magazine, and we noticed, last month, in our pages, their excellent and extensive stock.

Talking of flowers reminds us that Mrs. STEWART, 326 Canal street, has a charming collection of them. No better illustration is needed of the truth of Dr. Chapin's maxim, that enthusiasm in all trades is necessary to success, than in the selection of Mrs. Stewart, who, possessing that necessary natural endowment, an eye for color, with knowledge of natural flowers and intense love of them, brings her taste and skill and liking into her business, and collects around her such a veritable garden of Flora as must delight her customers. Moreover, they will find at her store the politeness and attention they might naturally expect from one whose artistic tastes are so cultivated; and civility to customers



PUFF FOR THE SIDE HAIR.

is a virtue by no means so common anywhere as to have lost its charm.

LICHTENSTEIN, 387 Broadway, does, as usual, his very best to cater for the wants of the ribbon-buying community. His stock of the Rubans Dahlia and fringed ribbons is very extensive. We should think that, innumerable as are the tints of the fashionable robes, there could be no difficulty in providing any with suitable trimmings at this busy emporium, which is thronged from morning till night by customers matching for robes and selecting for bonnets, until it is more like a beehive, with its incessant hum, than any common store. Among the fringed ribbon trimming is one we especially remarked, each medallion resembling the eye on a peacock's tail, while above, on a gimp border, is a rich moss tuft of the leading color. It is most effective and beautiful; and being made in every color, can be had to suit almost any dress.

A very pretty ribbon, for either bonnet or dress trimmings, is a narrow stripe of one color (groseille, pink, violet or blue), with white. A handsome



BACK VIEW OF NEWEST STYLE OF HEAD-DRESSING BY W. J. BARKER. SEE PAGE 378.

bright plaid, on a white ground, with broad brown or claret stripe on one side, and narrow blue on the other, is another novelty. This style was, as usual, in many colors. Another charming one was in shades of soft fawn, each stripe darker than the other, and one bright color in ribbon silk at the edge. The fashionable combination of black and white with French blue, groseille, Pomona green or peach in very rich plaid and other ribbons will be found here in any imaginable variety.

We must not abandon the subject of ribbons without commendation of the very choice and beautiful style which distinguishes those of the firm of MITCHELL & MCCLINTOCK, 599 Broadway. What James Gray's establishment is in dresses, laces, and so on, that of Mitchell & McClintock is in ribbons. Bonnet ribbons, shirred and dahlia trimming, and a large assortment of the beautiful moss, tufted and medallion fringed ribbons may be seen here. A specimen is now lying before us, an oval embossed medallion in violet, on a white ground, with looped white fringe on both sides, alternated with a smaller circle with a violet moss tuft and violet looped fringe.

Of course the same and other beautiful designs are in all leading colors. The daisy trimming for the edges of tarletane flounces, sleeves, &c., has a small pink daisy—an artificial flower set at intervals on a band of white ribbon, with a fringed design between every two daisies.

A novelty of this house is the bullion crimped trimming for sleeves and collars. The mourning sets made with it are par-

ticularly chaste and elegant; but it is made in many colors.

The sets of sleeves and collars here are well worth notice.

D. CLARKE & Co., No. 643 Broadway, corner of Bleecker, have some striking novelties in the way of morning caps, notoriously among the most difficult articles to find at once moderate and becoming. Those we saw there were principally of illusion, with large capes or curtains covered with bows of quilled illusion also; and across the top of the cap, and coming down in long strings to fasten under the chin, broad taffetas ribbon, edged with another, set on somewhat full. The narrow ribbon so set on is not more than inch wide. It neither matches precisely, or contrasts well with, the wider. One had a broad violet ribbon edged with narrow white, another a pink edged with pink.

The head-dresses and other millinery articles of this house display, generally speaking, considerable taste.

There is nothing strikingly novel in the chaussure department, except the prevalence of delicate flower trimmings for ball and dress slippers.

MADAME HILL, 571 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan, has some charming importations of Parisian morning and dress shoes. The Pompadour heel is very generally worn; and on some of the mule and other slippers a still higher heel, known as the *talon prolongé*. We noticed at this establishment some charmingly embroidered mules, of cerise satin, worked in gold bullion and beads, trimmed with ruching of cerise rib-

bon and black lace, and with large bows of ribbon and lace, and gold buckles.

Very thick boots will still be worn, for some time at least, by the prudent part of the community, who thus secure themselves against some of the most mischievous effects of the rapid transitions of temperature. Madame Hill's walking boots and gaiters are of the first class Parisian manufacture; and, considering the excellence of the articles, they are very moderate in price.

"At CLYDE & BLACK'S, No. 401 Broadway, we inspected a very choice and beautiful stock of summer parasols. French blue, mode, and an exquisite lavender, appear to be the favorite tints; whilst there is also a large assortment of browns, greens and other colors suitable for everyday wear. All the parasols of the coming season will be lined, an excellent fashion, and one which cannot be too highly commended, especially for those who are exposed to the brilliance and glare of an American summer sun. The lining is generally manufactured expressly for this purpose of silk of various colors, with a rich chiné border. A handsome lace pattern is woven in points on the outer silk of the parasol. The points are alternately large and small, the latter coming on the rib and the former between every two. Very handsome fringe, or a double row of rich black lace, finishes this elegant and useful appendage to the toilet.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

GLANCING over the foreign papers and journals of fashion, and inspecting, with some care, the importations of our own leading dry goods houses, we are first led to remark that, in some form or other, double skirts are inevitable, in every really fashionable dress. In many, and especially in ball costumes, the second skirt takes the form of a tunic, and is, perhaps, of a different material to the under one; silk, satin, or even velvet, being worn over a jupe of tarlatane, lace or muslin. In organdie, lawn, grenadine and silk dresses, the double skirt takes the form of two deep flounces. To make this style of robe really becoming to the figure, care must be taken that the upper skirt be not too short, nor the lower one too scanty. Either of these faults gives an ungraceful "petticoat and upper skirt" appearance to a woman; as if she had been trying to dress herself *à la Chinoise* and lacked only the Tartar physiognomy and deformity of the feet to succeed. No dress will ever look graceful that does not flow in larger dimensions towards the lower part. Nor can a highly ornamented short skirt, over a plain lower one, however full that lower one may be, ever look really graceful. Fashion may reconcile us to many absurdities, and to that amongst others; but no artist, who understood his profession, would like to paint the portrait of the most beautiful woman, if the graceful contour of her figure were disguised in such a dress.

As we have mentioned before, however, the lower one of almost all the double-skirted dresses of the coming season has the same rich design as the upper skirt.

The patterns of organdies and grenadines are, for the most part, in rich bouquets or pyramidal groups of flowers, on barred or striped grounds. One such group will occupy, perhaps, the centre of each breadth. Many of the designs are exquisite.

Chiné silks, in bayadere stripes, and large plaids are likely to be very popular, and small checks, with handsome satin striped borders to the flounces, are made, this season, of excellent quality, and will be much worn for morning toilette.

The designs in brilliants, lawns and calicoes are mostly small and delicate chintz or flower patterns, on pure white ground. There are some, however, *à la*, in rich and bold patterns. At STRANG, ADRIANOS & Co.'s., 355 Broadway, we noticed a corded pique, in white, buff and some soft tints, with small chintz patterns, which would, we think, have the advantage of not being so readily crushed as most other summer materials.

As yet the out-door garments are decidedly wraps. Chesterfields or large circular mantles, which will, in time, give place to scarfs, scarf mantelets and lace mantles. Shawls, except of

a very rich and handsome kind, are not so much seen in the street as usual. As the season advances, they will become more popular.

Straw bonnets will, during the early spring, be much worn. They are not so small as during the last two years; and are more *évasé* (open) at the sides. The coarse straws known as "Rough and Ready" are decidedly fashionable for morning wear; but fine Belgian and English straw are also in vogue. The curtains will be made of silk or ribbon, quilled about an inch from the edges in box plaits, so that each has a *ruche* heading. Black and white, in plaids or minute stripes are the leading colors in almost every bonnet ribbon, varied by the admixture of one or more bright tints. Thick straw cord, with a tassel at each end, is often used to trim these coarse straw bonnets. The edges are often bound with plaid or plain velvet. A bandeau across the forehead, composed of bows and ends lying flat on the hair, or of lace and ribbon, or flowers, is always a part of the interior trimming; the all-round blonde ruching having quite disappeared.

For ball dresses—tulle, tarlatane and all other transparent materials are much used; and nothing looks so becoming to the youthful figure floating through the mazes of the dance. However rich may be the material of a silk or satin dress, still it will not compare in effect with a simple, well-made tarlatane; nor will any amount of jewellery ever look so well as an ornament to youth and beauty as the delicate flowers, close imitations of the productions of Nature, which are, at the present time, the decorations most in vogue.

We notice this fact especially at one of those pleasant "hops" for which the Metropolitan Hotel is so celebrated—and which pervaded, as they and all the other arrangements of the establishment are, by the genial and courteous spirit of the proprietors, have contributed to imparting that social and family feeling among the inmates for which the Metropolitan Hotel of New York is known, not through America only, but even in Paris and London. Most enjoyable are these social gatherings, occurring about every three weeks during the season, where guests and friends only being invited, everybody knows everybody, and the ball takes the aspect of a large, very large family party. We have always understood that it has been the aim of Messrs. LELAND, of the Metropolitan, to promote this feeling of harmony and union among their guests; and we can readily imagine that the frequent recurrence of these hops during the season, with all the advantages of spacious rooms, excellent suppers and first-rate music, have contributed in no slight degree to the realization of their aspirations, and to the well-deserved popularity of the Metropolitan.

But *reverons* not *à nos moutons*, but *à nos robes*. The most charming toilettes of the most lovely girls were those of transparent texture; and the prettiest head-dresses, certainly those composed of flowers wreathed among the redundant tresses of the fair wearer. Tulle and tarlatane are ever the prettiest materials for dancing robes; areoplane too, is charming; and we remember seeing, years ago, a court ball dress which we have always thought the perfection of taste and elegance; a double dress of white areoplane, looped up with sweet-pea blossoms. The rich colors and velvet petals of the flowers just brightened, without rendering too gay, the pure and soft white dress. It was charming.

We observe that the shoes worn in evening toilette are generally trimmed with flowers, intermixed with blonde. For brides, white rosebuds and orange blossoms are used. In other cases the flowers correspond, as much as possible, with those worn on the dress and in the hair.

Ribbon cuffs trimmed with lace and set on an elastic band, are much worn. They are made in a great variety of styles, and are very becoming to the hand.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

RIBBONS! ribbons!! ribbons!!! Ribbons fringed and tufted, plaided or striped, ombré, chiné and chintz patterns—in fact ribbons in every conceivable style, and of every quality of fabric, are the great "institution" of the day. Ribbon is the

universal trimming for every visible article of ladies' apparel, and that in such superabundance, that in many instances it appears to be actually a part of the original fabric. For instance, sleeves and collars no longer are composed of lace and embroidery; ribbons, in every case, form a full third, and often more, of the material. Dresses are trimmed with them in the sleeves, body and skirt; often, as we have hinted above, until it is scarcely possible to tell whether the fabric of the dress trims the ribbon or the ribbon is meant to ornament the dress. Mantles, scarfs, dresses of all sorts, have either ribbon or stripes of the material imitating ribbon as a finish; and the canezous and capes of illusion for indoor toilette form no exception to the general rule.

It is almost a matter of course that so popular a style of trimming should exhibit unusual excellence. The Rubans *Dahlia*, of which we spoke last month, are introduced, especially at Lichtenstein's, in still greater variety, both of color and make. Some appear to be plaited at each edge, some at one only, or in the centre. One pretty novelty has a rich figured band at one edge, with moss tufts here and there.

The prevalence of black and white, in very small checks and narrow stripes, in the most fashionable ribbons of the season is also remarkable. These tints always have a peculiarly *distingué* appearance in combination with one bright color, and hence the bonnets trimmed with them will be particularly tasteful. Gray straws will look well with almost any of these. The gray or fawn tint, of the color of the straw itself, is also prominent in every good selection of ribbons, always with one or more bright colors. Groseille still promises to continue fashionable until the height of the season, since it is seen not only in ribbons, but in very many robes.

Straw bonnets will be a good deal worn for demi-toilette, trimmed with wheat ears and corn flowers, mingled with poppies, or with a straw ornament consisting of a rich thick fancy cord and tassels. The white straw bonnets will also be worn much with such ribbons as we have already spoken of.

Leghorns also will be in favor during the spring, with garniture of white plumes and ribbon in which that is the principal tint. For full dress, chips are, however, decidedly more in favor than anything else. All the bonnets are worn flat on the forehead and open at the sides, which requires the hair to be full and either puffed or curled. There is always a bandeau of ribbons, lace or flowers, or all combined, across the forehead; and frequently flowers are also mixed with blonde at the sides. The strings are wide and very long. Altogether the bonnets of the coming season, being at once more comfortable in shape and larger in size than those we have been accustomed to see, will be generally considered prettier and more becoming.

Robes are almost always with double skirts, and frequently in the tunic form. Basques are hardly ever seen. The bodies of morning dresses are rounded in front and finished with a band, and buckle. Evening dresses are made with a long point.

The summer fabrics may be expected shortly to make their general appearance, if the present balmy weather continues.

The evening dresses, of tulle, lace and organdy, are much trimmed with flowers as well as ribbon. The illusion capes and berthas are beginning to be replaced by trimmings of the dress itself. A charming dinner toilette for a young lady, made by one of the first Parisian artistes, was composed of white tarlatane, with three skirts; the two lower ones each being run along the edge, looked like very large puffings; the third, coming quite to the knee, was caught up at intervals, and fastened with bows of ribbon with long streaming ends. The body was plain and tight, with a deep point in front; puffings of tarlatane were carried from each shoulder to the centre of the bust, where was a handsome *bouquet de corsage*. The sleeves were composed of large puffs, with a knot of ribbon and streamers on each shoulder. This mode of trimming the upper part of the low body only with folds or puffings is peculiarly becoming to almost every figure, giving an appearance of fullness and width across the chest, without spoiling the symmetry of the waist as berthas very generally do.

The hair, during the season, is likely to be worn in curls, and every other style calculated to display its luxuriance. It

is, indeed, the ornament of the head, all else being, as it should, subservient to it.

Mantles are at present made much in the Chesterfield and other wrap style, whether in silk or summer cloth. Shawls, also, with one round and one pointed end. But later in the season we may expect to have a large proportion of scarf mantelets, richly trimmed with lace.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

BOY'S DRESS. PAGE 376.

For this also we are indebted to the extensive outfitting department of Mr. GENIN. It consists of a blouse and large cape. The material is a delaine, of a soft ashes-of-roses color. The body and skirt are in one piece, cut bias, the waist being only marked by the girdle which fastens it. The trimming is very novel, and has a charming effect. It consists of lozenges in cerise plush, edged with fancy ribbon of the same color. At intervals tassels of crimped silk are placed. The sleeves and body are trimmed to match, as is the cape, which is finished by a very deep and handsome crimped silk fringe. The cord, with rich tassels, is of course of the color of the other trimmings.

MORNING ROBE. PAGE 376.

This elegant morning dress, from the establishment of Mr. GENIN, is composed of Foulard silk, of a soft fawn color, with a chintz pattern, and bayadere stripes of alternate flower-wreath and arabesques. It is trimmed with sky-blue ribbon, quilled at both edges, in the present fashionable style. One row of this ribbon is carried up the front of the body and round the neck, giving the outline of the figure. It terminates some distance from the hem of the dress on each side, in a point finished with rich silk tassels. Two other rows of ribbon, similarly finished, and of different lengths, trim each side of the skirt, but are not continued above the girdle, which is thick and heavy, with handsome tassels. The sleeves are large and open, with ribbon trimming round the edge, and a rucheing finished with a tassel from each shoulder. The robe is worn open, to display a richly embroidered skirt. It is ornamented with handsome Brandebourgs down the sides. A cap of blonde and pink ribbon complete the costume.

THE CLOTILDE. PAGE 377.

We are happy to acknowledge our obligation to Messrs. UBSDELL, PEIRSON and LAKE for this charming dress, with two flounces. The material is organdy, and the design exceedingly rich and beautiful. It is made in various colors; but perhaps one of the most popular is a soft gray; a tint in which this material is always peculiarly becoming.

The upper flounce, which does not reach quite to the waist, is put on with a small heading; and we may remark that the dress is so manufactured that this flounce comes sufficiently low down to take away the stunted look to which we object so much, and to which the wearers of double skirts are so often condemned. The extra trimming admits of a small cap to the sleeve, as well as a full open sleeve, and a bordering round the top and down the front of the body, which is open quite down to the waist, where it is finished with a belt and buckle. The embroidered habit-shirt worn beneath it is without a collar, the scalloped work falling round the neck. The full sleeves are puffed above the elbow, and finished with embroidered cuffs at the wrists.

GIRL'S DRESS. PAGE 377.

This is composed of a delicate and pretty challi, in pink and white plaid. It is made with a double skirt, the upper one in deep points, the waist, berthe and sleeves corresponding. The lower skirt is made in the usual way, and edged with a rucheing of ribbon, box-plaited. All the other parts are also trimmed with this rucheing, and every point is finished with a handsome pink tassel. Another is placed at the base of every two to separate them. The embroidering of the cambric under shirt, and full cambric sleeve with embroidered band, ought to be seen in this dress to give it the very pretty effect it is calculated to have. Its style and elegance mark it as the production of Mr. GENIN.



MORNING ROBE. PAGE 375.

DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS, &c.

FROM GENIN'S BAZAAR, NOS. 507 AND 513 BROADWAY.

FIG 5, page 376.—Bonnet of fine white straw, slightly open at the sides, and with a round crown. A flat bow of rich white taffetas ribbon is placed on the top of the bonnet, near the



5. BONNET. GENIN.

edge, over which the ends are carried in folds. A puffing of the same ribbon, edged on each side with fancy straw trimming, finishes the sides. The curtain is full, but not so deep as it was worn last summer. It is of white silk, with rows of straw beading at intervals, and finished with narrow blonde. The interior of the bonnet has a blue ribbon bow lying over the forehead, with full blonde barbes, intermingled with white geraniums in the upper part.

FIG 6, page 377.—Bonnet of white chip, with a round crown. On the top of the brim is a bow composed of chip and rich white blonde. The edge of the chip is full, and between it and the frame the space is filled by a puffing of white silk. A charming wreath of English ivy, placed on one side, is wreathed over the curtain, and across the top. The curtain also is of chip, with puffs of white silk, and rows of blonde above it. The bandeau (now a most important part of the trimming of a bonnet) is composed of green moss, with water lilies and hawthorn, rosebuds and waving grass. Rich broad white and green strings, fully a yard long.

FIG. 1, page 369.—Girl's hat, Pamela shape, with square crown. A rich lace is set on full round the brim, and serves partly to shade the face. The trimming is a novelty, being formed of two broad silk scarfs with fringed ends, edged with straw beading. These scarfs are of two colors—say white and *bleu ciel* (sky blue); they are twined round the crown, both ends falling over the left shoulder. From the knot a handsome white ostrich feather springs, and falls over the other side of the hat. Narrow white satin ribbon bows, with blonde, trim the interior.

FIG. 2, page 369.—Glengarry cap, for a boy, composed of Leghorn, bound with a



BOY'S DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 375.

rich plaid velvet ribbon. On one side is a rosette of the same ribbon, fastening a long white ostrich feather, on the other a knot of ribbon with long fringed ends. This ribbon, as well as that forming the strings is very broad, with a handsome plaid at each edge, and plain white centre. Bows of ribbon, mingled with blonde, formed the rosettes to cover the ears.

Fig. 3, page 369.—Leghorn bonnet, with pearl-colored feathers drooping over one side and over the curtain. A very rich real blonde lace crosses the top of the crown, rising from under these feathers, and over a similar tuft on the other side. Bandeau of green leaves, with scarlet geraniums, hawthorn and very handsome thistles on one side, and full rich roses on the other.

Fig. 4, page 369.—Girl's bonnet, of white drawn silk, trimmed with a pink bullion cord and tassels, drawn through loops, and falling on one side. Narrow white ribbon and blonde in the interior.

COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. Riding dress, with deep basque of fine green cloth. The basque is cut round, and to come quite over the hips, single breasted, and trimmed with a rich gimp or velvet trimming. The sleeve is plain, with a turned-back pointed cuff, under which a full cambric sleeve, with mousquetaire cuff, is worn. The cuff, pockets and corners of the basque are braided or embroidered in a handsome design, *à la Grecque*. The basque being a little open at the throat, shows a finely stitched cambric habit shirt, and a small plain collar turns back over a necktie of velvet trimmed with black lace, tied in a knot at the throat, and with long floating



THE CLOTILDE. PAGE 375.



GIRL'S DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 375.



C. BONNET. GENIN.

ends. Riding hat of beaver, with a round crown, trimmed with a rich ostrich plume. The sides of the hat are turned up.

Fig. 2. Walking dress of taffetas, a dark shade of cinnamon brown. The skirt is plain and full. The body is high and fitting closely to the figure, fastened up the front by buttons of the color of the dress. Flowing sleeves, very deep at the back, and with small cap corresponding in shape, are trimmed with black velvet ribbon, with a deeply fringed edge. A broad *ceinture*, fastened in front, with ends floating nearly to the bottom of the dress, is trimmed in the same manner. Bonnet of gray Neapolitan, trimmed with groseille ribbon and black lace. Bandeau of the same. Broad strings of narrow black and white striped ribbon, beneath another narrower pair of groseille, which under the chin. Black lace veil rounded at the corners. Balloon sleeves.

NEWEST STYLE OF HEAD-DRESSING BY W. J. BARKER, 622 BROADWAY.

The front hair is combed back *à la Marie Stuart*, with a heavy cable brought down between two *rouleaus* reversed, blending with the back hair. The beauty of this style is that by a little modification it can be made to suit all faces, giving that desideratum long sought for, an oval face, to all who with taste adopt it.

The back is arranged in massive braids *à la Grecque*, which must be pronounced the most *comme il faut* style of the present age.

NOTE-WORTHY NOVELTIES.

It would, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect, even in a country like America, which is distinguished by the inventive genius of its people, that we shall have, every month, something to record under this head; still we venture to predict that there will not often appear a number of our Magazine without some memorandum of invention or improvement in those articles especially belonging to the toilette, the worktable or the household. Such notices have hitherto been embodied in our "General Remarks;" but we think it will be more agreeable to the reader if we compile such information under a separate head. We shall endeavor, therefore, to keep ourselves "posted" in these matters, and when we meet with an invention will examine, and having examined will report upon its merits or defects; in short, in Captain Cuttle's language, "make a note on it!"

Promising to save a world of trouble to ladies, and of grumbling to their *not* better halves, is the invention of a Self-holding Sleeve-button, so constructed that it dispenses entirely with both button and buttonholes. The beauty and utility of these self-holding sleeve-buttons are only equalled by the simplicity of the contrivance. By means of a spring in the centre of the button, two little arms, each provided with a sharp tooth, are made to open on the wrong side. The cloth is placed under the tooth, the arm closed down upon it, and the tooth passes through the fabric and enters a small hole in the back of the button made to receive it. The spring now holds the arm in its place, therefore it is impossible to detach the button without tearing away the cloth.

The same principle, with but a slight modification, is applied to shirt studs, making them at once most convenient and ornamental; for the articles are of beautiful workmanship and eighteen carat gold.

When we consider that the working of buttonholes and putting on of buttons is the only thing in the making of a shirt which cannot be done by the sewing machine, and that the "Lament of a Husband over his Buttonless Shirt" is one of the standard specimens of household poetry, we may, we think, congratulate ourselves on this invention, of which Mr. Ives is the patentee. Henceforth, if a man will get out of temper because Bridget has ironed off all the buttons from his shirt, let him remember it is entirely his own fault; if he had a pair of

Ives' Patent Sleeve-buttons and a set of studs, she could not have destroyed them.

So secure is the fastening that valuable diamonds and other gems are now being reset in this style, thereby relieving the wearer from the great anxiety incurred by carrying about expensive ornaments which once were so liable to be lost or stolen.

They are to be had of Mr. John H. Griffin, 57 Vesey street.

The Pompadour Porte-jupe, or Skirt-holder, is a very simple and by no means inelegant apparatus for keeping the long skirts out of the mud and dust. The name indicates, and truly, that the form taken by skirts so sustained is the pretty puffed style known as the Pompadour in the old court of France. We hope next month to give an illustration of this novelty, which is the more to be commended because it is so simple that every lady can make one for herself, with little trouble or expense.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAULINE.—Suitable for embroidery on a fine dress handkerchief. It is done in the most delicate satin stitch, with Evans's Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 80.

Mrs. J. K. R.—H, La.—Answered March 11th.

Mrs. J. R.—Y, Va.—Purchases will be made at the leading stores only. Genin's for under garments, children's clothes, &c. Ubsdell, Peirson & Lake, or any other of equal standing, for dry goods, &c., and always at precisely the retail prices.

Miss EMILY B.—E, Columbus, Ga.—The + + and all other printers' marks, employed in this magazine, and the "Manual of Fancywork," signify that the directions between any two similar marks, in the same row or round, are to be repeated so many times as are mentioned after the second + or other mark. They are employed partly to save the space required by numerous repetitions, partly because the worker becomes fatigued and confused by reading such repetitions.

Mrs. H. W.—T, Mo.—There are several reasons why we select the cotton of Messrs. W. Evans & Co. as our standard. The various crochet cottons differ in size, No. 10 of one maker being, perhaps, 24 of another, 40 of another, and so on. It is necessary, therefore, to use always the same cotton as that employed for the original article to insure the copy being of the same dimensions, &c. After trying, very carefully, every leading cotton manufactured, we selected that of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, as the best, hence we use it exclusively. Every other writer on needlework has confirmed our judgment. There are various kinds made for the different sorts of work. The Boar's Head Crochet especially for crochet. It is, however, excellent for sewing also. Tatting cotton for tatting and for Canton flannel work. Perfectionné Embroidery for embroidery, and now a new Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, for sewing machines. We think you will find this superior to any other for the purpose. Every variety of the manufacture of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., bears their label, a facsimile of which we give below.

Mrs. S.—S, Livonia.—Answered March 17th.

Mrs. T. H.—Y, Ky.—One dollar and twenty-five cents received. The patterns forwarded from Madame Demorest March 18th.

JUST PUBLISHED, IN TWO VOLUMES.—The late King of Prussia once sent an aide-de-camp, General Malachowski, who was brave, but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the general; "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and, when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar, in every respect, to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes."

RELIC OF FEUDALITY.

A **WATTE**, in describing some of the ancient customs in England, gives the following account of a class of servants to the aristocracy, called "running footmen:"

We would make mention of an important appendage to every noble retinue, at a time when the roads of the country were undeveloped, when there was no post, and when conveyances were few and slow; these were running footmen, who were employed to bear messages and letters with speed, and also to attend on persons travelling on horseback or in carriages, so as to be ready, in case of emergency or disaster, to render assistance or be the bearers of messages. The following description of one is from the "Recollection of the Life of John O'Keefe:"

My lord's, or the squire's, was called the Big House, and had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman; the latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember—his dress, a white jacket, blue silk sash around his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a ribbon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air, like a Mercury. He never minded the roads, but took the shortest cut, and by the use of his pole seemed absolutely to fly over hedge, ditch and small rivers. His use was to carry a letter, message or dispatch; or, on a journey, to run before and prepare the inn, or baiting-place, for the family or master, who came the regular road in a coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six; his qualifications were fidelity, strength and agility. It was the general rule of every man in the character of a gentleman never to gallop, or even trot hard, upon a road, except emergency required haste.

The running footmen wore caps like our present jockey caps, and their clothing when running was very slight. The use of their long poles was, as has been seen, to enable them to leap brooks and ditches; but it had also another utility: in the knob at the head they carried a potion of white wine and egg, to reinvigorate themselves when exhausted. Some of these men would run three-score miles a day. One of the Dukes of Marlborough (prior to 1780) drove a phaeton and four from London to Windsor against one of them for a wager, and just beat him, but the poor fellow died soon after the feat.

About sixty years ago, there was residing at Lyndhurst a very old man, who had been a running footman. It was his boast that he had once run from London to Lyndhurst, about eighty-six miles in one day. When roads became improved, and carriages lightened, these expert runners became useless. Aristocratic families, however, were unwilling to entirely give up such an ancient retainer, and the running footmen, by degrees, degenerated into the liveried attendant, with a long cane, following ladies in the parks, and leading a pet lap-dog.

SUPERSTITION AT NAPLES.—Among the materials which go to make up the *olla podrida* of events that take place in Naples (writes a correspondent of the *Times*), I must not omit the *fête* of Saint Antonio, the renowned god of fire and of four-footed beasts. Early last week piles might be seen at the distance of every fifty yards in the streets of Naples, composed of the wrecks of every kind of household furniture. Here and there were placed tables. On one the bust of the saint was placed, with lighted tapers before him. A *facchino* stood by, and with sack or box begged for Saint Antonio. Two days before they were the images of the king and queen which were thus honored; but by a substitution easy among those whose names are registered in heaven, Saint Antonio had now replaced them. In the evening many hundred piles were blazing through the streets. They were a sacrifice to the god of fire. During the week and the following Sunday other scenes were being enacted at the further end of the city. Almost every kind of four-footed beast was being driven to the church of Saint Antonio, in the suburb of his name, there to receive the sprinkling of the priest and the benediction of the saint. While I was there a lad rode into the court on the very extremity of a consumptive donkey's tail; but thinking perhaps that money would be thrown away

upon him, hastily rode back. A sorry white mule, however, stood his ground, as did five donkeys and half a dozen horses. The sacristan having given a peep, went in to report that there was a batch sufficiently large to justify a move, and then the priest came out, and kissing his stole, put it on his shoulder, and proceeded to pray and to sprinkle. "Something for the padrone," exclaims the sacristan, and rattles his box. The *obolus* is paid, the figure of the saint is placed by the animal's ear, two strings of biscuits are put over his neck, and the operation is over. "Do you know," said a friend, "in whose gift the church of Saint Antonio is?" "No," I replied. "It is under the patronage of the *Cappellano Maggiore* of the Royal Chapel, who lets it out to the highest bidder at ten thousand or twelve thousand ducats a year. Don't be sceptical; it is a matter of public notoriety."

CARLYLE'S MIRAGE PHILOSOPHY.—There is one habit of Carlyle's (says a writer in *Blackwood*) which we can never get accustomed to, and which always recurs to us in a ridiculous light—that of keeping some of his images constantly by him, and reproducing them as if they were puppets in a box. When he sits down to write, his peaceful study is thronged by spectres of the most terrific description, invoked by the flourish of his pen. While he is with due incantation casting the magic bullets that are to hit and slay the Unveracities and Ineptitudes, the charmed circle in which he works is surrounded by a horrible panoramic phantasmagory, where all ages and nations of the world are jumbled as in a Christmas pantomime, or rather where all the tinsel monstrosities of many old pantomimes are brought up all battered and defaced with the wear and tear of the former season, and the whacks of facetious clown and irreverent harlequin, and play over again their time-worn parts in a manner suggestive rather of managerial thrift than pantomimic art. The difficulties and obstructions of life appear to him as Frost-Giants—some familiar evils figure in the singular disguise of Mud-Demons—others gibber as Dead-Sea Apisms, while the background is made up of Foam-Oceans and Stygian Quagmires, and the whole scene is surrounded by an atmosphere of Silences and Sphere-Harmonies. What you thought was simply a folly the magician tells you is an Ineptitude, and, as a charm against it, offers you an old bone from his collection of amulets; what had hitherto passed for a weak ordinary official personage turns out to be a Phantasm-Captain; till you either end by becoming a trustful guest at this Barmecide's feast of horrors, or else cannot help looking on your entertainer as one who has the power of bringing himself into a state of *delirium tremens* without undergoing the preliminary excesses.

A JOCLAR CHRISTIAN.—A poor man lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract, "Worth a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came while the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said to her, "Wait till after breakfast." She did so, and meantime the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, "There, take that cow, and drive her home." The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home, but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up, and called out, "Hey, bring that cow back." The man looked around, and the deacon added, "Let that cow come back, and you come back, too." He did so, and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said, "There, now take your pick out of the cows; I ain't agoing to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got."

INTERESTING PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurtemberg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated at M. Helgerad's own cost to the employment they are now engaged in.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

WOVEN CENTRE FOR A MAT IN O P BEADS.

MATERIALS.—Clear white O P beads, and 8-thread Berlin wool, of any bright color.

We represent half the centre of the mat, done in beads. It is intended to be laid over black or any other velvet. The surface will thus be raised considerably, and the effect is very pretty.

The lines in one direction are done first, each complete in itself. They are then joined by the crossbars, as represented in the engraving.

It is indispensable that all irregular beads should be rejected, or the squares will not be even.

A handsome bead border, such as we give in this number,



All our readers are familiar with the mode of weaving beads. It only remains, therefore, to suggest the mode of employing them. As there are only the same number of beads in the



will complete the mat; which is very handsome, moderate in price, and easily worked.

BORDER FOR A MAT.

MATERIALS.—O P beads, white, and one dark color. Evans's



Beading Cotton, No. 000. Of the dark beads one-third the quantity of the white will be needed.

This design consists of a band of woven O P beads, 6 beads deep; with a single series of loops at one edge, and a double one at the other.



outer and inner row, it is desirable to use, for the outer, the largest beads. This can easily be done; as there is great irregularity in the bunches. The band must be done so that the two ends join imperceptibly, leaving the design perfect.

The fringes are put on afterwards. It has to be coaxed into its proper round shape.

The centre of the next should be of colored or black velvet, tacked firmly down on a round of cardboard, with margin enough for the border. Tack this also firmly down, and paste a second round of cardboard at the back.

BORDER FOR A MAT.

MATERIALS.—O P beads, white, black and one color; or white and two distinct shades of some color. Evans's Beading Cotton, No. 000.

This border is made precisely like the other given in this number. It is equally simple, but the fringe is a little richer. The dark zigzag line, forming

a succession of points in the band, is either of black or the darkest shade of beads; the white within, and the lighter color on the outer edge. The large loops of fringe are also white; the small upper loops of the medium shade; the inner ones white.

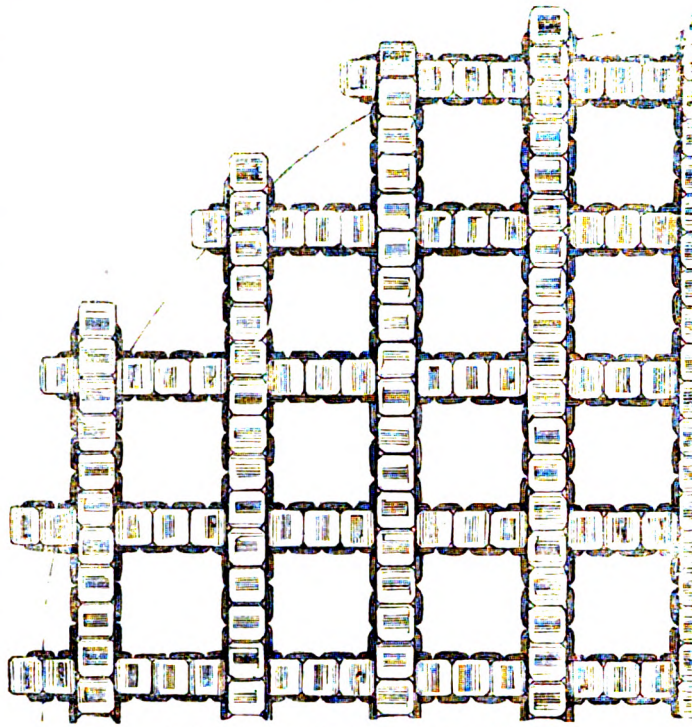


The object of having white beads at the inner edge is to secure a harmonious contrast between that edge and the centre of the mat, be that what it may.

The middle of the mat may be worked in a Berlin pattern; but if it will be nearly covered by the vase or lamp intended to stand on it, it seems a pity to spend time, which might be better bestowed, on doing it.

DEEP CROCHET FRINGE TRIMMING FOR MANTLES, ETC. PAGE 384.

MATERIALS—Fine No. 3, 4 or 5 black crochet silk, with a suitable hook. The fringe is also very handsome, and suitable for many domestic purposes, done in white cotton. The Boar's Head Crochet Cotton of Messrs. Wal-



WOVEN CENTRE FOR A MAT IN O P BEADS.

ter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, is the best for this work. No. 8 will produce the pattern of the dimensions of the engraving; 10, 12, 14 and so on decreasing in size. Silk for such fringe ought to be bought by the pound; cotton by the dozen spools. Small brass rings are also needed; their size, for fine cotton, being less than that in the centre of the pattern.

Begin by covering a ring with 32 sc stitches, for the centre of a wheel; and work round and round it to the outer edge.

1st Round, + 5 sc, miss 1, slip on 2d + 16 times. Slip on 3 of the first chain of 5, to bring the thread to the centre.

2d Round, + 5 ch,



BORDERS FOR MATS.



slip on centre of 5 in last round + 16 times. End as before.

3d Round, + 7 ch. Slip on centre of 5 in last round + 16 times. Slip up 4 at the end of the round, as before.

4th Round, + 7 ch, slip on centre of 7, 7 tc worked all on the slip stitch of last round, slip on centre of the next chain of 7 + 8 times. (These 7 tc make the spots seen in the wheel.) End with slip stitch on 4.

5th Round, + 6 ch, slip on 4th of 7 tc; 6 ch, slip on centre of 7 ch, + 8 times.

6th Round, work under each chain of 6, 1 sdc, 7 dc, 1 sdc. Fasten off, and cut off the thread. This completes one wheel; and the requisite number ought to be done before the heading is put.

THE HEADING.—Make a chain of the proper length, and not too tight. Work on it one row of sc.

2d, 1 tc + miss 3, 1 tc in 4th; 3 chain, 1 tc in the same + repeat to the end.

3d, in which you join on the wheels. Make a chain of 3. Draw the stitch through the edge of the 4th stitch of one scallop of wheel, + 8 ch. Work 3 dc, 1 sdc under the first chain of 3 in the last row, 1 sdc, 5 dc, 1 sdc, under each of the next 3 ch, 1 sdc, 3 dc under the next, join to the 4th stitch of the next scallop but one of the wheel (see engraving), do two more dc, and 1 sdc. Repeat with the next scallop joining at the 4th stitch nearest the last; work under two chains of the 2d row, then 1 sdc, 2 dc, under next. 8 ch, draw the stitch through the corresponding part of the next scallop but one; 6 ch, join to a new wheel. Repeat from + till the whole length is done.

For the fringe wind the silk round a thin board, as many inches wide as you wish the fringe deep. Cut the strands at one edge. Holding the work on the wrong side, insert the hook under each stitch where you mean to put fringe, take up five, six or more strands, in the centre (the other edge of the board), draw them through, and then the ends through the loop so made. This is much the best and easiest way of fringing crochet. Where two wheels meet, the needle is inserted, and the silk drawn through both at once.

If the heading is wanted deeper, one or more rows of crochet diamond open hem may be worked before the second row. Instructions for it, with explanations of all the terms and contractions used in the work-table of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* will be found in the "Lady's Manual of Fancy Work."

NOTICE.

We beg to announce to our readers that the Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* will execute commissions for distant subscribers, in all articles for the toilette and work-table, at the prices charged by the retail houses themselves. The skill in coloring, and knowledge of materials and styles acquired during several years engagement in this department, in this country, as well as in London and Paris, will be employed for the benefit of those who intrust her with commissions.

Remittances should be made, if possible, by a draft on New York; if not practicable, by bills in a registered letter, addressed to the Fashion Editress, Frank Leslie's Magazine, 13 Frankfort street, New York.

All the threads and cottons manufactured by the celebrated firm of Walter Evans & Co., Boar's Head Manufacturers, of Derby, England, may now be obtained in America. They include the crochet and sewing, embroidery, knitting and tating cottons; also a new cotton made expressly for sewing machines, which will be found superior to anything hitherto manufactured for this purpose. All these cottons are marked with the name of the firm, of which we append a facsimile.



Agent for the United States, Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street.

We earnestly recommend this cotton to every family using a sewing machine.

N. B.—Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood, and other eminent firms, have certified their cordial approbation of this cotton.

VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses and May flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colors, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labor, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin.

"And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there's no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flitting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters, whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs, no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colors with testy haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are too costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than

usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum. "I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my coloring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed: "But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it? Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has forsaken me. I am ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavored to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it chink. "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely: "That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"I faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and

the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlor."

Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter arose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You said Van Huysum; 'this painting by you! How did you find out my method?'"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

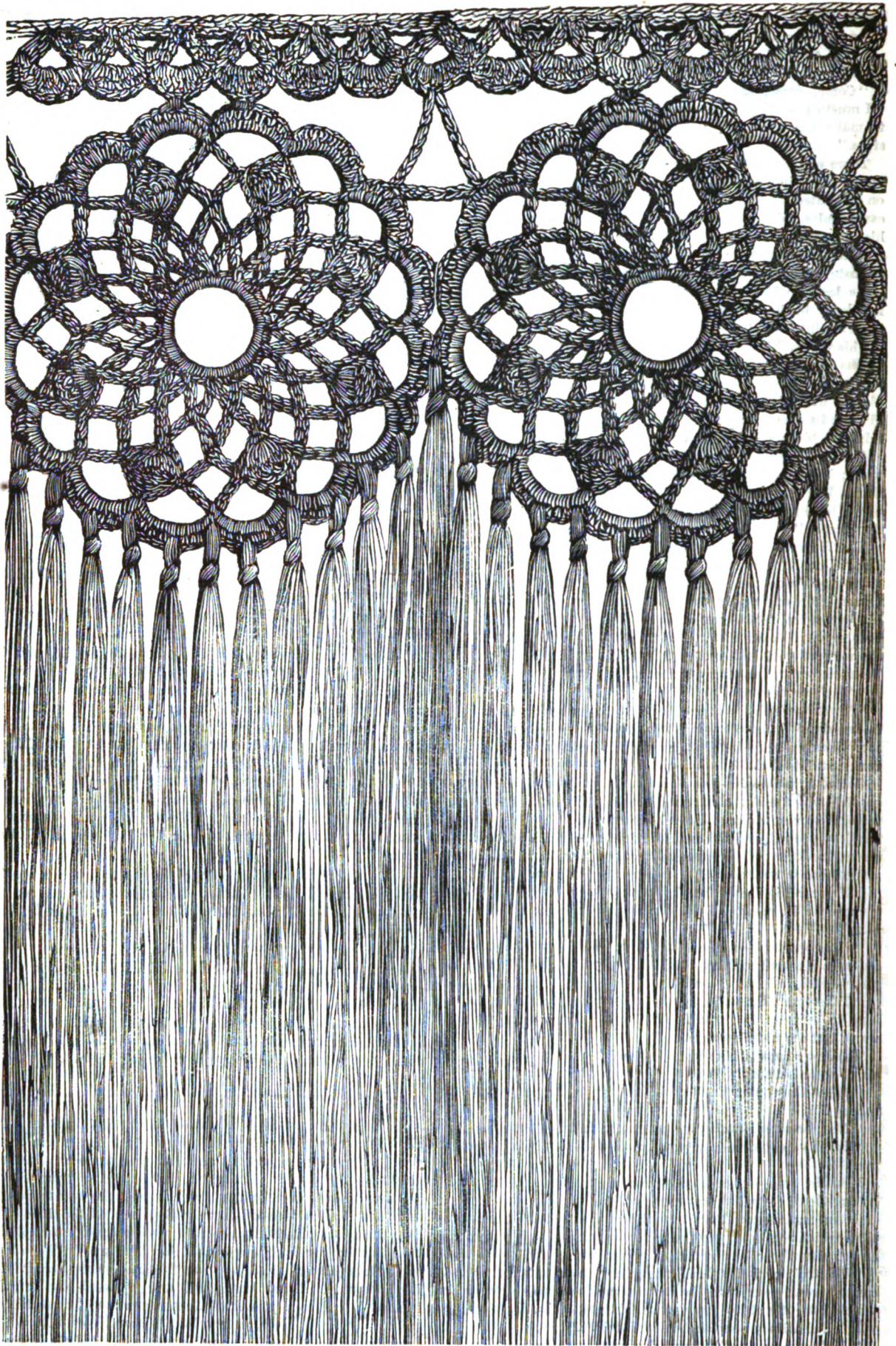
"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profited by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum: henceforth, I am willing there should be two."

An Englishman, full as a nut of the English phlegm of an Englishman, was travelling on a certain railway, when a sudden halt and loud report informed the passengers that some accident had happened. Every one rushed out, of course, to see what was the matter, except Mr. Phlegm, who sat tranquilly, as if not at all interested in anything beyond the halo of his own thoughts. Presently a person came up and informed him that the engine had burst its boiler. "Awe!" Then came another, saying that there were fifteen persons killed. The Englishman still sat unmoved, and grunted out another "Awe!" But, finally, a third messenger ran up in great haste, and said, "My dear sir, your valet has been blown into a hundred pieces!" "Awe!" was the response. "Just bring me the piece that contains the key to my portmanteau!"



DEEP CROCHET FRINGE TRIMMING FOR MANTLES, ETC. PAGE 381.



VOL. IV.—No. 5.

MAY, 1859.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

ROSE AND MARIE.

CHAPTER I.

THE inhabitants of Brittany have been celebrated from time immemorial for their loyalty and their love of galette. They do not abhor their native cider, and sometimes even exhibit an immoderate affection for that beverage; but for their galette, their king and their church, they have been ready at all times to lay down their lives. Our readers are probably aware that the insurrection, or rather the civil war, which broke out in the western provinces of France after the execution of Louis

XVI., was of so formidable a character, that the republican General Hoche, at the head of a numerous army, was engaged for no less than four years in establishing order in the disaffected districts, that is to say in Brittany, La Vendée and a part of lower Normandy. The west of France had been pacified—or, in other words, reduced to tranquillity—about three years, when the desperate position of the republican armies abroad inspired the royalists with fresh hopes, and induced them to form a plan for a general rising throughout Brittany and La Vendée. At that critical period the French were threatened by the English in Holland; they were held in check by the Prussians on the



MADAME CHATOUVILLE WELCOMING HER SON.

Rhine; they had been driven out of Italy by the Russians; and the Directory in the meanwhile found the greatest difficulty in levying fresh supplies either of troops or of money. Every soldier in the country, even to the youngest recruit, was required for foreign service; and it was impossible to send any reinforcements to the troops already quartered in the disturbed districts of the west. The government knew that a rising was to be expected from day to day in the two great royalist provinces; but the country was also in danger of invasion. The Prussians and Austrians were victorious, and the Russians, under Souvaroff, had penetrated into Switzerland.

The only expedient the Directory could think of for increasing the republican forces in the west, without weakening the armies of the frontiers, was to organise local companies in the very districts where the outbreak appeared imminent. The men recruited for this special service were to be assured on their enlistment that they would never, under any circumstances, be called upon to serve abroad; and, in fact, that their duties would be confined to keeping order in the provinces which threatened to become insurgent. The scheme succeeded, to a certain point, only too well. The royalist peasantry flocked to the republican standards, and armed themselves by thousands at the expense of the government they hoped to overthrow. The Directory was, in fact, playing into the hands of the Breton and Vendean chiefs. The peasants were no sooner armed than they deserted to the side of the nobles, who, in fighting for their king, probably remembered that they were, at the same time, fighting for their own confiscated estates.

One of the few estates that had escaped confiscation was that of Madame de Chatouville, near Nantes, a fact that may explain to some extent the comparatively moderate royalism of her steward, M. Bérard. But any lukewarmness that may have been felt by M. Bérard the father was fully atoned for by the ardor of M. Bérard the son, who was as devoted an adherent to the monarchical cause as could be found in all Brittany or La Vendée. Therefore, when Bérard the younger (Guillaume was his Christian name) made his appearance one night at his father's house with the news that the recruits in the neighboring village had mutinied and escaped, that there was a general rising throughout the royalist country, and that the next evening Nantes was to be taken by a *coup-de-main*, the enthusiastic young man made the announcement as if he had been proclaiming the gladdest tidings that could possibly be heard. But the old man shook his head, and his features assumed an expression of grief which contrasted strangely with the delight depicted on the countenance of Guillaume; for he knew that his son would march with the royalists that night, and, perhaps, had some foreboding that he would never return.

"Yes, it may seem very glorious to you," said old Bérard; "but what will be the end of it? A great many thousand whites will kill a great many thousand blues, and a great many thousand blues will kill a great many thousand whites; then peace will be restored, and every family in the west will have a child to mourn for."

"But when peace is restored, our king will be restored," answered Guillaume.

"Perhaps so," returned the old man; "who knows? But if Louis XVIII. should really be placed on the throne of his ancestors, will he be more grateful than other kings for whom their subjects have sacrificed themselves? No, Guillaume," continued the old man; "you have your duty to perform to your king, but you have also your duty to your country and to your family."

Bérard was here interrupted in his discourse by the click of a musket lock which Guillaume was trying. It was evident that the young man had made up his mind, for he was already preparing his arms.

"When do you start?" said the father.

"To-night—in a few minutes," was the reply. "Where is Rose?" he added.

"Rose is in bed," replied Bérard. "Come and kiss her before you go."

Rose was Bérard's only daughter and Guillaume was his only son. She was a beautiful little girl, between ten and eleven years of age, with fair, golden hair, soft blue eyes, and a clear

transparent pink complexion, which quite justified her possession of the pretty name given to her by her godfathers and godmothers in her baptism.

"Where are you going, Guillaume?" she said, rubbing her eyes.

"To Nantes," he replied. "I will bring you back some cakes and a doll."

"But why do you go so late?" she continued. "I am too old for dolls, and the cakes would do another time."

He kissed her; the little girl closed her eyes, and in a few minutes afterwards was again fast asleep. She slept soundly indeed, for the tocsin of the city now began to ring, and its warning tones waked all the surrounding villages into life and action, but without having the least effect upon little Rose. She heard neither the distant booming of the bell nor the opening and shutting of doors in the village, nor the rushing to and fro, nor the voice of her brother as he took an eternal farewell of his father and his home.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME DE CHATOUVILLE'S mansion was not far distant from the residence of her steward; and when the great bell of Nantes told its prophetic tale in the stillness of the night every tone went to her heart, as it did that of poor old Bérard. For Madame de Chatouville, though by conviction, and indeed by prejudice a royalist, was at the same time a mother; and she had a son within the walls of Nantes, which now at any moment might be attacked.

We have said that Madame de Chatouville's estates had escaped confiscation. This doubtless would not have been the case had her husband been alive; but his widow had not made herself in any way obnoxious to the republic; none of her relations had taken part in the first insurrection, and by the advice of her friends she had sent her only son to be educated in one of the government schools. The fact of her having a son, the heir to her estate, in the college of Nantes, must have convinced the Directory, if the Directory ever troubled themselves about the matter at all, that she had confidence in the new order of things.

She had often, too, congratulated herself on the prospect of her son acquiring other ideas than those which he must inevitably have picked up had he remained with her at the chateau, associating with the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, almost without an exception, were royalists. His companions at the college, if they could not destroy his loyalty and devotion to the exiled king (which the mother was far from desiring), would at all events familiarise him with some of the opinions of the day, and would reconcile him to a government which, with all its faults, had certainly the merit of patriotism on its side. But what the fond mother cared for above all was neither the merit of this or that form of government, nor the particular abstract notions that her son might acquire; it was that son's safety. And thus it happened, that when the tocsin of Nantes first sounded, announcing danger to the inhabitants and death to many of them, Madame de Chatouville started in her chair as if she had been shot. Then, rising from her seat, she opened the window of her chamber, and looked forth earnestly and eagerly into the dark night.

The sky was black, neither moon nor stars were shining, and it was only by the sound of footsteps and voices that Madame de Chatouville could tell that there were still persons about in the courtyard. Without waiting to ring, she called from the window—

"Pierre! Godefroi! Dominique! Get a lantern, and wait for me down-stairs."

"Bien, madame," shouted a voice; and in half a minute Madame de Chatouville had thrown a cloak over her shoulders and a hood over head, and was beneath the portico of the chateau, waiting for Pierre, who arrived a moment afterwards with the desired lantern.

"Will you not ride, madame?" inquired Pierre, without knowing what direction his mistress proposed to take.

"No, Pierre, there is not time," she replied. "Go on at once to Bérard's; I will keep close to your side."

The tocsin sounded louder and louder, and Madame de Chatouville was feverish with agitation.

It was so dark that at a yard's distance from the lantern it was impossible to distinguish a single object; but Pierre knew the way, and for his own part could have walked to Bérard's blindfold.

"Here we are, madame," he said at last, as he thumped at the door of the steward's house.

Bérard came to the door and opened it.

"Good heavens, madame!" he exclaimed, when he saw Madame de Chatouville. "Has anything happened to you?—has anything happened to your son?"

My son is in Nantes, Bérard; and Nantes is about to be attacked."

"What can I do to serve you, madame?" said the steward.

"There is yet time. Shall I go to Nantes?"

"That is just what I was going to beg you to do," replied Madame de Chatouville. "Go to Nantes at once, then. Pierre, get M. Bérard's horse ready. I will sit down at your table," she added, "and write a few lines to the director of the college, telling him to entrust Alfred to you."

The horse was soon harnessed, the letter soon written, and, in spite of the darkness of the night, Bérard set off at a gallop towards Nantes, while Madame de Chatouville remained in the house to take care of little Rose.

"Poor little angel," she said, as she looked at the sleeping child, "and no mother to watch over her!" Then turning to Pierre, she asked where Guillaume Bérard was.

"I saw him only yesterday," said Pierre, with a half-sly, half-stupid grin.

"But where is he to-day?" replied Madame de Chatouville.

"Gone with the others," replied the man, as if pleased at the information he was giving, and yet not quite certain how it would be received.

"To fight the 'blues'?"

Pierre nodded assent.

"So when I was troubling poor Bérard about my son, who was not in any actual danger," thought Madame de Chatouville, "his own child was absolutely exposing his life, or was on the point of doing so."

The tocsin was still sounding, and occasionally the report of a musket was heard. Pierre explained to Madame de Chatouville, that these shots were merely rallying signals: the night was so dark, that, even with a lantern, it was impossible to find one's way except along the main road or some clearly-marked pathway; and many companies had doubtless their places of rendezvous in the open country. Then the well-known cry of the screech-owl, or *chouette* (*chouin* in the Breton *patois*), would be heard—that terrible cry of ill-omen from which the Chouans derived their name, and which was known throughout Brittany as the signal of insurrection. At last the darkness began to disappear, and at about three o'clock there were indications of sunrise.

Madame de Chatouville went up into a barn at the top of Bérard's house and looked out. The rising sun formed a blood-red band at the horizon, but had not yet risen to clear the atmosphere and dissipate the gray mist that still hung over the hills and trees. The tocsin had ceased, but the groups of armed men on the road to Nantes and the numbers of peasants who were hurrying towards the city across the fields, showed that the danger was by no means at an end. Madame de Chatouville saw with pleasure that the armed men belonged to the republican side, for in each group she could recognise one or more of the well-known blue and red uniforms. And it was just as evident that the peasants, who avoided the roads and kept as close as possible to the hedges, were Chouans. The costumes of the latter were of the most varied kinds. Some wore red nightcaps, others patronised the national broad-brimmed felt hat, which in shape is something between the wideawake and the head-dress of the London coal-heavers. Others again affected hats, without rims, of the Hibernian pattern. Although the cold weather had quite disappeared, nearly all were clad in goat-skins, and their long unkempt hair sometimes mingled so completely with that of the animal whose skin they had appropriated, that it was difficult to say

where the man ended and where the goat began. All were rough, ragged and savage-looking, as the peasants of Brittany, with all their manly qualities, are at this moment; and this even to a greater extent than the Irish, and almost as much so as the Poles of the most Jewish portion of Poland, who, for ignorance, misery and dirt, are probably the first peasantry in the world.

At a certain bend in the road the peasants on the left crossed over to join those on the right, and then the whole party bore away still more to the right, while the republican soldiers, national guards and others continued to advance rapidly towards Nantes. Madame de Chatouville saw that several pieces of artillery were being moved towards the city, and saw it with terror; for although the cannon belonged to the defenders, the mere sight of the pieces suggested to her all the horrors of a bombardment; and her darling son, for all she knew to the contrary, was still in the city. She looked at her watch. Bérard had been gone two hours, and yet it was scarcely five miles to Nantes. True, the night had been dark, but then the horse could have walked there in an hour, and surely it could not have taken an hour to return, for it had now been broad daylight for at least twenty minutes. Thereupon she decided that Nantes was surrounded; that the gates were closed; that the siege had already commenced; and that soon the cannonading would be heard. She was in the midst of her despair, when suddenly the clump of a horse's gallop became audible; she looked, and there was the longed-for Bérard, tearing along the road with the ardently-desired Alfred seated behind him.

Madame de Chatouville hurried down the ladder, and reached the door of the house just as Bérard, who stood on the threshold, was helping her son to dismount.

"There he is, madame," said Bérard, as he gave up Alfred to his mother's embrace. "I was a long while getting to Nantes, and I should never have got there at all, if I had tried to continue at the pace I started at. The horse would have been in the ditch, and I should have been in the hedge in less than no time, and it was so dark that I doubt whether we should ever have found one another again."

"I shall never forget your kindness, Bérard," interrupted Madame de Chatouville.

"Oh, do not speak of that, madame," continued Bérard. "I was only explaining to you what kept me so long. However, when I had once reached the city there was no trouble in getting Master Alfred away. It made one mouth less to feed, and that was all they thought about."

"Did you have any difficulty in passing along the road, Alfred?" said Madame de Chatouville. "First, I thought you would be attacked by the royalists, and then by the republicans; and then I did not know what to think."

"No," said the young man. "Once we met with a party of Chouans and Vendéans, who told us to cry *Vive le Roi*, and Bérard certainly did so in the most energetic style. After that we were stopped again by some republicans, who insisted on us shouting *Vive la République*."

"And did Bérard shout *Vive la République*?" inquired Madame de Chatouville, with a smile.

"No, madame," replied Bérard. "Perhaps I would have done so for the sake of your son, but Monsieur Alfred saved me the trouble."

"You cried out *Vive la République*, Alfred?" exclaimed Madame de Chatouville, with an expression of astonishment.

"Why not?" said the young man. "It is the republic that governs France, and it is the armies of the republic that are defending the country against all Europe. Yes, I confess I cried *Vive la République*."

The mother, in spite of her royalist prejudices, was not sorry to hear her son avow opinions which would prevent him from ever taking part in an insurrection against the republican government.

As for Bérard, he declared openly, "that now that Master Alfred was out of Nantes, he did not care how soon the royalists took the city."

"And I think, madame," he continued in an undertone, "that your wishes are the same as mine."

"I only wish, Bérard," replied Madame de Chatouville, "that this was all over, and that you had your son by your side, as now, thanks to you, I have mine. Where is Guillaume?" she added. "Has he really joined them?"

"Alas, madame, he has," replied Bérard; "but, after all, what was he to do?"

"Heaven preserve him!" exclaimed Madame de Chatouville. "There is the cannon!"

The bombardment had indeed commenced. A moment afterwards, the forts of the city replied. Gradually the fire became hotter and hotter, until at last nothing but a confused roar could be heard. Madame de Chatouville and her son hurried home, and ascended to the roof of the château, but there was nothing to be seen. The country around seemed completely deserted; in fact, all the young men had left the villages, and the old men and children were at home. The château did not stand on sufficiently high ground to command a view of the city, but from the position of the smoke which hung above it in a cloud, it was easy to see that it was being attacked from the land side, so that the inhabitants would still be able to obtain provisions by the river Loire. However, this was not to be a regular siege, and from the violence of the cannonade, which appeared to be all directed upon one point, it seemed probable that an assault would be attempted as soon as possible.

CHAPTER III.

THE bombardment continued all the morning and afternoon, but no news reached the château as to the position of the city. At last, at about four in the afternoon, the firing suddenly ceased, and soon afterwards Bérard, who had been wandering about from village to village in search of intelligence, and who had even spoken to the sentries at the rear of the royalist camp, brought word that the king's troops, as he called them, had gained great advantages. The city was now surrounded on all sides; the gates had been carried by assault, and the principal entrance to the town was only defended by hastily-formed barricades. A flag of truce had been sent in, and the governor summoned to give up the keys of the place. The gate had been carried by a brigade of the first division, in which Bérard's son, Guillaume, was serving, and to these troops would fall the privilege of renewing the assault, if an unfavorable answer should be received from the governor.

Bérard remained with Madame de Chatouville and her son only for a few minutes, and then again set off in quest of information. He was dying to know what reply the republican general would give.

The nature of this reply was soon made known, for in less than an hour after Bérard's departure, the cannonade recommenced more terrible than ever, and did not show any signs of slackening until long after sunset. Madame de Chatouville, who had passed the whole of the previous night without closing her eyes, now lay down on a sofa, and went to sleep.

Alfred, profiting by this opportunity to ascertain the fate of the day, went down stairs, entered the park, and let himself out by one of the back gates. Then he hurried in the direction of the beleagued city, and after walking and running for about three quarters of an hour, reached a hill from whose summit he hoped, as it was a moonlight night, to get a view of the gate that had been carried that afternoon by storm. But he could see nothing but smoke, and occasionally flashes, though whether these proceeded from the ramparts or from the lines of the besiegers he was unable to tell. In the meanwhile the cannonading had become less frequent, and occasionally in the intervals of firing Alfred could hear the shrill notes of a bugle. He was astonished to find that even the hill on which he was standing smelled of gunpowder, but on examining the ground he discovered that it had been occupied and abandoned. Here were the shattered remains of a gun-carriage, there lay the wheel of an artillery wagon, further on was a knapsack. Though the hill commanded one of the gates it was protected from the nearest forts of the town by several clumps of trees which together formed a miniature thicket. Alfred saw from the broken branches and the torn up earth with what effect the garrison of Nantes had used their artillery. Then walking to a greater dis-

tance from the trees, he stumbled, and found a dead body at his feet. The eyes were open, and seemed to be staring at him with a fixed, glazed stare. He turned away in horror, and remembering that he had now been absent from the château considerably more than an hour, retraced his steps homewards.

As he walked along slowly and sadly he was unable to banish from his memory the figure of the dead soldier. He thought how many more lay slain like him both on the royalist and on the republican side, and wondered whether any friends of his own had perished. The college was in the very centre of the city, but if Nantes had been taken who could tell whether or not it would be set in flames? On the other hand, many of his father's oldest friends were engaged on the royalist side; of that there could be no doubt. There was poor Bérard, too, whose son had joined the Vendéans and Chouans only the night before, the very night that Bérard himself had ridden to Nantes, to fetch him away from the college. Then Alfred asked himself what side he should have taken if he had only been two or three years older; and thus meditating arrived at the park gate.

He had placed the key in the lock and was about to open it when a young soldier, who seemed scarcely older than himself, pale, haggard and tottering from weakness approached him.

"For heaven's sake," commenced the stranger, "allow me to enter this park and lie down on the grass, if only for a few minutes."

"Come in by all means," said Alfred; "are you wounded?" "No, but I am weak and exhausted and almost heart-broken," replied the young man with a sigh, that was very like a sob.

Alfred looked at the fugitive's uniform as they entered the park together. It was so discolored that it was impossible to tell what had been its original hue, and the hat was without a cockade. One thing, however, was quite certain from his general appearance—that the party he belonged to had not been victorious.

"Come with me," said Alfred as he gave his arm to the young man. "Come to the château. You are in want of rest and refreshment."

"Château! whose château is this?" exclaimed the fugitive, as he cast his eyes hurriedly around him. "Does it belong to Madame de Chatouville?"

"Yes," replied Alfred. "To Madame de Chatouville, my mother."

"Pray go to her at once, then. If you tell her that Paul Duval is at her door dying of hunger, she will not refuse me hospitality. She knew me when I was a child. My father was her father's steward, and—"

Here the young man leaned against a tree and seemed on the point of fainting.

"You must be wounded?" said Alfred, a second time.

"No, no," answered Duval, in a voice that told too plainly of his great exhaustion, "but I am weak from want of food. I have tasted nothing since yesterday evening before we commenced the attack; and for the last two hours we have been pursued in every direction by the republicans."

Finding that the fugitive had certainly been fighting on the royalist side, Alfred thought it prudent not to let the servants see him, lest the republican soldiers in their pursuit should pass the château and inquire whether any one was concealed there. As there was no immediate danger of this, he proposed to bring Paul some refreshment in the park, and to take him into the château by a private entrance when the servants were in bed.

Paul thanked Alfred with a sign, and then lay down on the grass.

Alfred was not long absent. He returned with a fowl, some bread, and a bottle of wine, which he placed on the grass before the young fugitive, and then sat down beside him. He had too much delicacy to question Paul, but could scarcely restrain an expression of astonishment when he looked at his slender figure, and his pale, delicate face, and thought of the dangers and fatigues to which he had voluntarily condemned himself.

Paul ate far less voraciously than Alfred had expected. At almost every mouthful he heaved a deep sigh; and from his utter despondency it appeared certain that it was not the loss of the battle alone that was now weighing upon his mind.

His features were regular, and, as we have already said, delicately cut; and Alfred, in spite of the look of despair which at present overspread his countenance, thought his young friend had one of the most agreeable and prepossessing faces he had ever beheld.

"You have had a very poor supper," observed Alfred, when he saw that Paul had finished eating. "I was afraid to take anything else from the pantry lest the servants should suspect."

"Would to heaven my comrades could get half such a good one," replied Paul, with a melancholy smile.

"In what corps were you serving?" asked Alfred at length.

"In the first division," was the reply.

"Guillaume was in that division," continued Alfred. "Bérard's son," he added; "did you know him?"

"Poor Guillaume Bérard!" exclaimed Duval, sadly. "We were in the same company, and he was shot by my side!"

"How I pity his poor father," said Alfred. "The good old man will be quite heartbroken."

"He will, indeed; nor will he be the only one heartbroken by the events of this day," answered the fugitive. "This afternoon, after storming the gate, we entered the town, and Nantes was on the point of falling into our hands. The governor refused to surrender the keys; the battle was renewed, and we were carrying everything before us, when suddenly the general who was leading us on fell mortally wounded. Then there was nothing but confusion in our ranks. The attacking columns retreated, and drove back those who were advancing to support them. From the very barricade that we ought to have taken by assault, volley after volley was poured into our retreating masses, and the slaughter was fearful. We were completely defeated and driven from the place."

Here the young Vendean hid his face in his hands, and for some moments seemed quite overcome by grief.

"But do not be downhearted," said Alfred, as he pressed him by the hand. "Thank heaven, you are now in a place of safety. My mother is kind and hospitable, and you can remain concealed in her house as long as you like."

"I only wish to remain there a few hours till I have had a little rest," replied Paul. "As soon as I have regained my strength I shall join the army again, for the fighting is not over yet. There is blood to be avenged—blood that can scarcely be atoned for," he added. And though his countenance expressed clearly the thirst for vengeance which animated him, he was unable to pronounce these words without wiping away a tear.

Soon afterwards, Alfred having ascertained that the servants had gone to bed, conducted his young protégé to the chateau, and took him to his own room, where he left him, while he went to communicate his strange adventure to his mother.

"Duval!" said Madame de Chatouville, when her son had told her what had occurred. "Of course I remember the name. Duval was my father's steward. He has been dead some years, but I remember him well, and his children too. Where is this unfortunate Paul? Let me see him at once."

Alfred accompanied his mother to his room, where she soon recognised the young fugitive as a child of Duval's. Paul, however, though he could recall a hundred anecdotes of Madame de Chatouville's kindness to his family, could scarcely recognise her by her features. In fact, during the last ten years, that is to say, ever since Duval's death, she had not seen the children more than two or three times, though she had taken care that they were sufficiently provided for.

When Paul felt quite sure that he could place every confidence in Madame de Chatouville, he turned to Alfred, thanked him in the warmest manner for the kindness he had shown him, and requested him to leave him for one moment alone with his mother.

Alfred was rather surprised, but at a sign from Madame de Chatouville he at once quitted the room, wondering what this secret could be that the young Vendean had so carefully concealed from him. He had no sooner disappeared than the fugitive fell at Madame de Chatouville's feet, and exclaimed:

"I cannot deceive you, madame. You think you are protecting Paul Duval, but it is his sister Marie whose life you are saving!"

The young girl removed the handkerchief which she had

bound round her head, and over her shoulders fell her long black locks, covered with blood and dust.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT, Marie!" said Madame de Chatouville, "and were you really fighting at Nantes?"

"Yes, madame, I did not leave my brother's side for an instant," replied the young girl. "What was I to do? When my aunt died, Paul was the only relation I had in the world, and I saw that he was determined to go out with the rest to attack the 'blues.' Do you remember my aunt, madame?"

"Certainly. You went to live with her after your father's death," replied Madame de Chatouville. "But, my poor girl," she interrupted, "what a state you are in! Your forehead is cut, your hair is covered with blood, and your clothes are torn."

"I am not wounded," said Marie; "it is merely a scratch."

"The scratch of a sabre, nevertheless," remarked Madame de Chatouville. "The cut is only on the surface, it is true," she continued, "but you must come into my room and let me bind it up. And I must arrange your hair, and you must change these clothes."

Marie smiled sadly, and shook her head; but she followed Madame de Chatouville into her room.

"Now, you were telling me about your aunt," said Madame de Chatouville, when she had bathed the wound and bound it up with plaster. "She is dead, you say?"

"Alas! madame, she is," replied Marie.

"It was arranged that she should leave you and your brother the farm-house in which she lived?" continued Madame de Chatouville.

"And she did so," said Marie; "we were residing there when this terrible war broke out."

"I understand. And you did not like your brother to leave you?"

"I could not have lived without him, madame. When I saw that he had made up his mind to join the army, I resolved to follow him, and nothing could stop me. I thought that, at all events, I should be there to attend to him, and take care of him if he should be wounded; and that, in any case, I should not be at home by myself, trembling every instant to think that he might be dying and I not with him. This very day," she continued, "I saved his life more than once by warding off, with my musket, the blows that were intended for him—and even to-night, inside the walls, I might perhaps have saved him, if I could only have got near him, but they carried me away. He fell, and at the same moment cried out to me, 'Farewell, Marie. I am shot!' I ran toward him, but our troops were already in full retreat, and I was carried away by the fugitives. My poor brother lay in the street where he fell, and I was not even there to close his eyes."

These words were followed by a torrent of tears. Madame de Chatouville was much moved, and did her utmost to console the unfortunate Marie.

"You must stop with me, my poor Marie," she said. "Change your clothes, remain in the chateau, and no one will suspect anything. Come, let me persuade you," she continued, seeing that Marie hesitated.

"I do not like to appear ungrateful to you for your great kindness," replied Marie, at last, "but I really cannot—must not—accept your generous offer."

"And why not, Marie?"

"Because," continued the high-spirited girl, "it will not satisfy me to mourn for my brother. I must also avenge him."

These words were pronounced in a tone of intense hatred, and the flood of tears once over, there was no longer anything feminine in the grief of Marie Duval. If Alfred had been surprised in the park at the girlish aspect of the young man, Madame de Chatouville was now no less astonished at the masculine bearing of the young woman. She noticed that whenever Marie spoke of the "blues," an expression of fury overspread her countenance, and for the time eclipsed its beauty. Finally, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, the young girl declined to remain in the chateau. She was willing to accept Madame de Chatouville's hospitality for a few hours,

but early in the morning, as soon in fact as she had recruited her strength sufficiently to enable her to proceed on her journey, she proposed to join her division again. The royalist army was said to have retreated to the other side of the Loire, where it would doubtless rally; and if Marie found that her brother Paul was really dead, she was resolved to fight the republicans as long as she could get a single Vendean to stand by her side.

If she had lived in any country but France, or in any part of France except the west, Madame de Chatouville would perhaps have been astonished to see so much energy and determination exhibited by a girl of nineteen, for Marie Duval was no older. But she knew that during the first struggle against the republic, both in La Vendée and Brittany, hundreds of women had put on men's clothes and gone out to fight the "blues." And as, in addition to this, all her sympathies were with the royalists, the fact of Marie having adopted male attire for the sake of fighting by her brother's side, instead of lowering her, raised her considerably in Madame de Chatouville's estimation. It showed that, besides being beautiful, graceful and affectionate, she was also courageous and loyal.

"But, in any case, you must not leave us to-morrow," said Madame de Chatouville.

Marie hesitated.

"No," she continued, "you talked of recruiting your strength, and the least you can do is to wait here until you have thoroughly overcome your fatigue. Come with me. I will lock you up in one of the rooms, and keep the key myself, and no one will know that there is such a person as Marie Duval in the house."

Marie followed Madame de Chatouville to the apartment destined for her reception, threw her clothes off, crept into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

No one in the chateau awoke until late the next day, for all had passed the night before out of their beds. Marie, who had not retired to rest until near dawn, slept soundly until the afternoon. Towards evening she was visited by Madame de Chatouville, who brought her refreshments of various kinds, and again entreated her to remain in the chateau.

But Marie had made up her mind to go away and nurse her brother, if he were still living, or to avenge him if he were dead.

The next morning at daybreak she took her leave of her benefactress, after thanking her in the most touching terms for the kindness she had shown her, and started off in her stained and tattered uniform to seek the first division of the royalist army.

Alfred had asked the day before what had become of Paul Duval.

"He only remained here a few hours," replied Madame de Chatouville, who had promised to preserve Marie's secret. "He went away the first thing this morning."

"Did he not wish to say good-bye to me?" inquired Alfred.

"No," replied his mother.

"Indeed!" said Alfred, in a mortified tone; and he asked no further questions about Paul Duval.

CHAPTER V.

We do not purpose to follow Marie through her campaigns against the "blues." She had every reason to believe that her brother was dead, and did her best to avenge him. But when the chiefs of the insurrection at length laid down their arms and the war was at an end, Marie had nothing to do but to return like a female Cincinnatus to her farm. Here everything reminded her of her lost brother, and she took a melancholy pleasure in recalling the happy days they had passed together. The period of acute suffering had passed away, and she could now speak of Paul, of his noble qualities, and of her love for him, without giving way to those paroxysms of grief which during the first sad days of her deprivation she had been unable to restrain. Since the death of her aunt, who had occupied herself almost exclusively with her niece's education, Marie had scarcely had any associate, not to say friend, except her brother. She used to pass her evenings reading to him; in the morning, when there were no household occupations to keep

her in the house, she would accompany him to the farm and remain with him hours together while he was giving directions to the laborers, or examining the crops. At seed time, she would help him to sow, and she was always in the fields during the haymaking and reaping. The farm, however, had, in itself, no sort of attraction for her. She was quite unable to manage it, and during her absence the person entrusted with its care had neglected it sadly. Indeed it appeared to her, from what she had noticed herself since her return, that at the end of the year the outlay would be found to exceed the returns, and yet she was unwilling to leave a place which was endeared to her by the memory of her lost brother and by a thousand touching associations.

In the meantime her melancholy increased. The objects she loved to behold, the scenes she loved to recall, rendered her day by day more sorrowful, though at the same time more resigned. Her despair had passed away, but it was succeeded by despondency. The neighbors occasionally came to visit her; but to the great majority of them it appeared inexplicable, not to say absurd, that Marie should still be sad, now that her brother had been dead nearly two years. For the popular voice, which some imagine to be the voice of heaven, assigns a limit to grief, as it fixes a period for the exhibition of its external signs; and the world takes it as an insult and a slight, if, after you have once fairly cast aside your black clothes, you still continue to wear your mourning in your heart.

At last one poor woman, herself a sufferer by the inhuman civil war, suggested to Marie that she should let her farm, and come to reside with her. Marie declined the offer; but feeling that she must make up her mind to do something, or that the farm would ruin her, she wrote to consult Madame de Chatouville.

On receiving the letter, Madame de Chatouville determined to see Marie herself, and, the same day, drove over to the farm, which was about ten miles distant from her chateau.

"How kind of her to come!" exclaimed Marie to herself; and, with tears in her eyes, she ran to the door to receive her benefactress, as she called Madame de Chatouville.

"I am not your benefactress, Marie," replied that lady, as she embraced her, "because I gave you a few hours' hospitality when you were fainting and in despair; but tell me what I can do to assist you, now, and you will see how glad I shall be to serve you."

"Alas! madame," said Marie, "I scarcely know what to ask you. I am so lonely, yet so unwilling to leave the farm, and the farm is so much more than I can manage, that I feel quite at a loss what to do."

Madame de Chatouville entered the house, and sat down. She looked at Marie. Her cheeks were sunken and nearly colorless. There were dark circles round her large black eyes. Her hands were painfully thin. On her pale forehead was a white ivory-colored scar. She was excited now, and Madame de Chatouville could see the palpitation of her temples and the rising and falling of the little blue veins. She took her by the hand; it was hot and feverish.

"There is one thing you must do, and that at once, my dear Marie," said Madame de Chatouville. "You must put your bonnet on, and come home with me in the carriage. The drive will do you good."

Marie was going to make objections, but Madame de Chatouville would not hear of them:

"We will talk about future arrangements when we get home," she continued. "At present, I have only one thing to say: when you asked me for my advice, I supposed you intended to pay some attention to it, and my advice is, that you come back with me and remain at the chateau until to-morrow. Then," she added, with a smile, "if you think you can manage to live with us, I shall be only too glad to have such a good, affectionate girl as you are for my companion; but until to-morrow, at least, you are under my care."

"You are determined I shall call you my benefactress, after all," said Marie, with a look of gratitude. Madame de Chatouville kissed her, and a few minutes afterwards they were on the road to the chateau.

At the gate they were met by Alfred, whom Marie had not

seen since that terrible evening when he had assisted her, half fainting into the park. She was somewhat confused at meeting him, and he appeared a little embarrassed himself; and, though he addressed her as an old acquaintance, he made no allusion to the circumstances under which he had seen her before.

When Madame de Chatouville and Marie were alone, they began to converse about the changes that had taken place during the last two years.

Alfred had returned to the college at Nantes, and had remained there until within a few weeks, but he had now left it altogether. He was nineteen years of age, and his mother wished him to continue with her until he was twenty-one, when, in all probability, he would desire to go to Paris.

Madame de Chatouville asked Marie whether she remembered Bérard?

"No," replied Marie. "I never saw him, but I knew her son Guillaume well. He fell by my brother's side in that terrible affair at Nantes. Poor Guillaume," she added, "he used often to speak to us about his father."

"I scarcely thought M. Bérard would have survived his loss," said Madame de Chatouville. "I persuaded him to leave the place, and I believe the change of scene has done something toward diverting his attention from the subject of his grief. Ah," she added, seeing that Marie was sad, "there are many, indeed, who have suffered by this fearful civil war."

She then resumed: "I was saying that Bérard had left Brittany. We have a farm in Brie, not many leagues from Paris, and I offered him the lease of it in exchange for that of the house he used to occupy here. He accepted it, and I believe the farm suits him very well."

"Has he any other children?" inquired Marie.

"One little girl; a charming little girl, named Rose," replied Madame de Chatouville. "It is very fortunate for her that her father has gone to live near Paris. He has sent her to one of the best schools in the capital; which, if he had remained so far away in the provinces, he would have been unwilling, and indeed quite unable, to do."

The next morning it was arranged that Marie should let her farm, and remain at the chateau in the capacity of housekeeper. It is true that there was one housekeeper already in the person of Madame de Chatouville, who was of opinion that servants were never so well looked after as when the mistress looked after them herself; but Marie was too proud to live at another person's expense without performing any services in return, and finally Madame de Chatouville agreed to intrust her with the general superintendence of her establishment.

Marie, who had received a good education and had profited by it, was constantly with Madame de Chatouville, and as Alfred endeavored to be just as constantly with Marie, it appeared to his mother that he was the most dutiful son in the world. In the evening Marie and Alfred used to take it by turns to read aloud, and it no doubt appeared very natural to Madame de Chatouville that they should both take so much interest in this agreeable occupation. But it was not the book, it was Marie that Alfred admired so much; and when Alfred was reading, Marie listened more to the tones of his voice than to the actual words he pronounced.

After all, it was not Madame de Chatouville's fault. What could she do but ask Marie to take up her abode at the chateau? Marie, who had sacrificed everything to what was considered in Brittany to be "the good cause," and who would have died of melancholy if left to herself! And because Marie was living with her, and had fine eyes, was that any reason why Alfred—who, moreover, was but a boy, not yet twenty years of age—should be kept perpetually at a provincial college, where he had certainly learnt all that he was likely to learn, with the exception of a few vices which there was no necessity for his acquiring at all? No, Madame de Chatouville was not to blame. It was "the fault of fatality," as the ingenious M. Bovary says, in the terrible book which the immoral functionaries of the French empire have discovered to be deficient in moral purpose.

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that a rightly-organized young man cannot be brought into communication with a beautiful young woman without undergoing the influence of

her beauty, just as the needle of true metal cannot be placed in the vicinity of the magnet without being attracted by it. The writer knows that the simile is not new, nevertheless it is striking. The difference between the needle and the young man (which, so far as the writer is aware, has not been remarked on before) is not seen until some time afterwards. Then the needle is as much attracted by the magnet as a month, six months or a year previously; and if one has been joined to the other, it will be just as difficult to separate them. With the young man, however, the case is far otherwise. For him the attraction is sometimes changed into repulsion; and even with the best specimens, it is found that there is not much trouble in detaching him from the object to which at one period he had felt himself drawn with such irresistible force. Is it that the metal of the needle has changed, or that the magnet itself has lost its qualities? One theory is adopted by women, the other by men, and neither are absolutely true; but the fact at least proves one thing—that metals and metallic magnetism are more durable than human love.

Marie and Alfred had now been living in the same house about two years, and four years had elapsed since that first mysterious interview in the park, when Marie said she was Paul, and Alfred took Paul's hand and pressed it in token of sympathy.

Marie, who was two years older than Alfred, loved him tenderly and protectingly, but also passionately, as she had loved her brother. Alfred, on his side, was equally devoted to Marie, and was convinced that there was no one equal to her in the world. But he was now twenty-one, and had no intention of passing all his youth in Brittany, when he possessed the means of living in the capital.

One morning, after he had been speaking to his mother about visiting Paris, Marie followed him into the park. Her eyes were red, and it was easy to see that she had been crying.

"Why do you wish to go to Paris, Alfred?" she commenced.

"What have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing, dearest," replied Alfred; "only I wish to see Paris. We shall all go there together."

"But when you are there you will no longer care for me," she continued.

"And why not, silly girl?" he said with a laugh. "Why should I not love you in Paris as I love you here?"

"No; it will be very different," she answered. "You will be continually at balls and parties, and will see so many persons more beautiful than I am, that I shall soon be quite forgotten."

"No, Marie," protested Alfred, as he embraced her, "I shall never see any one to compare to you, and can never love any one but you. You shall be my first and my last love," &c.

"I know you can never marry me, Alfred," she sobbed; "I know that the difference in our stations will prevent that."

"Do not say so, my dearest Marie," interrupted Alfred; "my mother esteems you and loves you, and in time will certainly give her consent."

"No," she continued, sobbing still more violently, "I know that will never be; but remember one thing, Alfred," and here by a great effort she restrained her sobs, "if ever you marry any one else, I will kill her and kill myself afterwards."

Marie's lips were quite white, and Alfred recognised the same expression he had noticed in her face that sad night when, wounded and exhausted, she swore to avenge her brother's death.

CHAPTER VI.

MARIE's forebodings proved true enough. Alfred's residence in Paris was a continual source of uneasiness to her. He had inherited a large estate; and, as his mother had lived most economically in the country, they had plenty of money at their command, and spent it freely. Once a week, at Madame de Chatouville's hotel, there was a reception, which generally took the form of a magnificent ball; and, besides this, there were the balls strictly so called, which only differed from the receptions

in being more numerously attended, and generally less agreeable. On these occasions Marie was not present. In the country she had lived with Madame de Chatouville on the most intimate terms; but her pride, or perhaps we should rather say her native good taste, would not allow her to take advantage of this to associate now on an equal footing with Madame de Chatouville's friends. Often had Alfred and his mother begged her to come into the drawing-room on a reception night, but she always steadily refused. On one occasion, when there was to be a grand ball in the evening, Alfred noticed that Marie was unusually sad.

"You will be dull to-night, Marie," he said, "while we shall be enjoying ourselves; why will you not join us?"

"I know you will be enjoying yourself, Alfred," she replied. "I am not necessary to your happiness now. I feel that."

"But I should enjoy myself a great deal more if you would remain with us," he continued.

"And I should be still more miserable," she answered. "I could not bear to see you dancing, and hear you paying compliments, to those women who are always here."

"What women do you mean, dearest?" he inquired.

"There are so many of them," said Marie. "How do I know which? I hate them all."

These scenes occurred several times. They generally ended with mutual protestations of love, but at last Alfred was fatigued and annoyed by them. Marie literally persecuted him with her affection and her jealousy, and he was not sorry when the Paris season was at an end, and Madame de Chatouville proposed that they should go to the country.

"We will not go all the way to Brittany," she said; "let us go to your estate in Brie."

"Yes," replied Alfred, "that will be much better. Shall you not be pleased to see the country again, mademoiselle (his mother was listening)?"

"Indeed I shall," answered Marie; and she spoke the truth.

But it was the same thing in the country. The scene had changed, but not Marie's ideas. A jealous person can always find a pretext for jealousy; and on two occasions, when some ladies happened to be staying for a few days with Madame de Chatouville, she proved to Alfred that she could be both suspicious and tyrannical. If love is blind, the optical arrangements of jealousy are still more unsatisfactory. Jealousy, by turns, is short sighted, long sighted, wall-eyed, to say nothing of squinting and total blindness now and then, when it is particularly desirable that it should see. To the subject this yellow distemper is doubtless a severe torture, and to the object it is sufficiently annoying. Slight intermitting jealousy may act as an irritant to vanity, and as such is tolerated very agreeably; but a real jealous fever, severe and continuous, must in the end, inevitably dry up the fountains of love.

Alfred now began to absent himself as much as possible from the chateau. He would walk or ride about the estate, shoot, fish, lie down on the grass—do anything rather than be bothered (for it had come to that now) by his once darling Marie. Sometimes, too, he would ride over to old Bérard's, for whom this visit of Madame de Chatouville to the estate in Brie had been quite a *fête*. On these occasions, the old man never failed to ask after "the Vendean," as he called Marie, and Alfred replied that some day she would certainly pay him a visit; but the day never came.

Alfred saw Marie when it was impossible to avoid her, but only then; and he would have done anything to escape such a long *tête-à-tête* as would have been involved by a journey in her company to Bérard's farm.

His mother was not very well, and Alfred declared that it would be highly unbecoming for Marie to go out with him alone. The reader sees that he had already enlisted the word propriety in his behalf; men have always such wonderful scruples about compromising a woman when they no longer care for her.

It was true, however, that Madame de Chatouville was not in good health, and at last the symptoms became so alarming that Alfred thought it would be well to return to Paris, that she might procure the best medical advice. Her illness did not appear to be of a dangerous character. In less than a week she

was able to go out, and was declared by her doctors to be in a state of convalescence—which meant that they wanted two or three more fees, and would then leave her alone.

A few weeks afterwards, Madame de Chatouville remarked that her son looked ill and worried, and that he ought to go back to the country for another month. Alfred was worried, but not ill. Nevertheless he was only too glad to seize this pretext for liberating himself from Marie's chains, and at once agreed with his mother that the best thing he could do was to return to Brie.

Then there was a scene, which was almost tragic, between the lovers—for, after all, Alfred still loved Marie. Reproaches, recriminations, despair, compunction, tenderness, protestations of undying affection—the old duet which is always being sung, and which will still be sung to the end of time.

Marie gazed at the carriage as it rolled out of the courtyard, and watched it till it was out of sight. Then she locked the door of her room, lay down on the bed, and wept for hours, until it was quite dark.

Alfred lighted a cigar, and said to himself, "Poor Marie, I am sorry to leave her, but, after all, liberty is a blessing." Then he told the driver not to spare the horses, as he was anxious to get to his journey's end as soon as possible.

The next day Alfred awoke early, and after breakfast went out to visit old Bérard. Then he remembered that he had not written to Marie as he had promised to do every morning. He tied a knot in his handkerchief, and wrote in his memorandum book: "Must write to Marie this afternoon." This was very thoughtful of Alfred, but it also proved that Marie did not now occupy much of his thought.

Alfred had not walked very far when he met M. Bérard, who was equally surprised and delighted to see him.

Nothing would satisfy the old man but that Alfred should breakfast with him; the fact that he had already breakfasted being looked upon as no obstacle whatever to this arrangement. Perhaps Alfred's independence had increased his appetite, or perhaps he merely thought that M. Bérard would consider it disobliging on his part to refuse. At all events he accepted, and they walked together towards the farm. They had just entered a lane which led straight to the farm-house, when Alfred fancied he could distinguish the sound of a piano. Then a fresh clear voice commenced one of Piccini's most beautiful melodies, which Alfred thought had never been sung so charmingly before.

"What a lovely voice!" he exclaimed, as he stood still before the house; "and with what expression she sings! Who can it be?"

"Oh, there is no mystery about it," said M. Bérard, with a smile. "It is only my daughter Rose."

"Your daughter Rose?" repeated Alfred, with amazement.

"Yes," continued the father. "She has been at school for the last five years; but as she is now nearly seventeen, and, I really believe, knows as much as her masters, I have taken her away. She only came home last night."

Alfred was still listening to Mdlle. Rose's song.

"But let us go inside," said M. Bérard. "If you are fond of music, Rose is an excellent girl, and will sing to us all the morning."

Alfred entered.

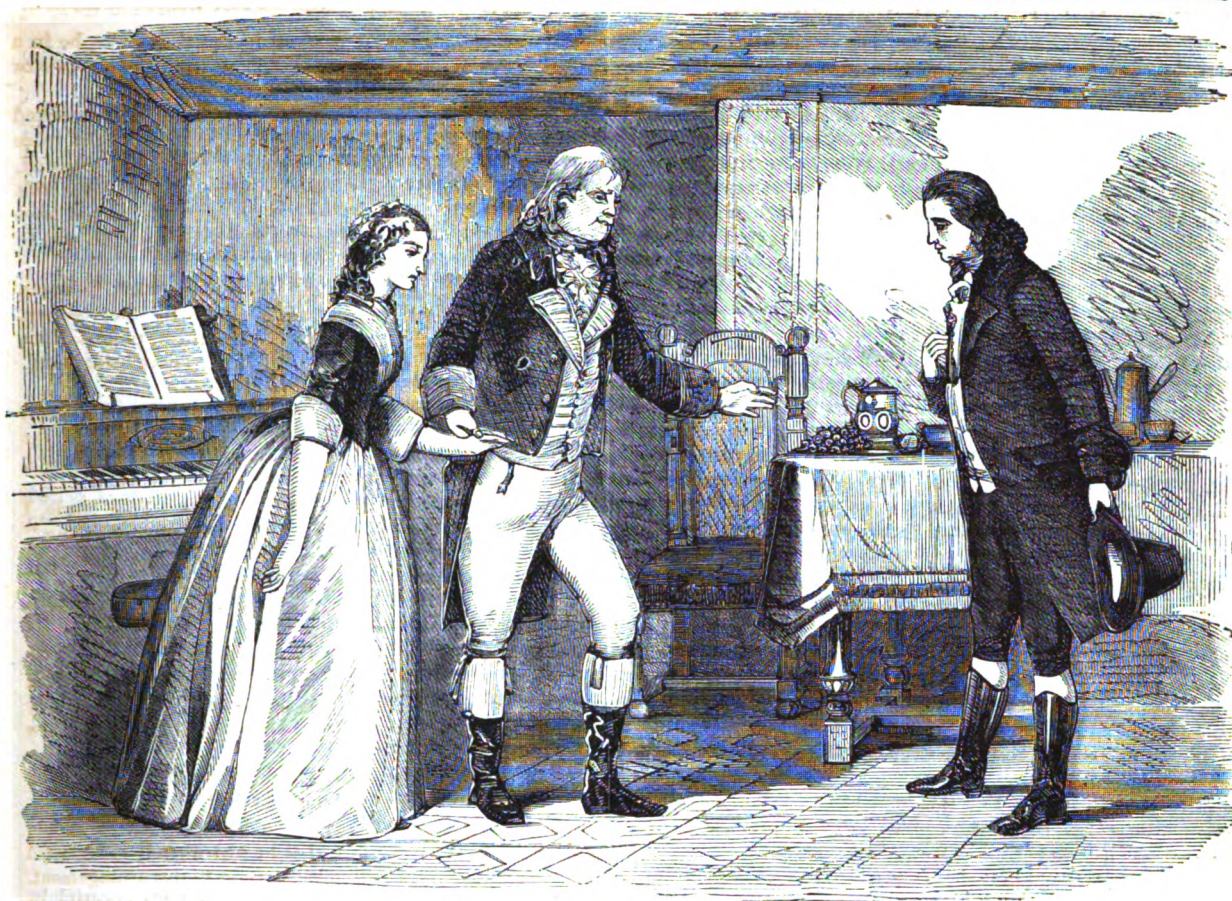
CHAPTER VII.

"Rose, here is M. de Chatouville—Monsieur Alfred, of whom you have heard me speak so often," said Bérard, as he entered.

"You must excuse us interrupting your music," continued Alfred; "but my friend Bérard told me to follow him."

The face of the old farmer was radiant with delight—partly, no doubt, from being called "my friend Bérard" by M. de Chatouville, and partly from the young man's warm recognition of his daughter's abilities.

As for Rose, Alfred was astonished at her elegance and grace, even more than at her beauty, which was in itself remarkable; but beauty is a plant that grows on all soils, except, perhaps, the very poorest; whereas grace and elegance can only, as a rule, be obtained by means of cultivation. How little he thought now of what he had once told Marie—that he should never see any one whose charms he could compare to hers!



ALFRED'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ROSE.

Here let us call the attention of the amiable reader to a fallacy which some dull persons have circulated on the subject of love at first sight. These stolid sages pretend that because a certain tepid kind of affection sometimes grows out of esteem, therefore there can be no such thing as quick, instantaneous love, independent of reason. Yet no one denies that at first sight men and women are inclined to form friendships; and how much stronger than friendship is love! No; the English idiom, "to fall in love," is a good one. People do not walk or glide into the amorous state; they tumble into it headlong. Day by day they may sink lower and lower, until at last they reach the lowest depths, but the very beginning is a plunge. We will say nothing about the desirability of such tumbles, believing, as we do, that they sometimes produce painful effects, which are not felt until the unconsciousness consequent on the fall has passed away.

Rose, then, was a young girl with charms the very opposite of Marie's; and yet Alfred, who had vowed that no beauty but Marie's could ever have the least effect upon him, had already fallen in love with Rose—fallen in love with her, too, at first sight.

Marie was dark, Rose was fair. Marie was tall, and, in spite of her delicacy of organisation, had a certain nervous strength. Rose was a little girl, who did not look short only because she was exquisitely proportioned. Marie was certainly gentle, most gentle, with Alfred; but it was the gentleness of a tigress in love. Rose was as innocent and tender as a dove. We said, in describing her as a child, that she had fair hair, blue eyes, and a transparent complexion; and she was childlike still.

Alfred could scarcely persuade himself that the refined, lady-like girl before him was the daughter of Bérard, the farmer; and when he began to converse with her, the softness of her voice and the charming simplicity of her manner, interested him even more than her appearance.

"Come, Rose, sing us something," said the father. "I am sure M. Alfred will be pleased to hear you, for he was just saying that you had a beautiful voice."

"Oh, father," said the young girl with a smile, "how can you expect M. de Chatouville to take any pleasure in the singing of a school-girl, when he is, no doubt, accustomed to hear the best singers in Paris?"

Alfred might have told her that he was delighted even to hear her speak, for every accent of her voice went to his heart. He contented himself, however, with saying, that but for fear of appearing importunate he should certainly press her very much to accede to her father's request.

"Oh, if my father really wishes me to sing I shall not wait to be pressed," said Rose; and she sat down at the piano and commenced forthwith one of her favorite songs.

Alfred was much pleased at Rose's ready compliance with the wishes of her father. She was of course much superior to him in abilities and education, but her modesty and her dutiful disposition did not allow her to presume upon this in the slightest degree.

"I thought by her angelic face," said Alfred to himself, "that she was a good girl, and now I am convinced of it."

Rose sang her air, and when Alfred complimented her upon the manner of executing it, the young girl did not, with false modesty, attempt to conceal her pleasure at receiving his praises.

"I should be very glad, sir," she replied, "if what you say about my voice were true, for I love music above all things."

During breakfast Alfred conversed with Rose upon several subjects, but principally about her life at school, where she had spent many happy years, and where (as Alfred now discovered), she had profited largely by the excellent instruction given to her. As he walked home he endeavored to recall every word she had uttered, and then imagination completed what observation had begun. He thought of the hundred good qualities that really belonged to her, and in the fulness of his heart invested her with a thousand others, which she either did or did not possess.

The next morning when Alfred awoke he found a letter on

his table from Marie, to whom he had not written a line. His conscience smote him. He sat down, and from sheer pity addressed to her several pages full of an affection which he did not feel. Then he felt considerably relieved, despatched his epistle, and walked in the direction of Bérard's. But it suddenly occurred to him that to go there two days in succession might appear remarkable. He thought the matter over, and ended by persuading himself that it would not look so strange if he deferred his visit until the evening. So ingenious is self-gratification!

In the evening there were fresh sensations in store for this very promising lover. The previous day Rose had worn a light morning dress and a little lace cap; now Alfred saw her in silk, and could admire her beautiful soft brown hair. She sang and talked and laughed, and brought her favorite books to show him; and he was in raptures with her voice, her conversation, her smiles, and, in fact, with every look and every movement; with her music, and even with the silky sound of her dress, like the rustling of leaves in the breeze. Rose was very fond of reading, but she had very few books. This, she said, was the only thing she regretted in the country.

Alfred resolved to send to Paris for three or four hundred volumes, and in the meanwhile he offered to lend Mademoiselle Bérard the next day whatever books he could find in the chateau. The offer was accepted with joy, and the reader may be sure that Alfred did not forget to bring Rose the books as he had forgotten to send Marie the letter.

Just at that time, however, Marie was far from feeling the unhappiness of her position. She had received Alfred's letter at last, and had replied to it with delight; and now Alfred felt called upon to respond to the communication in the same tone. He could not make up his mind to write the truth, for the truth is sometimes so terrible that it is brutal to utter it. He could not tell Marie that he no longer loved her.

After taking Rose the books from the chateau, Alfred visited her the next evening to ask her how she liked them, and the evening afterwards to say that he expected some more books from Paris, and the evening after that to say that the books from Paris had not come. Then the books did come, and from time to time Alfred carried some of the volumes to Mademoiselle Bérard, until at last both the father and the daughter were so accustomed to see him that the evening was dull when he did not make his appearance.

In the meanwhile, the sagacious reader asks, what was old Bérard about? Had he no eyes, no ears? or, having eyes, did he see not? having ears, hear not? Old Bérard was wiser even than the reader; he had perception, and he had knowledge, but he had also confidence. It appeared to him very natural that Alfred should take a pleasure in Rose's society, for who so agreeable and accomplished as Rose? Nor did it astonish him that his daughter should take at least as much pleasure in the conversation of M. de Chatouville as he derived from it himself. He had known Alfred de Chatouville since his birth, and had rescued him from Nantes that terrible dark night when the Vendéans attacked the city and bombarded it for so many hours with success. As for Alfred behaving dishonorably towards his daughter, he was not capable of that, nor was Bérard capable of suspecting him of it.

In fact, Alfred had fully resolved, in spite of all obstacles, to make Bérard's daughter his wife. One day Rose had been at a wedding, where she had figured as bridesmaid.

"And you, Rose," said Alfred to her, "does your father never think of getting you married?"

"Never," replied Rose, trembling all over. "But why do you ask me such a question? What can my father have been saying to you?"

Alfred had taken her hand, which fluttered like a bird, in his.

"Your father has said nothing to me, Rose," he continued; "but if I were to mention some one to him whom you, perhaps, would not refuse?"

"I refuse! I refuse!" interrupted Rose.

"But why, if he is worthy of you? if he is in an honorable position, and if he loves you? Oh, Rose, I cannot tell you how he loves you!"

With these words, Alfred placed his arm round the waist of the trembling girl, and drew her towards him.

Rose blushed, then turned pale; then fixing her soft blue eyes, now full of tears, upon him, said:

"You cannot be wicked enough to be laughing at me?"

"No, my darling Rose," exclaimed Alfred, as he clasped her to his breast. "I am speaking of myself. It is of myself I must speak to your father. Tell me at once, Rose, that I am to do so."

For a few seconds Rose's tears prevented her replying, but her looks were a sufficient answer. Then, suddenly a fatal thought occurred to her; she raised her eyes sadly towards heaven, and said:

"Ah, Alfred, there is no such happiness for us. I know my father, and directly he hears a word of such a project he will separate us for ever."

It was indeed certain that Bérard would never consent to the marriage lest it should be supposed that he had planned it, and encouraged Alfred to visit at his house with the view of entrapping him into a union unworthy of his position and name. Therefore, after a hundred protestations of eternal love, sealed by an equal number of eternal kisses, the lovers agreed to keep their secret until Alfred had persuaded Madame de Chatouville to give her consent; and he knew that his mother had too much affection for him to persist in a refusal, if she once became convinced that his happiness was at stake.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALFRED was not afraid of his mother, far less of old Bérard, after his mother had once fairly given her consent; but he dreaded the anger of Marie.

"How can I ever tell her?" he said to himself, as he walked back to the chateau, for he knew her temper and determination, and did not know to what extremities her despair might not carry her. He entered, and the first person he saw was—Marie!

Alfred started as if with fright, though there was certainly nothing terrible in the apparition that met his view. Marie had received his second letter, and was delighted with its contents. Now, as she thought of his last words, her face was radiant with love.

"At last!" she exclaimed, as she rushed towards Alfred, and threw her arms round his neck. "I thought I was never to see you again."

Alfred stammered out some tolerably common-place expressions of joy, and at the same time expressed his astonishment at Marie having left Paris.

"Your mother is ill, very ill indeed," replied Marie, sadly.

"Ill!" exclaimed Alfred. "How you alarm me; and when she wrote to me, two or three days since, she said her health was very good."

"Her health has not been good," replied Marie, "for some time. Madame de Chatouville persuades herself that she is not so ill as she really is. The doctors are very much alarmed about her."

"And yet no one could think of sending a message to me!" said Alfred, reproachfully.

"Your mother would not hear of it," answered Marie. "Even now she thinks I only left Paris to visit one of my relations, for I knew how distressed you would be if you were not made acquainted with her real position until it was too late."

"My dear Marie," said Alfred, who now thought only of his mother. "I thank you with all my heart."

And he pressed her hand so tenderly that her heart beat as during the first period of their love, but he confined himself strictly to this mark of friendship.

Alfred now lost no time in ordering post-horses; but, in the meanwhile, he had not a word of affection for Marie, and sometimes seemed scarcely aware of her presence. Mortified as she was by this neglect, she endeavored to account for it by Alfred's anxiety respecting his mother. She thought of the letter he had so recently written to her, and could not persuade herself that he no longer loved her.

It was true that Alfred's pre-occupation was mainly due to the news he had received of his mother's illness; but he also thought of the effect his sudden departure might have upon Rose. Having ascertained that the horses would not be ready until eight o'clock—it was then only six—he started off to Bérard's farm, to take farewell of his betrothed, and reassure her, for the hundred and first time, of his undying affection.

Marie followed him. He had left the chateau with such a joyous step that her suspicions were at once aroused.

"He is not thinking of his mother, now," she said to herself; "nor, alas, is he thinking of me!"

At first she intended to call to him and ask him where he was going, but after a moment's reflection, she resolved to adopt a less frank, but far more certain mode of attaining her object. She waited until Alfred had advanced some distance, and then walked after him, taking care always to keep a hedge or a turn in the road between him and herself. These precautions were, however, quite unnecessary, for Alfred was so anxious to reach the farm that he never thought of looking back, but, on the contrary, hurried forward as fast as possible. Suddenly Marie saw him enter the lane which led to Bérard's house.

"How foolish I am!" she exclaimed; "he is simply going to say good-bye to old Bérard."

Delighted at this discovery, and unable to contain her joy, she was about to run toward Alfred, who had now reached the house, when she heard him call out—

"Rose, Rose—come down."

"Yes, Alfred, in a moment," replied a voice.

Marie uttered a shriek, and fell to the ground. This cry of despair was not even heard by the lovers; and a few minutes afterwards Marie rose unperceived and returned heartbroken to the chateau. But she had already begun to meditate her plan of revenge. First, she intended to question the perfidious Alfred, to see whether he would still attempt to deceive her; but, in any case, she was determined to punish him, and, at the same time, to make her rival feel something like the torture she was now suffering herself.

It was just five o'clock.

"He will not leave her until the very last moment," was Marie's bitter reflection, as she walked towards the lodge of the chateau, intending to question the lodge-keeper's wife as to the life Alfred had been leading during the last six weeks. It would have been impossible to find any one more disposed to give the desired information. There was no difficulty about leading up to the point; the good woman went straight to it at once.

"M. Alfred must have been dull; must he, in the country? Well, people had their own ideas about what was dull; but M. Alfred had certainly been doing his best to amuse himself. How? Oh, that was a question to ask M. Bérard. Poor man—or, rather, mean man; for he certainly must know it was not for him that M. de Chatouville went every day to the farm, and sometimes twice a day, and came back at all sorts of hours. That came of sending peasant girls to your fashionable Parisian schools. They learned a great deal there certainly. Of that there could be no doubt; but whether an honest man's daughter was not better without such learning, was a different question. She knew what she thought. Poor Rose! After all, she did not see why she should be pitied; only she was so young—and yet so depraved! In her time, such a girl would have been hooted from the village and pelted with stones."

Thus did this old serpent hiss away the reputation of the purest girl that ever lived. To Marie, who cared nothing for Rose's reputation, but everything for Alfred's love, every hiss was a mortal sting; but she listened and listened, until at last her faithless lover made his appearance at the gate. The lodge-keeper's wife went out with the key and let him in. Marie then joined him, and they walked together up the avenue leading to the chateau.

With all her determination, Marie could not make up her mind to tell Alfred that she had discovered his treachery. She still, in the face of all evidence, endeavored to persuade herself that she might be mistaken; and that, perhaps, after all, Alfred

had only formed some passing attachment for Rose, simply because during the last six weeks he had had no one else to speak to. She knew that the lodge-keeper's wife was an old gossip, and therefore more or less a calumniator. Among other things, she had stated that Bérard was a party to his daughter's disgrace, which could not possibly be true, Bérard himself being the very incarnation of honor; and, if the old backbiter had maligned the father, why should she have spared the daughter? and might not the accusation generally be without foundation? Alas, with her own ears she had heard Alfred call out to Rose in a voice of affection, and Rose had answered him in the same tone.

During the journey to Paris, Alfred was so kind and attentive to Marie that she could scarcely refrain from shedding tears. Did he really love her, or was this the perfection of hypocrisy? One thought was so delightful, the other so terrible, and the alternation of two such opposite feelings so distracted her, that she was obliged to hold her handkerchief over her mouth to prevent a fit of sobbing. Then she threw herself back in a corner of the carriage; and as it was now the evening and she had already had a long journey, Alfred concluded that she was fatigued and wished to sleep. Soon after midnight they reached Paris. Alfred handed Marie out of the carriage, and then rushed upstairs to his mother's room.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME DE CHATOUVILLE was not so ill as her son had expected to find her. Nevertheless, when, the morning after his arrival, Alfred saw the doctor who was attending her, he became convinced that Marie was quite right, and that his mother was really in a dangerous state. As usual, the physicians could do nothing. Accordingly, they recommended change of air; and it was decided that Madame de Chatouville should start in a week for Nice.

In the meanwhile, Marie had scarcely ever an opportunity of speaking to Alfred alone. Whether this proceeded from an intention on his part to avoid her, or was merely the result of accident, she was unable to tell; but she resolved to take the first opportunity of asking him for a justification of his conduct.

"If," she said to herself, "he has merely paid Rose a little attention, and now thinks of her no more, how joyfully I shall forgive him!" and, in hopes of receiving some such explanation, she followed Alfred, one morning, into the breakfast-room, before Madame de Chatouville had come down. She hesitated before commencing the scene which, she felt, was to decide her fate. At last she asked Alfred when his mother was to leave Paris? and the following dialogue then took place.

ALFRED (*in reply to Marie's question*)—"In a few days; as soon as she is well enough to undertake the journey."

MARIE—"Yes; it is a long way from here to Nice."

ALFRED—"If it does her the least good, the distance will be of no consequence."

MARIE—"No, not to her; but it will be several hundred miles from your estate."

ALFRED—"What! from Brittany?"

MARIE—"No; I am not speaking of Brittany. I am speaking of Brie. I know that you have forgotten Brittany, and everything connected with it."

ALFRED—"Indeed? I do not quite understand."

MARIE (*after a pause*)—"Well, how shall you be able to live at Nice without seeing your mistress?"

ALFRED (*indignantly*)—"My mistress! What calumny is this? Who has dared to say anything against Rose?"

MARIE (*maliciously*)—"Did I mention Rose Bérard's name? Deny, now, that you are in love with her."

ALFRED—"If I were in love with Rose Bérard, Mdlle. Duval, I should marry her."

MARIE—"You mean, M. de Chatouville, that you would promise to marry her. You are accustomed to that. But no matter—you love her? Answer me that question."

"I will not deceive you," commenced Alfred.

"What?" interrupted Marie significantly.

"No, I will not deceive you," said Alfred, "any more."

"Ah!" exclaimed Marie contemptuously.

"No," he continued, "I will not deny that I love Rose, and, indeed, it would be impossible for me to conceal it. Reproach me, Marie; I deserve all that you can say against me. Or, rather," he said, checking himself, "forgive me; pardon me, and allow me always to look upon you as my dearest friend—as my own faithful sister."

He took her hands and pressed them in his own, and Marie had sufficient strength not to withdraw them.

"Do not speak of me," she said, at last, in a trembling voice. "Do not think of me any more. So you are married to her?"

"No, not married yet, Marie," said Alfred; and, reassured by the apparent calmness with which she had heard his confession, he explained to her the obstacles that stood in the way of the union.

Marie, white with rage, listened to all Alfred had to say without in any way betraying her thirst for vengeance. Alfred certainly noticed her palor, but he attributed it to an emotion of a more tender kind.

The poor girl knew that Madame de Chatouville would not oppose the marriage very long, if she saw that her son's happiness depended upon it. She was also quite aware that no representations or menaces on her part would have any effect, and that if she wished to be revenged on the lovers, she must assume a certain indifference until she had made herself thoroughly acquainted with their plans and projects. Alfred took her into his confidence, and was so completely thrown off his guard by her assumed impassibility, that he had the cruelty, or rather the thoughtlessness, to praise Rose to her unfortunate rival's face. This was almost as much as Marie could bear, but she submitted to the torture, resolved that Rose should, one day or other, suffer for it, and, through the darling Rose, her faithless lover himself.

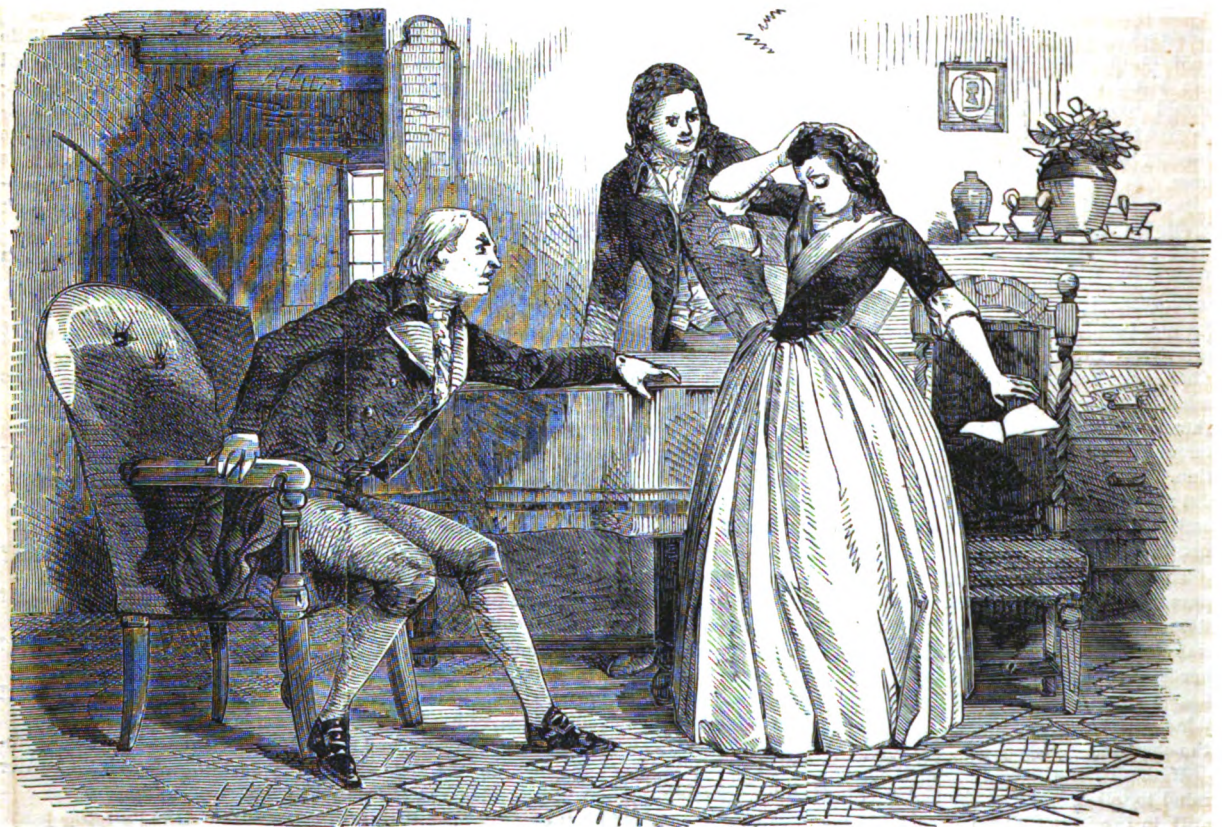
Two or three days after this scene, Marie went into Madame de Chatouville's room with a letter, which she said she had just received, and which informed her that her brother Paul was not

dead. He had managed to crawl to the side of the street, and the republicans, in charging the royalists, and pursuing them through the gate, had passed him. Then they had taken him up, so badly wounded that he seemed on the point of death, and had carried him to the hospital; whence, three months afterwards, he had escaped, and after much trouble and danger, had got on board an English vessel, and sailed to London. Now that the Vendéans had all been pardoned, he proposed to return to Brittany, and take possession of his little farm; "and he begs me," concluded Marie, all radiant with joy, "to be in Nantes in two days to meet him."

Madame de Chatouville was truly sorry to lose Marie, whom she had accustomed herself to look upon almost as her own daughter. However, she congratulated her upon the good news she had received, embraced her, and recommended her to prepare without delay to join Paul. She was determined not to utter a word that might have the effect of delaying the meeting between the sister and the long-lost brother.

As for Alfred, he congratulated Marie so very warmly upon her brother's return to life, that she could not refrain from thanking him ironically for the interest he took in her happiness. Alfred was, indeed, glad to find that Marie was now about to live at some distance from himself and his bride; for, although she appeared to be quite reconciled, or, at all events, quite resigned, to his marriage with Rose, he had not forgotten a threat she had once pronounced in Brittany.

Two days afterwards Marie was ready to start for Nantes. Madame de Chatouville did not express all the grief, nor Alfred the joy, that this departure caused respectively to the mother and the son. A few minutes before the hour fixed for the arrival of the post-horses, Alfred went to Marie's room to take farewell of her. He assured her that he should always remember the affection that had existed between them, and begged her to look upon him as her sincerest friend, and to apply to him whenever she had need of assistance or advice. He then placed a letter on the table before her, and left her, so much affected himself that he scarcely noticed the terrible emotion by which her whole frame was convulsed.



ROSE'S AGITATION AT THE SUPPOSED FALSEHOOD OF HER LOVER.

Marie for some moments was unable to open the letter, but as soon as she had recovered her self-possession she broke the seal, and found an order for 30,000*f.*, together with a slip of paper on which were the following words:

"I entreat Marie to accept this from her brother."

"Money! He offers me money!" said Marie, rising from her chair, her face crimson with indignation. She had taken the order in her hand, and was about to tear it to atoms, when suddenly she checked herself and replaced it in the envelope. "He is right," she said, with a diabolical smile; "I may have need of it!"

CHAPTER X.

SCANDAL is common to all countries, and especially to all country towns. And as the atmosphere of a country town is more favorable to its propagation than that of a large city, so it increases and multiplies still more rapidly in a village than in either. Rose's father was not long discovering this great truth; at all events, he soon found out that his daughter's reputation had somehow deserted her, and that those villagers who prided themselves particularly on their virtue (that is to say, the whole of the population of Brie) took a great deal of trouble to avoid her.

The poor girl had committed two terrible faults. In the first place, she had once walked out with Alfred de Chatouville, and had made no mystery of his frequent visits to her father's house; in the second, she had gone to church in a silk dress. Her indiscretion in associating freely with a young man so much her superior in position, might have been forgiven; but it was impossible to overlook the silk dress. The rich will sometimes look leniently upon a little vice if very elegantly arrayed, but the splendor of the apparel seems to be the very thing that shocks the poor. A miserable sinner may be pitied, but an affluent one is always detested. People envy her for her riches, and despise her for her guilt.

Poor little Rose was as innocent as Noah's dove, and had never done aught except good to any one; but in a scandal-loving community, the mere whisper of a hint or an hypothesis is a sufficient proof of guilt. "Why did she play the piano? Why did she sing? Why did she pretend to talk English (for, after all, perhaps it was not English at all that she had learnt; she knew there was no one in the village to correct her on that point)? Above all, why did she wear a silk dress, as if she were the lady of the village, instead of being merely a peasant's daughter like the rest of them? But the other girls, though they might not be so pretty, nor so finely dressed, could look Miss Rose in the face without blushing, which was more than Miss Rose could do to them, or more than she ought to be able to do, only she was so bold and brazen-faced. There was Eudoxie Verjus, who had received the prize of virtue the year before, and who was so terribly pitted with the small-pox, poor child! would she be seen in company with M. Alfred de Chatouville? Would she go to church in a silk dress, and affect to *mépriser* the rest of the village? No, but Miss Rose could afford to laugh at such things as virtue and honor; no doubt it had been made well worth her while."

Thus did her venomous-tongued acquaintance attack the reputation of Rose; and the snow-ball, or rather the mud-ball, of calumny once set rolling, was not long acquiring dimensions of the most formidable character. First, the neighbors ceased to visit Bérard. But he cared little for that, as he was quite contented with the society of his daughter, while Rose was quite delighted to be left alone to enjoy her books, her music and her meditations.

But when Rose walked out with her father, the old man observed with some surprise that the village people appeared to avoid them. At last he was certain of it. If he bowed to them, they returned his salutation in the most distant manner, and they were evidently not disposed to stop and enter into conversation with him. On one occasion, when he and Rose were coming out of church (Rose wearing the obnoxious silk dress) there were groups collected round the church door, and several persons nudged one another and sneered as the young girl brushed past them.

Bérard felt that he was in a helpless position. Nobody

accused Rose openly, and to defend her before she was attacked would be to admit her guilt, or at all events it would be looked upon in that light by the intelligent community in which he lived. He resolved not to trouble his daughter's peace of mind by informing her of the scandal which was evidently being circulated respecting her, but he at the same time determined to put an end to the calumnious reports as soon as possible by marrying her to some one in her own station of life. Accordingly, he lost no opportunity of telling Rose how ardently he desired to see her married before he died, adding that existence was uncertain, that death made its appearance in the midst of life, and other gloomy remarks, of indignant truthfulness.

As Bérard (though we occasionally speak of him as "old") was not quite fifty years of age, and was in the enjoyment of the rudest health, these anticipations of a sudden termination to his career appeared inexplicable to Rose. At last, she observed that her father varied his arguments in favor of her speedy marriage, but that he kept strictly to one point—that she was to be married as soon as possible. This afflicted the poor girl sadly. She pondered by day, and cried by night, until, at last, the grief that was written in her countenance was observed by her calumniating neighbors, who interpreted it as signifying remorse, and thanked heaven that she had not yet lost all sense of shame.

Rose had now been a fortnight without tidings of Alfred. It was impossible for him to write to her by the post, for Bérard would see the letter, and it was essential that the father should not know of their engagement until Madame de Chatouville's consent had been obtained. It was equally impossible for him to come to her himself, for his mother was dangerously ill. She did not doubt the sincerity of Alfred's love for a single instant; but, in the meanwhile, it was a torture to her to be told by her father every day, or twice a day, that she must soon get married, and to a husband of his choosing.

One morning, to her great relief, her father, when he came in to breakfast, informed her that Pierre, one of Madame de Chatouville's servants, had arrived at the chateau. He had brought Bérard certain directions about a farm which was to be cultivated after a new fashion, and, as Bérard very sensibly remarked, it would have been just as easy to tell him what to do in a letter. Rose, however, understood at once why a messenger, and not a letter, had been sent. She waited anxiously all the forenoon for Pierre to make his appearance, and, about twelve o'clock, when her father was away from the house, he did, indeed, come, bringing with him a letter from Alfred, to deliver which had been the sole object of his journey.

We shall not print Alfred's epistle. Love-letters are never worth reading when they are genuine, and Alfred's was genuine. He had written it from his heart and not from his head, and it was addressed to Rose's affection, not to her intelligence. Of course, then, only those of our readers who are dreadfully in love themselves would be able to understand it, while the rest (a large majority, we trust) would not only fail to appreciate it, but would be positively annoyed and even enraged at its contents. Five-sixths of the satire directed against lovers and love proceed, not from superior intelligence, nor even from mere absence of passion, but from sheer envy. It is so provoking to find that two human beings are in a state of rapture that we ourselves are unable to attain. Out of respect, then, to Alfred, and, still more, out of affection for Rose, we will abstain from publishing a single line of their love correspondence.

Suffice it to say, that the letter gave the young girl the liveliest satisfaction. It informed her that Madame de Chatouville was much better, though still too unwell for Alfred to leave her, and that as soon as she was sufficiently recovered Alfred would speak to his mother of his intended marriage, when he had no doubt whatever that he should obtain her consent. All this occupied about a twentieth part of the epistle. It is of the other nineteen-twentieths that we decline to give any particulars.

CHAPTER XI.

How happy Rose was after she had received Alfred's letter! "What has happened to you," her father said to her, "that

you play and sing so much this evening? For the last fortnight you have not touched the piano, and now you cannot leave it."

"Do I fatigue you, father?" asked Rose, impertinently, for she knew well enough that he was delighted with her gaiety and with her music.

"Fatigue me? no, Rose. You know how fond I am of singing, and I like yours better—oh, I cannot tell how much better—than any one else's," replied old Bérard. "Sing me that song again; that song M. Alfred used to admire so much," continued the old man, who, for the moment, had quite forgotten the calumny and scandal which during the last two weeks had been such a source of grief to him.

Rose did not require any pressing. She sang again—for the third or fourth time—that song which Alfred had admired so much. She had scarcely concluded when there was a knock at the door. Bérard opened it, and a young man entered. He was rather short, and slightly made. His face was pale, and looked still paler from the blackness of his hair. He had delicate features; but, in spite of the almost feminine cast of his countenance, there was something in his dark, deep-set eyes, which spoke neither of tenderness nor timidity.

"Do you remember Paul Duval?" said the stranger, as he advanced towards Bérard.

Bérard had heard from Pierre that Paul was still alive, and that Marie had left Madame de Chatouville's to join him. He was therefore not so surprised by the apparition as he would have otherwise been; though even now it almost seemed to him that he was being addressed by one who had risen from the dead.

"So, Paul, it is you! How kind of you to come and see me!" said old Bérard, as he went towards him and embraced him.

The old man was much affected, partly by the re-appearance of one whom he had long been accustomed to regard as dead, and partly, too, by the recollections of his own son, who was dead beyond hope.

According to country custom (and a laudable one too) Bérard lost no time in offering his visitor refreshments. Paul knew that, even if he had dined only half an hour before, it would be impossible to refuse the old man's hospitality, and accordingly set to work with the best grace and the best appetite he could assume, though, to tell the truth, he was in no humor for eating.

The conversation now turned upon the Vendean war, and Bérard spoke with a sigh of his son Guillaume, who had been Paul's constant companion until his death. Paul had various anecdotes to tell of the young man, and among other things informed the poor father how bravely his son had fought during the attack on Nantes, in which he himself had been so terribly wounded that he had been left for some hours lying helpless and unheeded among the slain.

"A marvellous, a miraculous restoration," said the old man, "and one for which you ought certainly to thank heaven."

Paul looked very grave, and afterwards took his leave. Bérard had resolved to have no more young men visiting his house until after his daughter's marriage; but this was an exceptional case, and he was obliged to ask Paul, the intimate friend of his poor Guillaume, to breakfast with him the next morning, and to visit him as often as he possibly could.

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning Paul made his appearance at the appointed hour, and was received with a hearty welcome by Bérard, and his daughter Rose, with the ingenuity of a girl in love, looked upon Paul as connected somehow or other with Alfred. He was Marie's brother, and Marie had lived for many years in the same house with Alfred. This was an excellent reason for looking upon Paul with more than ordinary interest, and this interest was increased before long by the discovery (easily made by a woman of true womanly instinct) that he was suffering from some secret grief.

After breakfast Paul gave Bérard some account of his adventures. After crawling from the gates of Nantes to a little farm-house, where he lay concealed for some weeks, he had

succeeded, he said, in reaching the coast, where he was taken up by an English vessel and conveyed to London. At that time there were not so many Frenchmen in England as there are now. It is true that there were numbers of the old French nobility, and not a few prisoners; but, thanks to the war, the foreign article was decidedly scarce in the metropolis; and as the English still persisted in learning the French language, competent masters of that tongue were actually at a premium. Paul explained this to old Bérard, and that he had found the profession a highly profitable one. He had also, he said, had a place in a mercantile office, as French correspondent, which, during a war with France, would generally be considered neither a very necessary nor a very lucrative post; but Paul said it was both, and he proved it too by producing notes to the amount of thirty thousand francs, which he had received partly from his pupils and partly from the merchant.

"And how do you propose to invest the money?" inquired old Bérard at last.

"That is just what I wish to consult you about," replied Paul.

"I should buy a farm," said the steward.

"We have just sold our farm," rejoined Paul. "You remember the little farm which was left to Marie and myself. Marie is living there now, but in a month we give up possession."

"Oh, that was a very small farm," observed the old man. "With thirty thousand francs, now that the land is so cheap, you can buy an estate of some magnitude. Stop! let me consider of the very farm I used to occupy myself before I lost poor Guillaume?"

"In Brittany, on Madame de Chatouville's estate?" asked the intending purchaser.

"The very same," answered the farmer. "I think I could get it you for thirty thousand francs. Yes, to you—Marie's brother—they would part with it for that sum; but it would be a real bargain."

Paul asked his friend to endeavor to arrange the purchase, and at the same time requested him to take charge of the purchase money. "It will be safe with you," he said; "but I do not like to keep so large a sum about me in an inn."

Rose, who finding that her father and Paul were about to talk on business, had gone out for a stroll, now entered hurriedly to tell her father that Pierre was on the point of returning to Nice. She had met him, and he had said that if M. Bérard had anything for him to take back, he was to send it at once to the chateau.

When Pierre was mentioned, Rose observed that Paul blushed. Having ascertained that her father had nothing to send to Nice, Rose determined to question Paul about this man, the mention of whose name had had such an effect upon him.

"Do you know Pierre, M. de Chatouville's valet?" she inquired abruptly.

"No," replied Paul, again much confused.

"He has only been a few years in the family," said M. Bérard; "but he knows your sister Marie. He was saying to me only yesterday that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

"Yes, unfortunately for her, she was very beautiful," said Paul, with a sigh.

"Was beautiful!" exclaimed Rose, with astonishment, mingled with a certain amount of curiosity; "but I thought she was quite young?"

"She is not so old as I am, but grief tells more than years upon a woman's face," he replied, with an expression of deep melancholy. "At present I doubt whether M. de Chatouville himself would recognise his victim."

Rose felt her heart freeze within her. Pale and trembling she gazed at Paul, without being able to utter a word. Bérard, however, himself much agitated, cried out, "Paul! Paul! what are you saying?"

"I am saying what, unhappily, is only too true," answered Paul, now burning with rage. "M. de Chatouville is a treacherous and cruel man, and Marie Duval is dishonored and lost."

"Oh, Paul, do not speak so of your own sister!" continued

Bérard. "Remember how many poor young girls have been calumniated, and are, at the same time, as pure as snow."

He was thinking of his own daughter, who now to her very lips was as white as a sheet.

"Since the frightful secret has escaped me," said Paul, "I must tell you that I am quite certain of what I state. Marie has been ruined and abandoned by a person who, if he had had any feeling of honor, would have known that he was bound to protect her. M. de Chatouville, I repeat, is a cruel and treacherous scoundrel."

These words went to Rose's heart. She leant on a chair, and appeared to be on the point of falling.

"I took Marie away from that accursed house," continued the indignant young man, "and she has since confessed everything. Until the last moment, M. de Chatouville pretended that he was anxious to make her his wife, and that he was only waiting for his mother's consent, and then, like a mean coward he turned upon her and told her brutally that he loved some one else."

There was a short silence, during which Rose felt as if the beating of her heart could be heard. She was afraid to look at her father, and dreaded equally to meet the glance of Paul. She had been the cause of Alfred's deserting Marie, and now he was deceiving her as he had deceived his other victim.

Paul put his hand into his pocket and brought out some letters.

"Here," he said, "are the letters M. de Chatouville sent to my sister when he was staying here. Look, M. Bérard! look, Mlle. Rose," he continued, as he showed them to the father, and especially to the daughter.

Rose had sufficient strength left to glance at the handwriting. She read "My dearest Marie," and fell fainting to the ground.

When she recovered, she understood that she had revealed her secret, and that now the only thing she had to do was to justify herself in her father's eyes. Accordingly, she lost no time in showing him the letter she had received from Alfred through Pierre. This letter, as we have said, was full of the warmest protestations of affection, and contained an assurance that on the very first opportunity the writer would endeavor to obtain his mother's consent to his union with Rose.

"Poor girl," said Bérard, when he had finished reading it. "He knows how to feign love so well that he must have deceived more than one. He would have treated you as he has treated Marie Duval. Thank heaven that Paul came here, and told us what he was before it was too late. And so, my poor Rose, you believed in his promises? You loved him, then?"

Rose burst into tears, for she felt that she loved him still.

Bérard pitied his heartbroken daughter too much to reproach her with having kept a secret from him, for he saw how bitterly she reproached herself with having done so. He thought now only of consoling her.

"Forget him, Rose; forget him as soon as possible. He has gone away, and you may be sure it will be a long time before he will ever think of returning. Before then we shall have left this accursed place. My lease expires in three months; thank heaven I have not renewed it! We will go away from here—anywhere, Rose, to be away from this place—and we will live happily together without fear of falsehearted lovers, or of mean calumniators. Come, Rose, do not cry. He never loved you, dearest. He no more loved you than he loved poor Marie Duval, and think how I love you."

Rose determined that she would conceal her grief from her father, as she had previously concealed what appeared to her to be her happiness. She vowed that she would die rather than let her father know how profoundly miserable she was.

In the meanwhile, Bérard, having the proofs of his daughter's innocence before him, thought he could not do better—in fact, thought he was bound to show them to Paul. He accordingly went to him, and read to him from beginning to end the letter which Rose had received from Alfred. He observed that Paul could scarcely contain his indignation, and he felt grateful to him, as for an expression of sympathy, when he heard him say how from the bottom of his heart he hated M. de Chatouville. This community of feeling, together with the interest Paul took in Rose, and the esteem he openly professed for her, rendered the young man almost as dear to old Bérard as his son Guil-

laume had once been. At all events, since Guillaume's death he had never felt so much regard for any one, except for his own daughter; and he began to look upon Paul with an affection almost filial.

Rose had also something to thank Marie's brother for. It is true he had destroyed the most beautiful illusion she had ever cherished; but what might not one day have been her misery, if she had continued to believe in the honor and sincerity of M. de Chatouville! Then, having discovered the secret of her love, how considerate it was of Paul, never in the remotest way to approach the subject! nor to allude, in the most distant manner, either to Alfred or to his sister, or to anything that was calculated to cause grief to Rose! Except, perhaps, for the delicate attention he paid her, she might almost have fancied that he had never heard of the guilty deception that had been practised upon her. From a few words that her father had let drop, Rose understood that she was the object of calumny throughout the village: and she was grateful to Paul, because he, who knew everything—who certainly knew the worst—did not despise her, but endeavored by every means to assure her of his sympathy and his respect.

Thus another fortnight passed, during which time Rose, who had vowed she would never again mention the name of any person connected with the chateau, was ignorant whether Pierre had returned or not. She had quite made up her mind not to receive any more letters from Alfred, but, at the same time, she was mortified to find that she was so soon neglected. She would have preferred that he should have taken a little more pains to deceive her, but it was evident that he had already forgotten her. "Probably he has now some new affection to occupy him," thought the poor girl!

Rose was in fact endeavoring, as much as possible, to conceal from herself her wish to hear that Pierre had once more arrived. And Pierre had arrived. He had been at the chateau for several hours, but he was stretched on a bed of sickness, dangerously wounded by an unknown hand.

(Continued on page 425.)

HIGH MASS IN THE CAVE OF SAN SERVULO, NEAR TRIESTE.

THE interesting ceremony of which we present an engraving above can only be witnessed at one place in the world, viz., near Trieste in Illyria. Trieste itself, the principal seaport of the Austrian empire in Illyria, consists of an old town, built on the side of a steep hill (which is crowned by an old castle, fast crumbling to decay), and enclosed by old walls, to which is added the newly-grown city, extending in its turn to the very edge of the sea. The new town is especially well built, and it is the boast of the inhabitants that but few cities in Europe can vie with them in the solidity and comfort of their private dwellings. Trieste is a bishop's see, the seat of an Imperial Academy, a school of navigation, and contains many fine churches. The city existed as far back as the time of the Romans, but never rose to much importance till about the middle of the last century, when it attracted the attention and shared largely in the enlightened policy of the Empress Maria Theresa, who laid the foundation of a prosperity which has ever since continued to advance, and converted a comparatively insignificant town into the first port of the Austrian Empire. The views around Trieste are of the picturesque and romantic nature, and in the mountains jutting out into the Gulf near the city is the famous cave of San Servolo, which is equally celebrated for its own intrinsic grandeur and the religious services which are held within its dark walls. The silent majesty of the place has been most appropriately taken advantage of, and here, in Nature's cathedral as it were, a high mass is held, which we may justly conjecture to have more of impressiveness than any ever listened to from the prim pews of the worshipping places built by man. The altar is erected in a strikingly picturesque locality. The usual solemnities of the occasion are heightened by the surroundings, and hopelessly frivolous and blasé must be the man who is not inspired with a deep religious awe when he comes within the solemn influence of the high mass celebrated in the cave of San Servolo.



HIGH MASS IN THE CAVE OF SAN SERVULO, NEAR TRIESTE.

THE LILY.

BY PERCIVAL.

I HAVE found out a sweet green spot,
Where the lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit that shades the quiet eot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom,
When the day was dark and chill;
It sailed like a star in a floating gloom,
And it cast abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day—
The leaves that arose in a floating swell
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid
In writhing paleness by,
And as gloomy thought's stole on me, said,
"There is many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die."

FESTIVALS OBSERVED BY THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS, DURING THE HOLY WEEK AND EASTER, AT QUITO (ECUADOR).

The Indian Festivals at Quito during the Holy Week is a striking example of the policy pursued by the church of Rome towards her votaries.

Instead of leading them by love the priests of the Romish church endeavor to maintain their influence by means of external pomp and display, and they therefore lose no opportunity of placing before the eyes of the poor wretches a magnificence and grandeur which seems to exert a most marvellous influence over the simple minds of the descendants of the ancient Incas.

During the period to which we have referred, mourning processions pass along the otherwise silent streets, to which not only the Indians are attracted, but the whole of the population, and the most extravagant scenes are permitted to



LEADER OF THE QUADRILLES DANCED AT THE END OF THE PROCESSION.

take place with the religious exercises in order to gratify the pagan instincts of the Indian masses.

There may be seen fanatics crowding the streets and public places, armed with scourges and flagellating their bare shoulders, regardless of the pain, until the flesh is torn from the body.



BRADLE DISGUISED AS SATAN.



PENITENT COLLECTING ALMS FOR THE RELIEF OF SOULS FROM PURGATORY.

In the evenings the churches are filled with these mad enthusiasts, who extinguish their lamps, and resume their self-castigation in the darkness.

Another class of penitents is also to be seen during the holy week, called *cucuruchos*, who, dressed in an absurd and preposterous costume, parade the streets.

The dress of the *cucuruchos* consists of a long robe and an elevated pyramidal tower, frequently reaching as high as the second storey. This tower, or steeple, is artistically formed of balsam wood (species of cork) and pasteboard or bamboo, together with stuffs and ribbons, forming a covering for the head, and resting upon the shoulders. This extravagant disguise is probably derived from some Indian observance now forgotten. If we interrogate the oldest Indians on the subject, they reply that they habit themselves *en cucuruchu* to scare away the evil spirits and wash away their own sins. Some whites assume the costume, omitting the head-dress, and humbly proceed barefooted, although retaining some remains of self-respect, since they conceal their visage behind a mask, and go to pray for the deliverance of their souls from purgatory.

It is the custom for the pious inhabitants of Quito to proceed on Holy Saturday to the principal burial ground of the city, which is situated at Tejar. All along the road may be seen, at intervals, men having their arms firmly bound to a heavy cross piece of wood, forming a kind of movable pillory. These penitents are denominated Chara-Talca (good thief), and are seeking by these self-imposed tortures to atone for the sins which they and also their wives may have committed. We give an illustration of one of these benighted beings having a heavy crossbar of wood attached to his arms by leathern thongs.

In Latacunga, these wretches strip themselves of all their clothing, and have but a girdle of aloe leaves, the sharp points of which draw blood at every motion of the wearer. Their arms are attached, in the manner shown above, to a large cross of balsam wood, which although not heavy in itself, soon becomes wearisome to the bearers, from their inability to change its position. Thus caparisoned they accompany the procession.

The most prominent figures at the Easter celebration are the barbers, who are almost always Indians. They dress in a kind of plaited cope, and wear collars of a ridiculous height, and starched to an extreme degree of stiffness. In this class are also to be found the *sangrados* or bleeders, who, as of old, unite the two professions.

A surgeon in Ecuador would consider it an injury to his dignity to bleed a patient, so he deposes that duty to the Indian phlebotomist, who does the work in a most barbarous manner, with a blunt and jagged instrument, after causing considerable pain, and even danger, to the patient.

These barbers and bleeders are considered to be the leaders of their caste, as from their ranks are drawn the native *alcaldes* or magistrates, and so proud are they of their position that they would not exchange their badge of office (a silver-headed cane) for the cross of a bishop.

A curious scene is presented each successive day of the Holy Week, when the canons of the cathedral walk in a mournful procession from the church to Calvary, a distance of rather more than half a league.

During the passage of the various processions, the vergers of the Metropolitan church have a curious method of raising money. Dressed in a costume to represent Satan, and armed with scourges tipped with iron points, they administer a sound discipline to the shoulders of the Indians, who in return for the infliction give alms to their chastisers.

On Wednesday in Holy Week a procession takes place at five o'clock, P.M., which is known by the epithet of *Sangre* (bloody).

The images of our Lord, the Apostles, Pontius Pilate, and other characters who figured in the Passion, are borne through the streets with measured steps, and preceded with music playing the most solemn airs. On one occasion, at the moment when the procession was passing through the street del Correo, there fell such a pelting shower that the bearers were compelled to seek shelter for their images. All hastened to receive them with devotion. That of Judas alone was refused, and the unfortunate Indians who bore him were beaten. The effigy of

the traitor apostle, although of exceeding costliness, was rolled into the stream, now become a torrent, and from thence descended into the narrow river Manchagara, which would transport it into the Amazon river. This image of Judas invariably represents a gallows-faced man with a long red beard, two playing dice in his left hand and a long cook's knife in his right.

Easter having arrived, all the penitents imagine that they are perfectly regenerated, and think of nothing but how to make up for their past mortifications. Their lacerations and mystical ceremonies are finished, and the arrival of Easter is the signal for the commencement of rejoicing. Far different is the aspect presented by the Easter procession to those of the few preceding days. In the houses of the rich the walls are hung with silken tapestry, and in the poorer ones shawls and curtains are made to do duty instead. Triumphal arches are everywhere erected, and rejoicing seems to be the general order of the day. The president of the republic and the heads of the government are present in their robes of office to add to the imposing nature of the ceremony.

Monks of all orders, young girls, and all the religious associations follow in the train, bearing lighted tapers. The tribes from the country adjacent assemble in numbers to witness the *fête*, and fill the streets, causing a most striking *coup d'œil* from the variety of colors presented to the eye. Every costume and nearly every race is represented there, from the nearly naked savage, tattooed with uncouth devices, to the Parisian *élegante*, dressed in the extreme of the latest fashion.

The balconies are filled with the female aristocracy of the country, who cast flowers upon the images of the saints as they pass beneath them.

All the effigies of the blest are borne in this procession. The privileged, such as St. Bennett and the apostles, find plenty anxious to bear them, but the less popular saints would run great risk of being neglected if, as is always the case, the Indians were not placed in contribution. The shrines are heavy, it requires many shoulders to support them, and the clergy, aided by the commissioners, procure the required number by a ruse. Soldiers seize the hats of all capable Indians found upon the passage and throw them upon the shrines; the Indians run forward to regain their hats; they are secured, and *n-ens volens* are harnessed to the shaft until it is deemed proper to replace them. With this mode of recruiting it frequently happens that after three or four hours of slow and painful marching the saints are, as it were, buried beneath a mountain of hats.

In this last procession the devil does not fail to play an important part, although he does not now apply the lash; on the contrary, he performs a variety of flying leaps and other harlequinades around the saints and the young girls, accompanied with signs and gestures truly diabolical. At the moment of entering the church, he feigns a desire to enter within it likewise; but the chief priest returns and sprinkles him with holy water; whereupon the demon utters fearful cries, and seeking refuge at home, changes his costume, and then returns like a holy man to resume his magisterial functions as beadle.

At the end of the procession there is a dance of Indians, executed by men habited in a very original manner and decked with a profusion of silks and glass beads; these dances are directed by the chiefs, dressed still more showily. Their backs are almost covered with pictures of grotesque design; their hats and boots are decorated with jingling gold coin, and they carry in one hand a handkerchief and in the other a sword.

There is also a musical procession, through the streets, in which the principal figures are giants, representing male and female Jews, of the negro race.

In the evening the rejoicings are resumed with increased ardor, when the ceremony is performed of pouring chicha and los bailes Allegres to the Soma. At this time are performed, in all their splendor and energy of movement, the dances Zambaineca and Costillar, which are so characteristic that the inhabitants even of Mabile or Asnieras cannot witness them without shame and some feeling of desire.

This season is also one of great profit to the monks, who under various guises extract a deal of money from their flock. One of the most successful ways is by threats of purgatory,

either to the Indians themselves or to their relatives who may be dead. So great are the deceptions practised on the superstitious Indians, that it is absolutely necessary to sojourn in a South American state to form any adequate idea of the excesses committed by the monks. Here is one example amongst a thousand: The law has regulated the fees of the clergy at four piastres for the funeral service of an Indian. This charge is always doubled and tripled. In this manner: the monk says to the widow, the father or the son of the deceased, "If you pay me but four piastres I will bury your relative *bodo a'ajo* (the mouth downwards, on the belly), and then in spite of me he will burn in hell flames. If you give me six piastres, I will consent to bury him on the left side, and he will go for two thousand years to purgatory; for eight piastres I will bury him on his right side, and he will have but a short time to suffer before he reaches heaven. But, if you are a true friend of the deceased, and will give me twelve piastres, I will place him decently on his back in the tomb, in order that he may go direct to Paradise."

It is with a corresponding plainness of language that the monks harangue the friends of the defunct Indians; and rarely do these unfortunate beings hesitate to submit to the greatest sacrifices to deliver their friends from hell or purgatory; some, after parting with their liberty, have been known to sell their children. However, they do not become slaves, properly speaking; but, having sold themselves, they are held in bondage to the purchaser until the age of eighteen, who, in consequence, has the right to their labor without any return until they attain that age.

If an Indian dies without the means to pay for his interment, how does the priest act in these countries? Far from imitating the example of Protestant Christendom, they seize the children in spite of the supplications of the mother, and dispose of their liberty until their eighteenth or twentieth year. Every inhabitant for five or six dollars can procure a young servant for that length of time.

Every day of the Holy Week and succeeding festivals the monks may be seen in the churches, the burial grounds and along the line of the procession, reciting in a loud voice their expiatory prayers (responses) to procure offerings. The price of each *respuesta* is a real; but, as is the case with other marketable commodities, competition lowers the price, and then the prayers will be said for much less than the above price. Some monks, also, are held in less estimation than others, and they will dispose of their responses for a payment in kind, such as a loaf, eggs, fruits, &c., which they sell again. Others run through the streets barefooted, having in one hand a crucifix and in the other a bell, which they frequently sound, crying at the same time, in a lamentable voice, *Angeles semos, en la tierra venimos por pedimos*. (We are angels visiting the earth, and we require something that we may eat.) These petitioners are accompanied by a lay attendant, who is charged to receive the gifts, and carries a large copper pocket in front of him to contain them. These gifts are afterwards sold in the market, to defray the cost of the ceremonies.

A monk well known in Quito by his adventures found no better way for procuring money than putting his masses in a lottery. A rich *cabellero* who had won a number told the monk that for the succeeding week he would attend mass at seven in the morning, in one of the chapels of the cathedral. But the reverend father was never found ready. At one time his excuse was that one of his friends had constrained him to partake some cakes with him very early in the morning; again, that he was, a fact no one doubted, in a state of mortal sin; until, finally, it was only by blows with his cane that the *cabellero* could prevail upon him to pay his debt.

The bishops have, from time to time, made several attempts to control these mal-practices amongst the clergy, but up to the present time have been utterly unsuccessful.

At the time General Flores was President of Ecuador, he endeavoured to enlist the monks in his army, and confiscate their possessions to the national use, but he failed in his endeavors, and was afterwards driven from the country mainly by the influence of the convents.

The foregoing descriptions of Indian ceremonies at Quito

may also be taken as a fair specimen of those which take place throughout Mexico, and indeed in all the South American States.

Whilst that country was in the occupation of our soldiers, they were much surprised to find, in a country professedly Christian, customs which are altered, but in slight degree, from the ancient pagan ceremonies of the Indians at the time of Montezuma.

STARS AND ANGELS.

BRIGHT stars, ye shine above this earth,
Like angels ye beyond our ken;
Thus differing from the sons of men,
As all unconscious of your birth.

Ye bloom in airy fields above;
Feebly we lift our wondering eyes,
Up-gazing to the outspread skies,
Lost in adoring, speechless love.

Stars never fade; they shine serene,
Through countless, changing years the same;
Beaming as bright as that which 'came
And stood' o'er Bethlehem's stable mean.

Not so the flowers of earth; for they
Do fade and droop, and, dying, must
Be mingled with the common dust,
Aside their fragile beauty lie.

As fading flowers are we below,
As steadfast stars are ye on high;
For you, ye angels, never die,
And death is our unconquered foe.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

"So," thought Paul, "they value me and Smug at two hundred francs; and what will they do with me when they get me? Lock me up for life in a narrow cell. How satisfactory for both parties! How useful to the community will my bare existence—for it can be nothing better—be! But it must be so. The safety of the state demands that our lives should be fruitless, and perhaps a cell at Belle Isle is preferable to yellow fever at Cayenne. It is only just. I chose to play with edged tools, I can't complain how my fingers are cut; but still, if I can, I'll be free yet. What! a life wasted on itself, passed in living and no more, and I, at five-twenty, vigorous, fresh, free from all the prejudices of society, a citizen of the world, with experience of men, and a knowledge of life, to be caged like a linnet in six feet by seven of massive stone, when my wings are still strong, and without even the advantage of the bird, for there will be no one to cheer with my prison song—no, I swear I will not submit. I have no master but God. I have not sinned against him, and I will not therefore give up that liberty which may yet be a gain—useful to the whole world."

Then conscience, the cudgeller, smote him a great blow, and he knew how presumptuously he was thinking. Still freedom is too sweet to be abandoned for little gain, and Paul Montague had been freer than most men, for he had never been the slave of opinion or of his friends.

So at the corner of the street he bade the bill-sticker farewell, hoping he might never be in want of paste, and followed by Smug on three legs, walked off to inquire of some less interested person the road to La Trinité.

It is true, Paul did not leave his friend without a mental consultation. First he asked himself how it would answer to worm the whole packet of notices out of him. To which he replied, "No, suspicious." Then he asked himself if he could not manage to get them by stealth. Still more suspicious and dangerous and dishonorable. Lastly, should he confess all to the bill-sticker, and make a friend and confidant of him. To one, lonely, friendless and pursued through the world this idea was very seductive; but after duly turning over all the pros and cons he came to the conclusion that even if the reward offered failed to tempt the man of paste, the fear of the law might make a traitor of him. The attempt was at least too



THE HOLY WEEK AT QUITO—LURCOMMASTER ACCOMPANIED BY TWO CUCURUCHUS HOLDING THE CORDS OF THE STANDARD. PAGE 401.

hazardous, and so he went on, determined to use his utmost endeavor to get to La Trinité by the next morning.

Liberty and life had now become of equal value to him. Without the one the other was not only useless but intolerable. The incentive was a strong one, yet so great had been the wear of his body without any equivalent support, so crushing the fatigue of two days' incessant flight, and so terrible the agony

of hunger, which was now returning, that he had scarcely gone a league when he felt he must give it up. In vain he trod on a few steps. His legs failed him, his eyes closed, and he could only just creep into the wood by the side of the road before he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

He was awaked about seven in the evening by the air growing chilly. He felt refreshed and a new man, but at the same time very hungry. He heard a faint breathing close to his ear, and turning round found Smug still fast asleep. Paul's limbs were very stiff, and though refreshed for the time he now felt very distinctly how weak he had grown. Still the longing to be free—free from risk, from suspicion, from pursuit—drove him on, and as he walked he regained his old elasticity. He reached Auray, but dreaded to enter it. However, on asking the way he found he could not help passing through it, so he made the best of it by spending the disputed twopence on a lump of black bread.

"I must not eat it now, I have not earned it yet. Let me see, that old man said there were four leagues from Auray to La Trinité. Four leagues, ten miles. Oh, dear, I feel as if ten yards would do for me! But courage! I must push on, and when I have done two leagues out of the four I and the ferocious bouledogue will have supper. Poor Smug, how these idiots have belied thy race and temper. I must take you up a bit now. It's hard lines for you to limp three leagues on three legs, and we've walked more than that to-day."

No doubt the body has great power over the mind. He crossed the bridge and leaned over to look at the sun setting slowly at the end of the long wooded valley. As he was gazing a travelling carriage drove up. There was a courier on the box and an unmistakable John Thomas from Grosvenor Square on the dicky. Inside were four undeniable Britishers. A middle-aged gentleman, with angular whiskers and shirt-collar as stiff as his manners, two bulky bundles in poke bonnets, and a plain but pleasant looking girl of one-and-twenty, composed the party, who, having set out to travel for pleasure, voted France detestable because the inns of Brittany had not all the comforts of their own town-house.

The carriage drew up at the door of the *Pavilion d'en Bas*, just on the other side of the bridge, the best inn in the place, but still a very inferior caravanserai (*vide* Murray). As Paul

came up he heard loud, angry tones proceeding from the carriage, at the door of which stood the courier in an attitude of respectful despair.

"I tell you," the English worthy was shouting, "that it is not a fit place for a lady even to put her foot into, much less to sleep at."

"But I can assure monsieur that there is no better hotel in



MONK AND ATTENDANT BEGGING FOR THE EXPENSES OF THE PROCESSION. PAGE 401.

the town," urged the courier; "there is one other, it is true, ut it is far inferior to this."

"I won't believe it, I tell you; I know what your courier's tricks are. You have some interest in bringing us to this place, and we won't stand it."

Paul thought to himself, "I have never begged yet, but I shall soon have to do so, and may as well make a beginning. I know these Britishers won't give me anything, but I should like to hear a little of my native vernacular, and look at the big features from the other side of the water."

He therefore crept up to this carriage door and drew his cap off. This was no acting on Paul's part. Hunger and homelessness soon humble, and force us, in spite of theories, to take the world by measure of men's worth. He felt now as if these people, with their pockets full of bank-notes, were really vastly superior to him, and began to understand what he had so often thought as lick-spittle-ism in the lower orders.

"Ladies," he said in English, "will you assist a starving Englishman?" How naturally he fell into the regular forms of mendicancy!

The ladies simply turned their heads away, but the Englishman, as the courier retired to make inquiries at the hotel, darted a look of sullen savageness at the beggar, and exclaimed in a fine London accent, "*All'y vous on.*"

"Ah! sir, if you knew how I suffer from hunger and fatigue."

"*All'y vous on, je dis. Proceedy,*" growled the Britisher.

"He's an Englishman, pa," suggested the daughter, meekly.

"Not a bit of it; these French beggars are such clever impostors, that they can speak any language under the sun to serve their purpose."

"Pardon me, sir," said Paul, "I am

an Englishman, one of your own great nation, and quite penniless, I can assure you."

"Why, the impudent fellow, he's got a lump of bread there sticking out of his pocket, and dares to tell me he is starving."

"Yes, it is true, sir," said Paul, on whom the epithet could now make no impression. "That loaf of bread, that superb meal for a man who has walked seven miles to-day, and has ten more to walk to-night, was bought with my last sou. It will serve just to keep me and my dog alive, sir, to-night; and what are we to do afterwards?"

"My good man," interposed one of the bundles of clothes, "we never give to beggars; we have made a rule not to do so."

"Nor to any one else, probably, except at a charity sermon, or when a list of subscriptions is published in the *Times*," thought Paul, with more truth than charity. Then he said aloud:

"Ah, madam, when I was a rich man I made the same rule, and thought it a wise one; but now I have found out that if one gives to nine unworthy wretches who live by beggary, the tenth may be a man or woman whom a few pence would save from starvation, or even crime. Remember, that he who seeth his brother hath need—it says nothing about his respectability—and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth—"

"My good man," said the gentleman, who could stand it no longer, "if you don't go away directly, I shall be obliged to call the police."

Paul could not resist the temptation of opening their eyes, and he replied proudly:

"If you met me, sir, in Paris society, at Lord Cowley's, for instance, or at Lady Plantagenet's, you would treat me very differently. You would lend me five pounds and ask me to dinner; and now—"

"*Gendarme!*" cried the furious Britisher to a sturdy, stupid-looking official, whom Paul had not noticed, "*remov'y cet homme, il disturbe moi et ma famille.*"

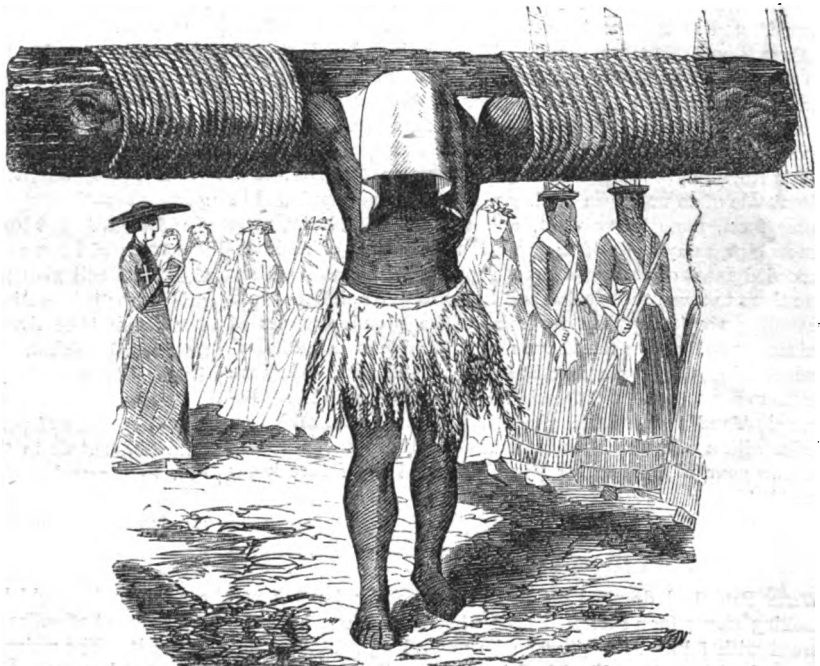
Though the words were incomprehensible to the gallant preserver of the peace, the indignant gesture of the son of Albion was unmistakable.

"*Allons!*" said the gendarme, with a commanding wave of the hand. "Ah, *mais, bigr-r-r-e*, if you won't go, I must take you. Come, now, *votre passeport, jeune homme.*"

"Passport!" said Paul. "Of course I have none; an English sailor travelling from one port to another."

"And where are you going to?"

The truth would have been ruin. The lie was forced.



VOLUNTARY PUNISHMENT OF THE INDIANS. PAGE 401.

"To Lorient," replied Paul.

"And what have you there?"

"My dog."

"*Comment?* That a dog! I never saw a dog like that before."

"Then," replied Paul, in English, "improve the occasion, worthy fellow, and add to your limited knowledge of natural history."

The surly gendarme, who, like all of his calling, loved nothing more than to examine, began to feel Smug all over with considerable curiosity, Skyes being quite a novelty in Brittany, but in his rough, clumsy manner, he managed to give the broken leg a twist; and Smug, who was not to be trifled with, turned round and snapped at his fingers.

"Ahee!" roared the man of tags, in agony. "I shall take you before the maire for having a dog without a muzzle. I will—I—"

But fortune again favored our hero. The street of Auray is a frightfully steep hill, and badly paved. While they were talking, a country cart, drawn by oxen, was coming clumsily down, and, just as Smug had relieved his mind by a taste of Gallic flesh, this cart, arriving at the bottom of the hill, went forward with an impetus, and sent the unwieldy oxen head foremost against the English travelling-carriage. Shrieks on the one hand, French oaths on the other, loudly demanded the interference of the police-officer, who had here an interesting case; and Paul, thinking it dangerous to delay longer, got away in the scuffle.

When he had gone some distance out of the town, he came to a place where two roads diverged. Which to take? There was no signpost, and in vain he waited for some one to come by. A peasant, with large cavalier hat, and love-locks hanging down his back, did indeed come by singing a wild Breton air, but when the Englishman put the question, he shook his head and muttered in Breton that he did not understand French. At last, in despair, Paul took the righthand road. The country was wild and very bleak, and the great Atlantic sent up his breezes, which rushed like spent cannon-balls upon the traveller. On the one hand, the thick forest of small dark firs rose up a line of broken hills; on the other, the low mounds stretched away to the ocean, bare and rugged. From time to time the wayfarer passed a huge uncut stone, set on end, and knew that the Celt of old had placed it there. But for what? To mark a Druid's resting-place? To catch the last beams of the setting sun, whom he worshipped as the giver of life, in his blind, narrow materialism? Who can tell now? The Druid has passed away and left not a letter behind. The Celt of to-day is the poor Breton peasant, and what has he of the greatness of his fathers, save their tongue and their superstition? What is he to the men whom Vercingetorix rallied to defend his land, and drive back Julius himself—the men to whom Cervorix, the bard, sang to the triple harp? The stones are there still. Two thousand years of storm and wind, one thousand years of Christianity, have not moved them. They are there telling a silent tale of an unknown mighty race who worshipped God in some form, none know what, and raised these blocks, none know how, as symbols of their faith, as witnesses of their acknowledgment of an outer greater power than man's. They are there to mock the atheist, and to shame the indifferent into worship; they are there to humble the proud disciples of science, who, because they have reached a high point of knowledge, think they can raise a Babel to defy Heaven. They are there to say to them, "The science that raised us is lost. Beware! The Maker, when it pleaseth Him, can cover all knowledge with a veil, which man can never withdraw. Take heed lest, in your pride, He cover yours also, and the future know it not."

CHAPTER XXVII.—PURSUIT.

WHEN Paul had dragged on two weary leagues, he was just looking about for a sheltered spot wherein to share his black bread with faithful Smug, when he met a long-haired peasant covered with a sheepskin à la Brian O'Linn, "with the fleshy side out and the woolly side in," of whom he inquired the way.

The peasant was a young man, and had been to the priest's school. He, therefore, spoke a few words of French.

"This is not the road to La Trinité," said he, while Paul's heart sank within him. "You come from Auray? You should have taken the road to the left hand. You can, indeed, reach La Trinité this way through Carnac, but it is two leagues round."

"Good heavens, two leagues! How far am I then from the port?"

"About four leagues, more or less."

Blind Paul cursed Fortune as blinder than himself. He did not know the far-sightedness of Providence; he did not guess that his having taken the wrong road insured him a night's rest, which he would not otherwise have had. So men in their ignorance upbraid Providence, and, when they discover their mistake, forget to thank Him for their deliverance.

This is how it was:

About half an hour after Paul left Auray, a man dressed in a dark purple coat, the metal buttons of which tapered down from either shoulder to the waist, so as to form a kind of triangle on his chest, rode a large mare at high speed across the bridge. Our old acquaintance, the bill-sticker, happened just then to be trudging quietly on towards the little town, where he would flop a few more bills against the walls, and then go to rest.

"Aha!" thought the rider, "this man must have come from Vannes. He may possibly be able to give me some information. At any rate I ought to ask everybody I meet. *Hola, mon ami*, where do you come from to-day?"

"What's that to you?"

"Ah, *bigr-r-e!* that's the way to answer an agent of police, is it?"

"*Parbleu*, if you want me, you can take me without questions."

"I don't want to take you, *mon ami*. I am looking for a man, whom I dare say you may have seen along the road. He was dressed like a sailor, an Englishman, and had a little rough gray dog with him. Have you seen him?"

"*Parbleu*, that's the very dog that stole my breakfast."

"Well, and the man?"

"I have seen him."

"*Diantre, c'est bien!* What road did he take?"

"I can tell, but I shall not."

"Why not?"

"He is a good fellow. Why should I get him into trouble?"

"*Voyons!* There are two hundred francs offered for the information."

"Well?"

"If you give it, and it leads to his apprehension, they will be yours."

"*Parbleu*, do you take me for a fool?"

"By no means. You have a look of much sagacity."

"*Par trop*, one doesn't catch reynard with promises."

"But they are not my promises. They are those of the government."

"*Eh bien!* Let the government pay the money first."

"Well, will you come to the maire, and give your information?—he will give you a guarantee that the money shall be paid, if the information prove correct."

"*Voyons*, if he gives me some supper first. This man's dog stole my breakfast, and I have had to lay out ten sous in dinner."

"*Soyez tranquille*. We will arrange all that."

So the agent of police, quite delighted at his success, but a little diffident as to the sincerity of his informant, conducted him to the maire. This worthy was a maker of sabots, as I fancy most tradesmen in Auray are, for I saw little else than wooden shoes displayed in the one steep street. He was occupied at the time in a conversation with the gendarme whom we have lately seen about the conduct of the driver of the ox-cart, the pole of which had damaged the Englishman's carriage.

The agent of police was not long in explaining the object of his visit. The maire, awed by the superiority of this official, bowed and scraped, and offered all the assistance in his power.

"So now for the evidence."

"Ay, but I must have my guarantee first," said the stubborn bill-sticker.

"Not a bit of it," interrupted the sturdy gendarme, who had overheard the conversation between the maire and the agent. "I can give you satisfactory information and require no guarantee."

"*Ma foi !*" said the agent. "Quite an *embarras de richesses*. This fugitive seems well known about here."

A cross examination was then commenced.

"He is gone to Lorient," said the man of the tags.

"He is gone to La Trinité," said the man of paste.

"I tell you he is gone to Lorient."

"I can swear he is gone to La Trinité."

"How do you know he is gone to Lorient?" asked the agent.

"He told me so himself."

"Direct evidence. And how do you know he is gone to La Trinité?"

"He asked me the way to it."

"Indirect evidence. In other respects your accounts tally. We must now decide between two probabilities. It is probable that a man would tell a lie, most probable. Therefore he is not gone to Lorient. It is improbable that a fugitive would make open inquiries about the place he intended to seek—therefore he is not gone to La Trinité. Monsieur le Maire, what is your opinion?"

Monsieur le Maire looked down and scratched his head. He had really no opinion on the matter, but he felt it was derogatory to his high position to refuse a casting vote, and he therefore replied, "He is gone to Lorient."

"Why so?"

"Because he is a sailor."

"But if I tell he is not a sailor, but has changed his clothes with a sailor, whom the police found in the fugitive's dress, and consequently captured and questioned?"

The maire scratched his head again, and again looked down.

"Then," said he oracularly, "my opinion is that he is gone to La Trinité."

"*Nom d'un chien*," muttered the agent, "*que ces gens sont bêtes !*" Then he said aloud, "Monsieur le Maire, how many gendarmes have you in Auray?"

"Monsieur, we have two, but there are also two individuals who assist on extraordinary occasions: one might say, two deputy-assistants of the force of peace."

"Send for them," commanded the agent.

While the men were being sought for, the bill-sticker demanded and obtained his supper, at the agent's recommendation.

"Now," said the man with the triangle of buttons, "one gendarme and one assistant will accompany me to La Trinité. The other gendarme and other assistant will take house and set out at once for Lorient. I will write them an order."

The maire looked very blank, and scratched for the third time. "Mais, Monsieur le Commissaire, what is Auray to do without police?"

"To the devil with Auray; do you think the safety of a petty little village like this is to interfere with the commands of the emperor? You must preserve the peace yourself, Monsieur le Maire."

The insult was great. One day the maire by a mere chance became a great man in a revolution, and the agent of the police held a high office. The maker of sabots invented a charge of bribery against him, and had him turned out. This was ten years afterwards. French rancor.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CARNAC!

I suppose there is no man that has not suffered in dreams; for dreams are the reflex of real life, and who has not suffered in real life from the day he cut his first tooth, nay from the hour when the air first rushed into his little lungs, and he learned with a cry that to live even is agony?

There are some dreams we all have, and one of the most painful is where a great terror looms behind, or a great joy shines in front, and we must run to escape the one, or catch the other, and our legs refuse to move. We struggle. What is it? Are they fetters? No; something tighter, for we cannot even kick.

We long, we weep, we implore, we move not, and the loved one vanishes, and the dreaded goblin digs his nails into our flesh, and we wake in a cold sweat.

Like this common dream, was the reality which Paul Montague had now to suffer.

La Trinité, and freedom, and England (and—this for the money-loving nineteenth century—the power of drawing cheques when he got there), were before him. The police, a cell, a weary dragging on of existence for the rest of life were behind. A distance of three leagues, seven miles and a half, was all that severed the hope and the reality, but this his legs could no longer compass.

For a whole week he had been wandering. The distance indeed between Baud and Auray is not very great, but to Paul it had been enormous. Guessing that Antoine would not be deterred by one failure from prosecuting his attempt, he had carefully avoided every village even at the first, and the dread of the police drove him from the highroad into the byways among the woods. Here he continually lost his way, and as the peasants whom he met rarely spoke French, he would find, after walking twenty or five-and-twenty miles in a day, that he had all the while been returning northwards, when he wanted to go south. The money too was soon gone within a franc, and this he hoarded in case of being brought to extremities. So at night he slept at "La Belle Etoile," and ate his meal of black bread by day under the young oak-trees. Thus the innkeepers had no chance of giving information about him, if the police sought it.

This life day after day told upon him greatly, accustomed as he was to good living and a soft bed, and he often regretted that he had not copied the austere simplicity of his friend De Coucy, earlier in life.

His boots were no less worn out than his frame, and his feet were sore and swollen. So at last it became a desperate struggle. Oh! how he longed to see some country cart or some peasant on his mule or lank Breton pony, whom he could win over to give him a lift. But the country was very bare, and thinly peopled, and none came.

At last he found that the road turned away towards the west, and he knew that La Trinité lay to the south-east. He felt certain that there ought to be some cross-road, and he was not mistaken, for in time he found the rucks of a rough country cart road, and boldly followed it. "At least," he thought, "I shall be safer here than on the highway."

The night had closed in, and the clouds which came up to mourn the dead sun vengefully covered the face of night, and hung low and black upon the earth. It was pitch dark, and still he crept on, dragging his feet, as if they had been hung with cannon balls.

At last the horror of the nightmare came upon him. He could really go no further. He was just giving in, and about to sink upon the road itself, too weary even to look out for shelter from the Atlantic wind, when he thought he saw before him in the thick gloom the figure of a man. He stopped and looked, straining his eyes through the blackness. Was it a man? Certainly it was not the stump of a tree. Certainly, it was stationary. He thought it just possible that it was some worthy peasant, who would perhaps shelter or at least direct him.

He walked on two steps and the figure became larger and larger; at last he put out his hand in doubt, and it struck against a cold mass of stone.

"It's only a menhir," thought he, disappointed. But as he looked, he saw other such stones, ranged at regular distances, all about the same height. "Strange!" he returned, "this must be some ruin, and yet all these stones are upright." The next moment he stumbled against a great prostrate block. The stumble brought him to the ground, and he was too weary to rise again. "Well," he murmured, "this will shelter me partly from the wind. Here let me lie."

He gathered his limbs together because of the cold, and little Smug had scarcely time to lay his shaggy head under his master's chin, before he was in a deep lethargic sleep.

At the end of many hours' sleep, he began to dream.

Who regulates dreams? I believe this is an old question, and

that sundry ancients decided in favor of the gods. Certain it is that we of this cold age of bare truth (which means only half the truth, the half that we can prove), we who credit nothing supernatural, and laugh at miracles, as the encouragements of a dark age, have still evidence that dreams are given by the Master. However science may explain them, faith accepts from Revelation the fact that they are sometimes, if not always, instruments in His great hand—that Hand which disdains not to use the humblest tools for man's good; and perhaps it would be better for man if he believed this more humbly, and acted betimes on the prompting of his visions. But there are some dreams so wicked, so vile, that we can only believe them to be the gift of the Evil One. The devil has power over our waking thoughts, but there we can resist him; it seems scarcely fair that he should have power over our sleep's thoughts, when we are helpless. *Quien sabe?*

Paul had a dream, for good or for evil.

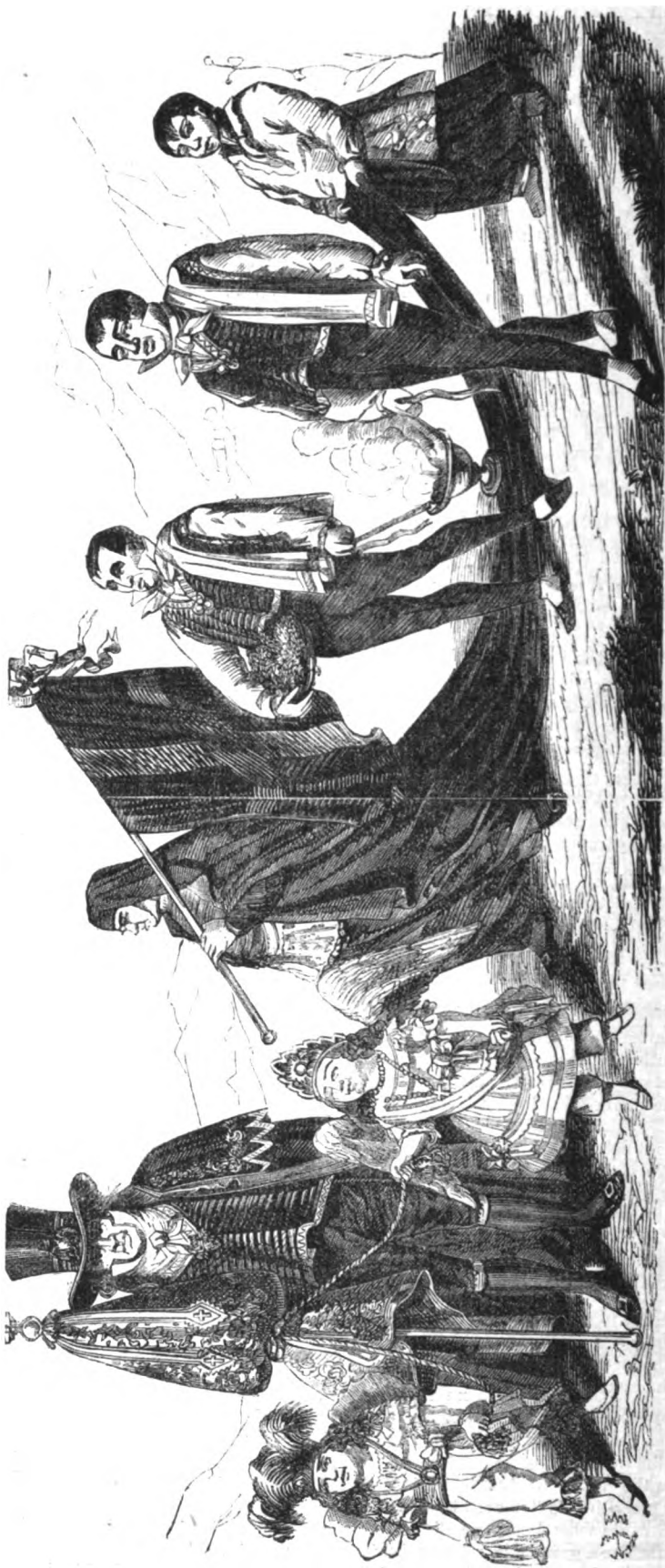
He stood upon a hill, and saw a huge planet beneath his feet. But huge as it was, he saw it all. Now an unseen hand above him scattered gold, and meats, and good things upon this planet, among all the crowds that dwelt upon it. And when the good things fell, the men, and women, and children, rushed furiously upon them, and scrambled for them. And though there were enough for all, some would have more than the rest, and others could get none, and so they fought for them, and killed one another, and laughed at those who were not strong enough to push their way in the scramble. And a few men and a few women stood at the corners of the lanes, and as the crowds rushed past them, they touched them on the shoulders, and spoke low to them. Some few stopped and look down, and then walked on more slowly, but most laughed in their faces, and rushed riotously to the perpetual scramble, which never ceased.

And when Paul saw this, he was filled with anger, for he saw that the small and the weak were trampled under foot, and the poor got pushed back, while a few strong gluttons gained the prizes. So he stood upon his hill and shouted angrily at the masses. And they looked up and laughed. Then he called to the weak and the poor, and said: "Come here and join forces; and let us march together, and put down these bullies, and divide the good things equally." And presently a great crowd came to him. But when he looked earnestly at them he found they were only the lazy and the foolish, who wanted to have the good things without trouble. And he was grieved.

Just then a troop of angels flew above his head and beckoned to the men and women who had stood at the corners touching the shoulders of the crowd that passed. They joined them and flew away, and Paul was left with the wicked and selfish.

"Have I done no good?" he asked, bitterly. "Have I not called till I am hoarse to stop these people?"

"Pride," answered a voice. "You thought to stop them all, and you stopped none. Go now and stand humbly at the corner of a street, and touch them on the shoulder."



BARBES BURNING INCENSE BEFORE THE STATUES OF THE SAINTS. PAGE 401.

CANON OF QUITO.

SENIOR BURGOMASTER BETWEEN TWO ANGELS.

And he was angry, and would not go, but lay down. And he felt a soft, warm bosom beneath his head, that rose and fell gently, and soothed his anger. And he looked up and saw Madeleine's face above him.

She smiled kindly to him, and then repeated those lines of a great poet, which he well knew and loved :

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp, in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

He awoke, and found his head upon a cold hard stone. The sun was rising. Another day was breaking over earth ; yet another allowed to the old world, whose death-day is unknown, for his repentance. And how would men use it ?

Deep purple clouds lay over all the heavens, but in the east the morning sun was driving them before it, and came up triumphing, round and bold, and throwing back on each side a curtain of white mist, which rolled sparkling away. Paul looked up. Around him stood a score of huge gaunt stones, rough, gray and irregular, and caught the rising beams upon the yellow lichen of their faces.

He raised himself wondering, to wonder more. He was in a camp—an army—of stones. Far away, down the gentle slope, and up the smooth fields beyond, far in fact as he could see, and bounded only by the sky and triumphant sun, were stones—stones, nothing but stones. Their number was countless. Men have tried to count them in vain, and when the calculators have come together to compare their countings, one says two thousand, another twenty thousand.

There they stood, in regular lines—some say eleven, some thirteen—at regular distances, and in regular descending size ; those where Paul lay being the largest, standing higher than giants, and those at the farther end towards the east smaller than pigmies.

Was it Caesar's army turned to stone upon the Druid's hallowed ground ? The peasants tell you so.

Was it the last resting-place of some band of Celtic patriots, and these their tombs ? So some say.

Was it perchance a stone temple raised to some unknown god, perhaps the Maker Himself, and each stone of which designated some attribute of His Divinity ?

Quien sabe ? This field of stones, stretching for miles away, till its limits are lost in the smallness of the objects ; this wild plain is called Carnac, the city of the dead. True name ; whatever be its origin, since all they mean is dead, save the lifeless stones themselves, which live, though lifeless. The people that raised them, the purpose for which they were raised, the mechanical power employed to move these huge blocks, the mystic meaning of the eleven lines, and the regular distances of the pillars—all—all are unknown—lost to the world—for ever.

We have unearthed Nineveh, we have recovered Babylon, the wise men of the West have given tongues to the graven slabs of Nimroud and Khorsabad, and the past has been dragged back a skeleton into the present, and learning played coroner over his bones. But here the corpse has lain beneath our very eyes for centuries, and refused to rot. Here we have a living language and living descendants of the race that owned it. Here we have history to guide us, and the Commentaries of Julius to enlighten us, and yet we know nothing. Antiquaries have gone mad about Carnac. They tell you each stone is the portrait of a star in the heavens, and that the whole army of pillars represent the solar system. They tell you again that each stone is a Phallic symbol, and the field is a large map of life. They tell you each stone covers a Druid's dust, and that this is the cemetery of Celtic Gaul. They tell you that each stone is a god, or the attribute of a god, and that this plain was the temple of the Celts. *Quien sabe ?* *Quien sabe ?* is all we can answer.

Carnac is still there ; and though the impious peasant carry off a few of the stones to build his unhallowed cottage, it will still be there for ages. Each stone, as it catches the morning beams, laughs out defiance to man's knowledge, keeps its own secret, and teaches humility to science.

Let us respect Carnac, and the unknown hands that raised it, and be still.

So thought Paul as he gazed and wondered.

How small he felt himself to be amid those huge gaunt relics, and yet they were the work of men's hands !

"But what men ?" thought he. "What hearts full of worship they must have had ! And yet perhaps these are only tombs, these huge blocks raised only to cover the dead. As if the dead were anything. And there are nations who worship their ancestors ; nay, it is a common practice, and there are those among us civilized people who care more for the first earl or the first baron of their line, than they do for all the angels in heaven. Bah ! what a funny world it is ! How contemptible in its worldliness. So dependent, so weak, and yet so proud, and revelling in its own selfishness. And am I free from the imputation ? How near have I been to madness—how near to crime ! all for the sake of a woman, whose skull some future ploughman will kick across the field, and think it hideous, the face that I have feasted on, and fixed my soul to."

He looked up into the vault of heaven, and watched the clouds retiring from the field they might no longer hold.

"But then she, too, has a soul ; and it is that which I have been loving—a soul, too, which may be saved. *Quien sabe ?* True, but then must I be damned because I loved that soul too well ? What is that soul, after all ? Has it not also the taint of the world upon it ? Good after the world's model, would it not look black beside an angel's. Truly I have worshipped foolishly. Truly dependent man, this very worm can do no better than to fix himself to heaven, as a mussel does to the rock. What a poor helpless thing it is by itself, and yet clinging to the black stone amid the seaweed, it defies the fisherman's fingers to remove it. Truly we are but little mussels, and shall we cling to one another, rather than to the stout rock of eternity, that waves wash in vain ?"

He raised himself a little on the thick soft heather. His limbs were very stiff.

"Ah ! I have lived for nothing as yet ; a boy's ambition, a fool's theory, and a woman's love, for which I have raved. How just is it that God smites with madness those who love a woman more than Him ! How poor, how contemptible seems that earthly love beside the love which some men have borne to God ! Had St. Paul or St. John been bound up in some Hebrew maiden's love, as I am bound up in this girl's, would they have done for mankind what they have done ! Bah ! I will throw it off like an old coat, and despise it. But it is true

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

I am full dead to this past useless life. I am going back into the world a new man, wiser, happier, and so better ; and I will use my past as the stepping-stone to raise me to a higher purpose. Yes, I will live for mankind now—live to call him back from self to heaven, live to ennoble him, live to raise him from his narrow self-esteem and selfishness, to show him what a mere mussel he is, and lead him to the rock, where he will be safe."

So thought a fugitive, tired with hunger and wandering. Would he think this in comfort and a good house ? He smiled as he asked himself this.

"Surely, then, this vault of heaven is a good roof to have over one's head, and this heather is a good couch, if the one raises our souls, and the other humbles our pride. Yet why be humbled by sleeping on a bed prepared by the Maker's hands ?—a bed of a million little stalks and leaflets, each one a wonder in itself, which man cannot imitate ?"

And this while the sun was rising rapidly, as if to hurry on the work it had to do. And men still lay abed, hugging their own loved selves in selfish indulgence. Not all, though ; already he heard the deep lowing of unshod kine, and soon after, a high wild song broke from some distant peasant girl following the cows.

"Ah ! they are up and doing in this early land ; and here I sit revolving what to do. The stepping-stones are here. How shall I rise upon them—how take my first step ? Well, I am to ennoble and raise mankind. How to do it. Shall I go out and preach, like Jonah ? Preach, in this nineteenth century ? Why, in England they would lock me up as a nuisance. Or, if they listened to me, say I was a madman—laugh, and go about

their business all the same. I might preach till I was hoarse, and do no good. Nay, it has always been the same thing. When men preach repentance, who hears them? Did not Noah preach while the ark was a building; and yet the flood was not stayed. If I preached war and vengeance, as Peter the Hermit did, they would flock round me in thousands. But to preach self-denial, and the works of faith—bah, it is parson's work, they say, on Sundays, when they can listen in their comfortable pews, and dose; and on Monday morning forget it all in the joy of making money. Well, shall I be a parson? Grant that I, the Rev. Paul Montague, B. A., am an exception to the general rule of parsondom; grant that I make the house of God, a house of prayer indeed; that I defile it not on the one hand with the things of my own invention, nor, on the other, use it as an assembly-room to show off my eloquence and my piety. Say I am a Spurgeon in force, and a Bellevin in eloquence. What effect will my licensed pulpit-preaching have? If it were to convert men—good. But to bring them to practise the faith they hold—to renounce the world, as they pretend to renounce the flesh and the devil. Ah! it is useless, hopeless. Have not the best, most zealous, most learned, most eloquent men been preaching Christianity since the days of Christ, and is the world better now than it was then? I trow not, for the philosophy and the law of the gospel are better, nobler and easier than all the philosophy and all the law the world has ever known. It is established, and it is preached continually. Yet men are much the same as under the old philosophy, and worship with even more indifference."

And now the song of the Breton maiden came nearer. It was wild, as all Breton airs are, but melodious, and the voice that sang it was sweet and powerful.

"A strange dream!" Paul went on, softened from his bitterness by the plaintive air. "What did that mean—to stand at the corners, and touch men on the shoulders? It seems absurd. But no, it is only oracular, as all dreams are. Of course it does not mean that I should take my stand at the corner of Regent street, for instance—say in the Circus, a very busy district. Ha! ha! Fancy me there touching the passers on the shoulder, and whispering sermons to them! Ha! ha!"

And the Breton song grew louder, and presently the brown cows came slowly down among the stones, stopping at times to nibble the heather, whisking their long narrow tails, and flopping their chops with fat thick white tongues.

"How hard it is to do good to mankind, even when a man devotes his whole life to it! In England I have enough to live upon. I need not work for bread. Nay, I have too much, I could give half to the poor. Nay, I might give it all—build almshouses and hospitals, and live a pauper myself, as becomes a follower of Christ.

"And yet, how stand at the corner and touch men's shoulders? Does it not mean to abandon the hope of doing good on a large scale, to swallow down Eutopia and regeneration, and take a humbler, smaller sphere?—good!"

Just then the maiden was passing down the avenue of stones, following her cows. She had a pretty, cheerful face, and was dressed in a short gay skirt of thick woollen stuff. This pretty peasant girl, singing so contentedly, was little Rose, who, yesterday, was refused by every farmer at Vannes.

She held a long distaff under the left arm, and as she walked slowly on, singing to herself and the cows and stones, and little thinking she had an applauding audience lying on the heather, she drew the threads of the yarn from the bunch at the top of the staff, and rolled them round a large wooden reel.

She did not see Paul, and he could watch her as he listed. Presently she stopped walking and singing together, thought for a moment, and then gave a loud shrill "yahoo-hoo," which the cows immediately understood to be a warning to stray no farther.

Close under one of the giant stones, was another small one lying on its side, and upon this natural chair the girl sat down, and stretched out her bare feet.

"She is very poor," thought Paul, "and very pretty, but yet contented. Ah! if to be happy were the only aim of life, I would come and be a cow-herd in this wild place, and marry such a girl as this. Ah! fool, as if you would be contented as

she is—you who need food for the mind, as much as for the body. What would you do without books and society? Could you bring your mind down to the level of these peasants, or do you think you could raise theirs to yours? Hardly."

But he had judged too rapidly, for ere long little Rose laid down her distaff and reel, and drew from her pocket a little rather dirty book, which she began to read, with her head bent devoutly down.

"Ah! that is good. A book of meditations probably. Well, they may be great bosh, and she perhaps reads them mechanically, without allowing any digression of thought to rise from them, but after all they will bring her mind into a state of peace and charity, and make her more amiable than a novel does our well-educated young ladies. Not but what a good novel may do much good indirectly. Well, what now?"

She had laid down the book, and lifted up her pretty face, on which was a look of calm satisfaction. Then she dived again into her pocket, and drew out first a thick handkerchief and then a pair of scissors. She then drew off the little white cap from her head and shook down her rich brown hair, which was very long and fell like a veil all round her.

"A toilet," thought the Englishman; "but she can't comb her hair with a pair of scissors."

The peasant girl took up one of these long tresses and looked sadly at it as it glanced in the golden sun. She took up the scissors and sharpened them primitively upon the rough stone. I don't think it did them much good, but she thought so, and faith is everything, even with scissors. Then she shook her hair back, so as to disengage it from her dress, and passed her bare arm under it. Then adjusting the scissors carefully, she deliberately cut it off close to the roots, while Paul, wondering and indignant, was longing to put a stop to this Gothic proceeding.

When it was all cut off she hastily tied the handkerchief round her cropped head, and placed the cap over both. She did not look so pretty now, but there was a beam of happiness in her face, as she laid out the long tresses across her knees, smoothed them down and measured them by the span of her forefinger and thumb.

Paul could not make it out at all, and so attempted to get up to go and speak to her. But he had not counted on finding himself so stiff and weak, and he uttered a little groan on rising, which startled Rose. When she saw the stranger she hastily twisted the long tresses into a knot, stowed them away in her capacious pocket, and began working again at the reel distaff.

Paul hobbled weakly across the heather and greeted the peasant girl.

"*Bon jour, ma bonne fille.*"

"*Bon jour, monsieur.*"

He did not quite know how to begin. She was evidently very shy, and he was fearful of frightening her.

"Can you tell me the shortest way to La Trinité?"

The girl thought a little, and answered:

"I think it lies yonder, but you would do best to go through the village and inquire."

"Then it is far from here."

"About three leagues, monsieur."

She did not see the spasm of agony which shot across Paul's face.

"Three leagues more!" he said in English to himself. "Oh! this place seems to vanish from me like a will-o'-the-wisp!"

The girl looked up wonderingly into his face, and guessed with a woman's quickness the meaning of his look.

"It is a long distance to walk. But perhaps I am mistaken. I walked further yesterday myself, though—to Vannes—and was not very tired."

The name struck Paul.

"You were at Vannes yesterday?"

"Yes, monsieur. I went to the mop there, to see if I could get a place as farm-servant."

"Ah, yes, there was a mop, I remember. Did you succeed?"

"No," answered the girl sadly.

Just then Smug, who had been wandering in search of game, came up and sniffed at the girl's petticoats.

"Oh!" she cried. "What a strange dog! I have never seen one like that before—with such long hair all over its eyes. Ah! me, that reminds me. Do you know, sir, I saw an advertisement yesterday in the market-place at Vannes, offering two hundred francs to any one who could tell the police where a certain escaped prisoner was to be found. He had a dog with long shaggy gray hair hanging over its eyes, just like this. It was so strange a dog, that I remember it. Oh! sir, if I could meet that man and get two hundred francs!"

"Would you give him up?" asked Paul sadly, for even in this peasant girl there was the hateful love of money.

"That depends, sir. Two hundred francs is a large sum. It would keep us for more than a year, and make my poor sick mother so happy."

Paul turned away in disgust. "Ah, there is no contentment here, then," thought he. "Mammon has reached even this far corner of the world and this simple people. And I was longing to be one of them myself just now. Short-sighted fool!"

The girl was watching his face. Overgrown with unshaven beard, worn and haggard as it was, it was still handsome, and wore its old noble look. As the girl watched him a thought struck her, and she said:

"If he was some cruel fellow, a murderer or that, I would certainly inform about him. But if I liked him, and thought him good but unfortunate, I would protect him."

Paul said nothing.

Presently she began timidly:

"I am thinking, sir—if I do not offend—that the description of the prisoner is very like you."

"You are right," said Paul quietly, "I am the man;" and he looked at her to watch the effect of his words. She turned very red and looked doubtfully up into his face.

"Will you inform against me now?" he asked in the same careless tone.

"Oh! sir, how can you ask me? I am sure you have done nothing wrong. You do not look as if you could."

Paul was not much relieved, for he had calculated that the information of this poor girl could scarcely reach the police before he should have got away from France; but he was touched by the kind words of this peasant girl, for kind words had been rare with him of late.

He sat down on the stone by her side.

"You are a good girl," he said.

Rose blushed as red as her godmother flower and looked down. She caught sight of his boots now in holes, and she heard his sigh of pain and weariness.

"I am afraid, sir, you have walked very far lately."

"Yes, I am weary—very. I have walked many days, and it now tells on me. But it is only three leagues more, and in a few minutes I shall set off."

"Oh! sir, do not go yet, if you are so tired. Stay and rest awhile. You can be quite safe in our cottage, which is close by."

"Thank you! my good girl. There is no fear of the police coming here, I think, as yet. No, if I had something to eat, I could go on well in a short time."

"Have you had no breakfast?" asked the girl compassionately. "Oh! how sorry I am I have eaten mine!"

"Poor child," he answered, melting at this kindness. "Do you think I am so hard-hearted as to rob you of what you need as much as I?"

She did not heed his answer.

"Oh! sir," she cried eagerly, "you must come with me to our little home. It is a poor place"—for she saw by his manner that he was not one of themselves—"but we have plenty of milk and black bread, though it may be a little hard. Come, sir, you must not go this long distance without something to eat, and maybe you have no money to buy anything."

True, I have none."

She had jumped up, and was already "ya-hoo'-ing" to the cows to follow her. Paul debated. It was a shame to take bread from these poor folk; but perhaps it was good to give the widow an opportunity of casting her mite into the treasury. "Heaven will reward them, and I am very hungry."

So he got up, but, with difficulty. He limped heavily along at first, and Rose's good heart moved her towards him. She came promptly to his side.

"Please to lean upon my shoulder, sir. You will never reach La Trinité to-day. You look ill, sir, and worn out. Will you not stay with us? We have enough for all."

Paul leaned upon her shoulder lightly, and little Rose was happy, for already the noble, handsome face had made an impression. O beauty! let Puritan decry thee; thou art a very great blessing, and Aristotle was right when he said that a man cannot be perfect without thee.

Smug followed close on three legs, and the browsy kine came slowly back from among the stones. Paul felt happy now. He had found and made a good friend—a sweet friend.

"Tell me," he said presently, as they went, "what induced you to cut off all your beautiful hair?"

Rose blushed deeply.

"Did you see me, then?" she said timidly.

"Yes; I was lying under that stone yonder when you did it. It is a great pity."

"What do you think I shall get for it, sir?"

"Get for it! are you going to sell it?"

"O yes! why should I cut it off otherwise?"

Then Paul remembered to have heard that the Breton women sell even their hair when they are destitute. And these were the people whose bread he was going to eat. He could not do it. So he stopped.

"I cannot go with you to your cottage, my good child."

"Are you so tired, sir? Then I will run and fetch you some milk and bread."

"No, no, not that. But it is a shame that I should eat your food. You have little enough for yourselves."

"Oh, sir! do not treat me like that. We have plenty now; and my hair will fetch forty or fifty francs at least, and we shall be quite rich. Listen, sir; I will tell you. Yesterday I was disappointed, because my poor mother is ill, and I thought I could get a place and earn fifty or sixty francs, and send her home some money. But I had to come back again. Well, when I saw my poor mother, I told her I would sell my hair. What use is it to me? But she would not let me. So you see, sir, when I came out this morning, I brought my scissors with me, and cut it off, when she could not see me. So it will be a surprise to her, and I know she will scold me. But to-morrow I shall take it to Auray, and then we shall be quite rich. So you must not mind us. We have plenty of bread for two or three days, and soon we shall have more than we want."

"Poor child," murmured Paul, and felt his heart warm towards this simple girl.

"Surely," thought he, "this is standing at the corner, and touching our shoulders. This poor girl has made me love mankind again. Oh, God! reward her as she deserves."

Soon they reached the cottage, which was a mere cabin, but very clean and neat inside. The younger sister was away at work, and the sick mother lay alone and helpless on a little bed. When she heard Rose's voice, she cried petulantly:

"What has brought thee back, child? Hast forgotten something?"

"Mother, I have brought thee a poor, weary traveller for a slice of bread and a little milk."

The hospitality of the old Celtic race is well known. Where is the cabin in the Highlands or the West of Ireland that will shut its door upon a wanderer in need?

"Welcome to ye, sir," said the mother, turning on her side, as Paul unwillingly hobbled in. "We have little to offer you, but such as we own is yours."

But when Paul drew off his sailor's hat, and sat down upon a three-legged stool, she looked in amazement from her daughter to the stranger, but courteously refrained from saying anything. Suddenly she noticed Rose's head, as the latter was bustling about, fetching the best plate, and the sharpest knife to set before her guest.

"Sure, Rose, thou hast been and done it. Oh, child, that was too bad! Think that thou might have found a husband about somewhere, and now who will look at thee?"

Rose set down the plate, and going up to her mother drew out the precious tresses.

"Look, mother, are they not fine? are they not long? It is thirty-five or forty francs at least, and to-morrow I will go to Aury, and bring thee back the money. We shall be quite rich, mother."

The poor mother stretched out her arms for her good daughter, and kissed her fondly.

"Thou art a good child, Rose."

Paul caught the name, and treasured it up among the kind ones of the earth. Their number is not great.

He ate heartily of the black bread, and drank deeply of the rich milk. But when Smug came, and put his meek little head upon his knee, begging hard for a meal, he shook his head, and said in English—

"No, Smug, you were not invited. Man must be nourished, but we must not give the bread of the poor to dogs, though they are our truest friends."

Rose's quick eye saw all this, and in a minute she had cut a piece from the long black loaf, and was feeding the dog herself. "Ah!" thought Paul, "this were a wife indeed. With such a heart what need of education?"

He sat there happier than he had been for days, and talked pleasantly to the sick mother and the good daughter.

Suddenly they heard a galloping of horses outside, and Smug who had been licking Rose's honest red hand, and thought himself at home where he had got a meal, darted out and commenced a furious barking.

There were three riders. The foremost wore a dark-blue coat, buttoned across the chest with two rows of gilt buttons that tapered down to the waist in a triangle. The other two were gendarmes.

The quick eye of the official lighted upon Smug.

"*Trouvé!*" he cried to his followers, and placing his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, pointed to one to go round to the back of the cabin, while with the other he rode up to the door, and dismounted. But Rose was there to meet him.

"What do you want, sir?" she said, guessing at once how it was.

The affrighted mother cried out—

"Who are these gentlemen? Let them come in, Rose."

But Rose was too brave a maiden. She set herself on the threshold, and placed a stout hand on each of the lintels, defending the entrance.

Then she turned her head as far as she could towards Paul, and said:

"Fly!"

Montague held freedom dear, very dear, dear as life. He would have escaped if it had been possible; but there was only one door, and the window was on the same side of the cabin. Meanwhile, the official became savage.

"Place, mademoiselle," he said rudely.

Rose did not move a muscle, and looked defiance at him.

"Place, mademoiselle; in the name of the emperor!"

"Let him in," shrieked the mother; "*Mon Dieu!* what is the matter?"

Rose never budged.

"Ah! *big-r-r-r-e*, we must force an entrance, then."

And he began to push Rose's arms aside.

Paul was not going to allow this, and hobbled towards the door, while Smug, guided by instinct, flew at the official's legs, which kicked at him in vain!

"Go back, sir!" cried Rose to Paul. "They have no right to enter our cottage, and you are safe here; go back."

The furious detective caught her by the waist, and was about to fling her back.

"Stop!" cried Paul. "Stop, brute, and don't dare to touch a woman! Weak as I am, I can punish you. Rose, aside. I am your prisoner. Leave her alone."

But now the struggle ensued. The brave girl would not let him be taken, and fought as stoutly against him, as she had done against the detective. She planted her feet firmly on the threshold, and put her utmost strength into her stout arms, and there she stood between two men boldly maintaining her woman's right of mercy.

The detective made at her. Paul doubled his fist and struck out at him across Rose's arm. The official drew back in terror of the English box, and wavered a moment.

"Sword," he cried to the gendarmes, "cut down this arm."

Paul heard it with horror, and seizing Rose's wrist, tried to drag it back. Not so, the girl was undaunted, and stood firmly to her post.

The gendarme leapt from his horse, drew his sword, and came brutally forward. Paul bent down, and slipped nimbly under the girl's arm, just in time to thrust back the weapon, knock over the man of the buttons with the other fist, and run for his life, despair giving strength to his worn limbs. He ran like a lame doe. But soon as thought the gendarme, accustomed to this grosser work, was in the saddle and after him, sword in hand.

Paul made for the stones of Carnac. The gendarme followed and gained rapidly upon him. Paul's only hope was to dodge him among the stones, but even then there was little chance of escape with three mounted pursuers, who were now all after him.

He rounded pillar after pillar, and effectively baffled the first horseman, but the others came fast upon him. It was now a game worthy of Franconi's Circus. He darted actively in and out, with little faithful Smug at his heels; but his strength was rapidly failing him, when at last the three horsemen were together.

He made one last effort, darted round the last huge block, and received a sabre-cut on the shoulder, which felled him to the ground.

Paul was a prisoner.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IN PRISON.

Now for a giant's stride of two years; and we draw a long breath.

You can't complain, dear reader, of this irregularity. Hitherto you have had events enough crowded into the space of one little month. Nor was this wonderful. I knew a man, though I never respected him, who fell in love with a young lady at church on a Sunday; was introduced at a ball on Monday; called on papa and mamma on Tuesday; learned the state of the case on Wednesday; took Thursday to consider of it; proposed and was accepted on Friday; ran away with her on Saturday morning, and was married at Gretna at one o'clock, A.M., on Sunday. And this man was neither a city man nor a railway guard; and there is every reason to believe that, though he married in such haste, he did not employ the subsequent leisure in repenting thereof.

Come with me now to a desert. A desert, ha! ring for the muse.

Sand, sand, and sand again, north, south, east, west;
Ever the desert, glaring painfully.
The eye, like Noah's dove, finds no spot to rest;
Where the sand ends, begins the burning sky.

But this is no African or Asian desert, where

Still as a ship becalmed—still as the hour of death;
Still as any conscience hangs the air;
Thick, heavy, stifling, as a fever'd breath;
Motionless, lifeless, as complete despair.

A breeze comes up from the distant sea, but brings no smarting clouds of blinding sand. There is sand there, nothing else but sand, but it is moist and salt, and glitters like a sea of diamonds in the morning sun. Nay, in places it is even slimy. True, the crabs and creepers, and ugly beauties of the sea come not up so far as this; but at times you may see a pulpy living mass, quivering like jelly in the softer parts of the waste, and shrink back in horror from it as a nursemaid from a toad. Here and there, too, are still salt pools, and running from them on either side are false man-hating streamlets of fatal quicksand. Woe to the boot—high—low, or Wellington—that lights upon them!

And far, far away is the murmuring ocean; and when the moon is wrath, he will come rolling up swifter than a race-horse, and higher than a giant, and cover this great desert with dancing waves.

Thou art a strange ravager, thou sea!

Thou hast brought this vast plain of sand; thou hast strewn it, and smeared it, and flattened it out over the topmost branches of the huge forest, where of old, in the days of wonder-lore, the enchanter, Merlin, loved to roam. So says tradition; and history, which negatives the wizard, admits the forest-glades.

But alas for the man who sides with history against tradition! Of a sooth the dread magician is still there, and those many souls which every year are lost in those treacherous sands, are drawn in by the seer in his rage at the unbelief of this nineteenth century.

But every desert has its oasis.

When St. Michael flew down from heaven, he beheld the arch-fiend standing on a high-pointed rock, gazing over earth and ocean, and gloating over his wide kingdom. The angel hovered a moment like a hawk above his prey, then falling rapidly, thrust his long spear into the black temples of the Wicked One, and pinned him to the mount.

This mount, say the French, is Mont St. Michel in Brittany. This mount, say the English, is St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and the two nations go on contending for the honor of his Satanic Majesty's footprint.

Forgive me, patriotic Britons, if, for the sake of my story, I believe the Gallic version. In fact, dear Apella, I have seen the Devil's toe-marks, which clearly demonstrates he does not wear boots.

The oasis is a black pyramid of rocks. Round its base is a thick old wall; but not for defence against the arms of men. What rash commander would ever dream of leading troops across that dangerous waste! No, the wall is raised against the waves, which ever and anon, at spring-tides, come raging, roaring up, and dash furiously against the everlasting rock.

The traveller enters beneath an arched gate, and turns up a narrow lane, with little old-fashioned houses clambering up each side, and a natural pavement of rough shelving rock. There is never a yard of level ground in the whole place, and the few wretched horses that are kept here know nothing of the joys of a flat French posting-road, or a rich moist water-meadow.

You mount and mount, weary and breathless, and stand at last before the huge strong gates of—a prison.

Ah, fie! A prison on St. Michael's battle field, where men moulder and sink, and grow weary of their life! A prison, where our fathers had an abbey, and built a noble church! It stands there still, proud and towering above all on the summit of the rock, and sends towards heaven a short steeple, crowned with a figure of St. Michael, that men may know from distant leagues that there the devil was subdued and bound, and be glad—if they believe it, which the Bretons do.

And still we ask, which most benefits man—the abbey or the prison?

It is the crypt beneath the church, dark, cold, silent. A single gleam of sunlight, pleasanter than a child's smile, pours through the narrow window in that huge thick wall, and battles with the darkness. We catch the outlines of some six or seven stout heavy Norman pillars, such as Samson might have circled in vain—round, rough, and sterling; and when the eye becomes accustomed to the dimness, you may see others of the same shape and size standing, like phantoms, in those unknown depths of darkness. It is all stone, nothing but cold, hard, unfeeling stone, beneath the ringing foot, above the chilled head, and round the hand that gropes and finds a slight cold moisture on the walls. It is all silent and abandoned. There seems to be nothing living there, not so much as a mouse; and even the sunlight, which pours steadily through the blue opening, down some dozen feet of masonry, lies in still motionless checkers on each several pillar, disclosing half of this, the pedestal of that, the capital of yonder one, the middle of that huge central mass.

As you enter, the eye shrinks from the darkness, and the ear is dulled by the silence; but presently you see more, and if you listen and hold your breath, you can hear a heavy sigh not far from you. You turn and see a figure seated on a stone bench formed in the wall, in the shadow of the window. The light

just plays round his head, and you catch sight of a well-known noble face, high features and strong, bending over strips of canvas which he is sewing together. How strange is this silent, lonely figure, in its prison dress, plying the needle, and thinking! How incongruous are these lofty intellectual features, those small white hands, those well-shaped limbs, with the coarse attire and the coarser work?

And this is Paul Montague, and this hour is that of the conspirator's recreation. Yes, he is allowed this change from his own cell once a day, in the evening, when all the other prisoners, whose crimes were not those of the political schemer, have returned to their cells or their workrooms, and he rejoices in this slight respite. Here he can walk about among the stout pillars, can dream in the dreamy spot, can sit and look at the blue sky, and think in vain of that fair green earth beneath it, which he is now forbidden to see, which he hated when he was free, and now loves so much. Then, too, from time to time, perhaps, once or twice a week, a party of visitors will come to look over the strange place. Girls in gay colors will bound in, and start back in horror at the sight of what is now his pleasure-ground. They come fresh from liberty and a happy life. They can laugh and talk about those horrors of cold and darkness which he must endure. For them the world moves, day and night revolve, and each day brings something new. For him all is alike: the world is a cell, and this gloomy crypt. Here night reigns all the day long. Each day is the portrait of its fellow, and nothing is before him but his own hated self, and the memories of a happier past.

Oh! when he sees at evening a bit of golden cloud floating across the narrow window, and a free bird beating the air towards the sun, what would not the poor captive give, what of ambition, what of life, to be without these walls, beyond those doors that slam with such a heavy crash behind the jailor, those locks in which the huge key turns with such despairing creak!

Two years are a short time. In our youth they fly past like a turn of the glass, and though we may have gotten a new love, we have scarcely forgotten the old one. In middle life we cannot cram enough of business into them, and they are too short to work a new speculation, or acquire the last fashionable ology. In age they bring us but little nearer the grave, and add but few white hairs to the silver there. But in prison, in a solitary cell, two years are as a lifetime.

This weary age had Paul worn through at Belle-Isle, when suddenly, for no reason that he could make out, he had been moved to Mont St. Michel. What matter? It was only from one cell to another, and there was little difference between them.

At first he had kicked against his imprisonment. It had made him wild and furious. He would not brook the insolence of the jailors, and made enemies of them by his savage answers. He had been tamed by starvation, double chains, and cancelling of the allotted exercise; and then unable to tear others, like a caged beast, he began to tear himself, and fell into a morbid state of remorse, regret and self-condemnation. But even this could not last over days and nights of idleness, and at length a calm came over him, and he resolved to forget the past, and turn to thoughts that should be useful at some distant future. For Paul could not drown the hope of soon being free. There was just a chance; and in such a plight a chance, like the straw to the drowning, becomes a hope, and such he made it.

At first he had begged hard for books, at least a Bible. They brought him the Douay version; and he could not recognise in that stiff vulgar rendering the words that had so often solaced him. That simplicity which is the secret of its beauty, was wanting here in the sacred language; and it was long before he learned that it was good sometimes to change the form where the sense remained the same, lest we should learn to cling to the one in our materialism, and forget the other.

Other books were refused him, unless he chose to see the priest, and this he could not bear to do, fearing to meet another such as the amiable curé of Ronville. Moreover, he knew that priest in this case meant conversion, and he wished to fill his mind with high and heavenly thoughts, not to cramp it with the narrow polemics of churches. He refused the priest, and contented himself with a profound study of the Bible.

With his natural taste for system, he collected under various heads the different texts that bore upon them in our Saviour's discourses, compared them, balanced them carefully, and arrived, through doubt and difficulty, at comfortable conclusions, which were a great solace to him.

But "the dog in the kennel barks at his fleas; the dog that is hunting does not feel them," say the Chinese; and Paul, with nothing to do (for in the dim cell there were not many hours at which he could read), could not but scratch at those mental jumpers, old sad memories—for I scorn the imputation that my hero had any but mental skippers to scratch at.

What a past! For a while he rigorously shut out all the later parts of his life, and went back to the joyous dreamy life in Italy, to days which distance had robbed of all their little bitterness; went back to his boy's ambitions, and sighed to think how grand they had been, and how utterly they had failed. He could smile at them now, but still he respected them. He could never again aspire so boldly, so purely, so illogically as he then did.

But dream as he would, he could not help coming on gradually to the great influence on his life, and soon his thoughts were all of Madeleine. It's wonderful how much thought the most sparing thinkers give willingly, nay, delightedly, to some mere woman they have loved, or thought they loved. If judges would only weigh the evidence of witnesses, their words, their looks, their slightest variation of tone, as lovers do that of their mistresses, trials would be ten times as long, but, I was going to say, much juster; but really to proceed on the analogy of lovers, the results of so much cogitation would seldom be satisfactory. In Paul's case it was certainly most discouraging, for, rendered morbid by this continual revolving on the pivot of self, he came to most humiliating conclusions, and determined that Madeleine had at last and at least married Antoine Legrand, if nothing worse.

This flea-bite festered.

Now Paul was really in a religious frame of mind, and he strove hard to kick against these thoughts, to despise this woman-worship, and rise above these paltry regrets. But the innate weakness and selfishness of man was too strong for him, when left utterly to himself, and he sickened under his nightmare.

Then came his sudden unexpected removal. It did him good. It was a break, an event in that monotonous life.

He prayed hard for pen, ink and paper, when he first came to Mont St. Michel. He was resolved to write something that should take him out of himself. But of course he was refused. What! a political prisoner allowed to write! Why, he would make no end of bad uses of those simple implements. He would be communicating somehow with the common prisoners; or at least he would be composing violent treatises, to publish when he was free. It was the more vehemently objected to, because he was an Englishman, and so his compositions could not be read over by the governor.

In faith Paul had no such thought. He fancied it would do him good to write a novel, or some harmless essays, but the governor had no confidence in his assurances. So Paul took to make verses, poor indeed at first, for he was not born a poet, improving as time and thought worked out the latent genius. He set a prison-song to some old well loved tune:

The wind that stealeth gently
To soothe the care-worn brow,
To court the simple flow'ret,
And shake the leafy bough;
The sun that cheers the sorrowful,
And calls to life the cold,
Or bids the rose-bud blossom broad,
The bindweed's flower unfold;
The merry lark that from the earth
Rises to purer sky,
To pour its overflowing note,
To light clouds floating by;
The corn-flower 'mid the waving wheat,
Catching the golden grains:—
These are all free, all happy these,
While man lies here in chains.

This was his first attempt, but he liked it, for it brought a number of longings to his heart, and he could sing himself

asleep with it. He tried all kinds of rhymes and metres, and at last, after a long apprenticeship, came to the poet's harbor, blank verse. Here is one of his efforts. Criticise it, please:

Man gazes on the sea, and marks wave follow wave;
The heaven's blue, the gray of beetling cloud,
Reflected in its never-wearying tides,
Yet dreams not of the life beneath it hid—
The million combinations of the laws
God gave creation. The mind's eye alone—
And that too of the e free from earth's disease,
Mental ophthalmia—wears the microscope,
Which can de-ery the tiny working hand
Of the great Infinite. As some wand'rer views,
Gazing enrapt, the distant purple hills,
Tinged by the golden beams of day's farewell,
And feels his heart warm to that unknown range,
Whose trees, and cots, and cowsheds, distance hides
Unrecked of by him—full enough entranced,
By the dull purple with its rim of gold:—
Even so man views life, and little knows
The combinations of the particles
Of mind and heart, and circumstance that form
And form again in life's kaleidoscope.

It was a great solace to him to dream about the things of nature, which he might not see. So he went on to more blank verse:

Ye are the type of the Creator's love,
Ye stars that shed your holy calm o'er all,—
Thesappy country, and the dewless town,

(He liked that—"The dewless town.")

And on the ever-mourning ocean
Which knows no Lord but God. To me,
Caged within walls of man's presumptuous build,
Far from the breasts of ever-youthful earth,
Where softest mosses and sweet-scented brooms
Cradled me, fann'd by the heal h-bearing breeze,
Laden with music from the tune-ful throats
(For music is the medicine of the soul).

(He was not sure about the originality of that last line. It sounded like Thomson or Cowper, or even Scott:)

Of piping winged songsters, praising Him
Who gave them wings to leave the narrow earth—
To me ye bring sweet sadness. Memory
Of all I loved—the poetry of life—
Is sweet; but sad the thought that destiny,
Heartless necessity, the tyrant whom
No revolution can dethrone, except
Eternity, enchains me captive, in
A scene I loathe, where nought is beautiful
Save thought in a pure mind, nought happy, save
Sleep blest with dreams.

He learnt this off by heart too, though he was not satisfied that he knew what it all meant. But what was he to do, poor captive?

After all his versification, it was relief to go back to the one song which Madeleine had sung him, and Victor Hugo, sweet and foul-mouthed poet, had no such devotee as Paul in all the land of France.

And now he sat with cropt hair, and in a canvas blouse, at work which he had gained permission to toil at after much imploring, and ever anon looked out through the narrow lattice at the clouds blown across the face of heaven, like passing sad thoughts on woman's brow.

A political prisoner is an object of great terror to the governor of a prison, a source of great anxiety. He is for ever in apprehension that the simplest implements put into his hands will be turned to a mode of communication between the captive and his friends. Paul sued hard for work. Oh! work would soften thought, work bring sleep, which became more and more a stranger to the caged bird; work would give a satisfaction of not utterly wasting life. But it was long before his prayer was granted. What work could they give him? If he had to pick oakum, he would secrete bits of the dirty rope about his person, and make a ladder to escape by. If they gave him canvas to sew, he would pretend to break his needles, keep them and loosen stones with them. Men who love liberty have been known to do this, and yet more wondrous deeds. But Paul, all mightily as he longed for liberty, cared not to stake all his hope, and all his mind on so poor a hazard. He had arrived at

the sensible resolution of improving his imprisonment rather than wasting his energy on one bare chance of liberty.

When the final refusal had come, he became sad and morbid, and the old fits returned. He grew sick of his useless life. He was watched, though he did not know it, and an influence, of which he little dreamed, obtained for him the desired labor.

Oh! how he chirped and sang to himself when the first piece of canvas, and the first big needle and coarse thread were put into his hands. He was like a child with its first plaything. The effect was rapid. After three days' work, he was an altered—and now a happy—man. So he sat there, gay over his paltry manual labor, so unworthy of his mind and character, yet more necessary to him than food and light. All hail to labor! Adam's curse; the blessing of his sons.

He sat stitching, and from time to time looked up to gaze out upon the slip of sky. Then there came back to him a scene he loved to think of. Once more he was gathering roses with Madeleine in the sunny rose-garden. Again he had cut a budding blush-rose, and told her it was her portrait. He saw her honest blushes, and gazed again upon that lovely face. Then he remembered how she heaped the flowers upon him, till he was covered with them, and how between the tall straight lilies, he saw her laughing face, and caught the sound of her ringing mirth. Indeed he was happy.

But his dream was broken by the harsh grating of the jailor's key in the door of the crypt.

"Have they come to fetch me so soon?" he sighed.

He heard a hissing sound of voices at the door.

Had he been there, he might have seen the jailor push a fettered prisoner violently forward by the shoulders, and heard his mocking words to the helpless man. He might have discovered, too, that the turnkey pretended to go back, and leave the man there alone, but that in reality he slipped nimbly from pillar to pillar, and in the darkness escaped the prisoner's notice.

As it was, he heard a heavy step ringing on the stones, and echoed through the dark vault. This step was shuffling and slow, as if the new comer were feeling his way in the dark; and Paul heard him pass his hand along the damp wall, muttering low to himself.

"It is some poor fellow-captive," he thought, and strove to go back to Madeleine in the garden, as one waked at midnight longs to continue the dream of his beloved. But in vain. The figure drew nearer and nearer, shuffling and groping all the way, and at last stood close beside him.

The new comer uttered a loud exclamation of surprise.

Paul turned his eyes from the sky beyond the bars, and at first could scarcely discern the face of the stranger.

The two prisoners stared hard at one another.

"Am I right?" muttered the new comer, in a voice hoarse from want of use. "I think; yes, I think I know you. But you are so much changed. Besides, I thought you had escaped."

He spoke rather to himself than to Paul, who seemed to remember the voice, but could not recognise the altered features.

"It would be strange to meet you in this cursed place," the stranger continued. "Is not your name—let me see—ah! how my memory is going—is it not—well, I forgot, but you are an Englishman, are you not?"

"Yes," answered Paul, pleased at the thought of an old acquaintance.

"Stay, speak a few words more. I shall know your name when I hear your voice?"

"I do not recognise you."

"Ah! yes, you are—oh! thank God! you are Montague—Paul Montague."

"Yes, and you? Who are you?"

"I have a mind not to tell you, for we were not friends there. But here we are both captives. You must forget that time."

"Eh! Is it really you, Ludowsky?"

"Give me your hand, Montague. You always had a good heart. You don't know what I've suffered."

Paul shook his hand warmly. In the joy of such a meeting,

he had forgotten the contempt—the disgust almost—which he had for this man.

Ludowsky was indeed changed. His huge black beard, once a delicate, well-kept imperial, had been allowed to grow till it covered half his face. His cheeks were sunken and ashy white, and his look, once so confident, was now timid and sneaking. For all this Paul was delighted to see a well-known face again. It was a ray of sunlight in his dark existence, and he gazed on the count as you do on an old bosom-friend, and felt tears rise in his eyes, weakened as he was by long captivity.

(To be continued.)

THE COBRA CAPELLO.

THIS most deadly specimen of the serpent species is a native of India. It must not be confounded with several other hooded snakes, such as the haji of Egypt, the snake so frequently depicted in the hieroglyphical monuments.

The serpent charmers invariably use this formidable reptile for their performances. Their plan is generally this: the exhibitors possess several cobras shut up in baskets, and when commencing their performances, the lids of the basket is opened, and the snake creeps out. Its course is arrested by the sound of the rude fife which the charmer always carries, and it immediately expands its beautiful though threatening hood, erects its neck, and commences a series of undulating movements, which are continued until the sound of the fife ceases, when the snake instantly drops, and is replaced in its basket by its master. The charmer has the art of discovering their retreats, and inducing them to leave them. Indeed, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that the travellers who most strongly insist that the snakes thus caught are tame, and divested of their fangs, appear to forget that even in that case the creatures must have been previously caught in order to deprive them of their weapons. The length of the cobra de capello is about five or six feet.

Dr. Buckland in his valuable work entitled the "Curiosities of Natural History" gives the following illustration of the extreme venomousness of this dreaded creature. It will be seen that even when weakened by passing through the system of an animal, it has yet, after the death of its victim, power sufficient to destroy human life, for nothing but the chemical knowledge possessed by the experimentalist, and his immediate adoption of the necessary remedies saved him from falling a victim to the trifling accident recounted below:

"About four years ago, I myself, in person, had painful experience of the awful effects of snake's poison. I had received a dose of the cobra's poison into my system; luckily a minute dose, or I should not have survived it. The accident happened in a very curious way. I was poisoned by the snake, but not bitten by him. I got the poison second-hand. Anxious to witness the effects of the poison of the cobra upon a rat, I took up a couple in a bag, alive, to a certain cobra. I took one rat out of the bag and put him into the cage with the snake. The cobra was coiled up among the stones in the centre of the cage, apparently asleep. When he heard the noise of the rat falling into the cage, he just looked up and put out his tongue, hissing at the same time. The rat got in a corner and began washing himself, keeping one eye on the snake, whose appearance he did not evidently half like. Presently the rat ran across the snake's body, and in an instant the latter assumed his fighting attitude. As the rat passed the snake, he made a dart, but, missing his aim, hit his nose a pretty hard blow against the side of the cage.

"This accident seemed to anger him, for he spread out his crest and waved it to and fro in the beautiful manner peculiar to his kind. The rat became alarmed, and ran near him again. Again cobra made a dart, and bit him, but did not, I think, inject any poison into him, the rat being so very active; at least no symptoms of poison were shown. The bite, nevertheless, aroused the ire of the rat, for he gathered himself for a spring, and measuring his distance, sprang right on to the neck of the cobra, who was waving about in front of him. This plucky rat,

determined to die hard, gave the cobra two or three severe bites in the neck, the snake keeping his body erect all this time, and endeavoring to turn his head round so as to bite the rat, who was clinging on like the old man in Sindbad the Sailor.

"Soon, however, cobra changed his tactics. Tired, possibly, with sustaining the weight of the rat, he lowered his head, and the rat, finding himself again on terra firma, tried to run away; not so, for the snake collecting all his force, brought down his erected poison fangs, making his head tell by its weight in giving vigor to the blow, right on to the body of the rat. The poor beast now seemed to know that the fight was over, and that he was conquered. He retired to a corner of the cage, and began panting violently, endeavoring, at the same time, to steady his failing strength with his feet. His eyes were widely dilated, and his mouth open, as if gasping for breath. The cobra stood erect over him, hissing and putting out his tongue, as if conscious of victory. In about three minutes the rat fell quietly on his side and expired; the cobra then moved off and took no further notice of his defunct enemy.

"About ten minutes afterwards the rat was hooked out of the cage for me to examine. No external wound could I see anywhere, so I took out my knife and began taking the skin off the rat. I soon discovered two very minute punctures, like small needle holes, in the side of the rat, where the fangs of the snake had entered. The parts between the skin and the flesh, and the flesh itself, appeared as though affected with mortification, even though the wound had not been inflicted above a quarter of an hour, if so much.

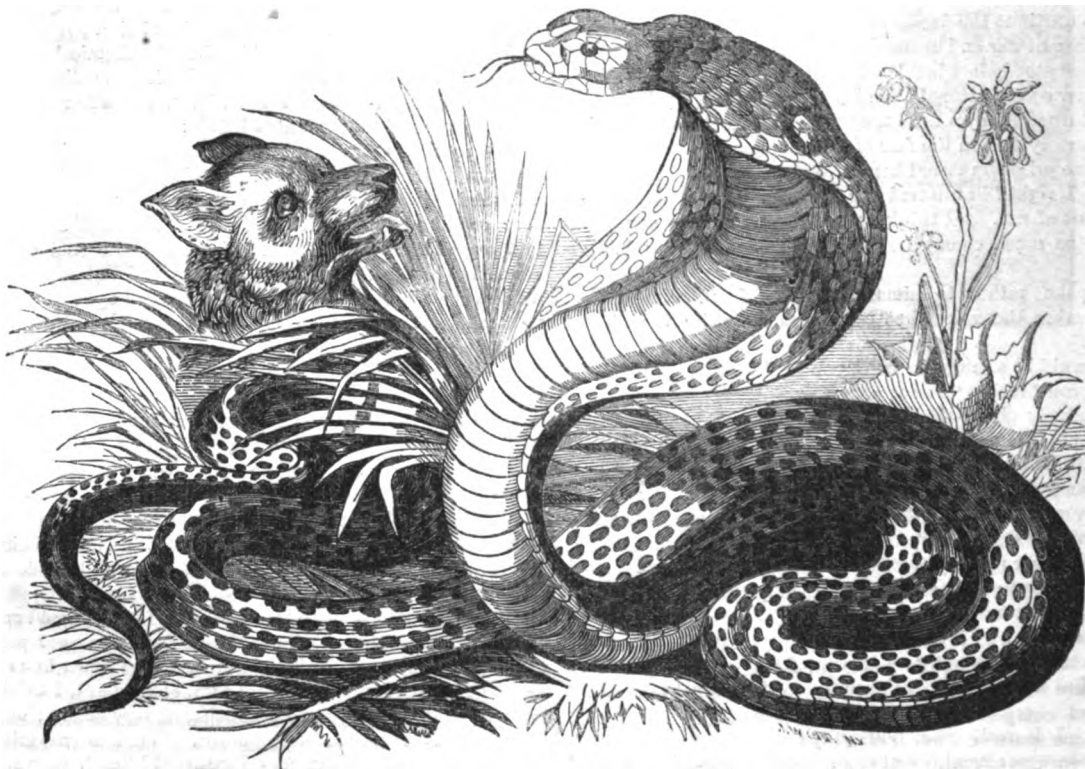
"Anxious to see if the skin itself was affected, I scraped away the parts on it with my finger nail. Finding nothing but the punctures, I threw the rat away and put the knife and skin in my pocket, and started to go away. I had not walked a hundred yards before, all of a sudden, I felt just as if somebody had come behind me and struck me a severe blow on the head and neck, and at the same time I experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression at the chest, as though a hot iron had been run in and a hundred weight had been put on the top of it.

"I knew instantly, from what I had read, that I was poisoned; I said as much to my friend, a most intelligent gentle-

man, who happened to be with me, and told him if I fell, to give me brandy and eau de luce, words which I kept repeating in case he might forget them. At the same time I enjoined him to keep me going, and not on any account to allow me to lie down. I then forgot everything for several minutes, and my friend told me I rolled about as if very faint and weak. He also informs me that the first thing I did was to fall against him, asking if I looked seely. He most wisely answered, "No, you look very well." I don't think he thought so, for his own face was as white as a ghost; I recollect this much. He tells me my face was of a greenish yellow color.

"After walking, or rather staggering, along for some minutes, I gradually recovered my senses, and steered for the nearest chemist's shop. Rushing in, I asked for eau de luce. Of course he had none, but my eye caught the words "Spirit ammon. co.," or hartshorn, on a bottle. I reached it down myself, and pouring a large quantity into a tumbler with a little water, both of which articles I found on a soda water stand in the shop, drank it off though it burnt my mouth and lips very much. Instantly I felt relief from the pain at the chest and head. The chemist stood aghast, and on my telling him what was the matter, recommended a warm bath. If I had then followed his advice these words would never have been placed on record. After a second draught at the hartshorn bottle, I proceeded on my way, feeling very stupid and confused.

"On arriving at my friend's residence close by, he kindly procured me a bottle of brandy, of which I drank four large wine glasses one after the other, but did not feel the least tipsy after the operation. Feeling nearly well, I started on my way home, and then, for the first time, perceived a most acute pain under the nail of the left thumb; this pain also ran up the arm. I set to work to suck the wound, and then found out how the poison had got into the system. About an hour before I examined the dead rat I had been cleaning the nail with a pen-knife, and had slightly separated the nail from the skin beneath. Into this little crack the poison had got when I was scraping the rat's skin to examine the wound. How virulent, therefore, must the poison of the cobra be! It already had been circulated in the body of the rat, from which I had imbibed it second-hand."



THE COBRA CAPELLO.



THE FIRST WINTER.

THE MAIDEN COUNTRY.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh received his patent, empowering him to take possession, with almost regal privileges, of remote and barbarous lands not in the actual holding of any Christian prince; but it was not until twenty-three years after—namely, in 1607—that the first permanent settlement was made in Virginia, or the Maiden Country, to which Elizabeth's patent had more immediately referred: *Mela Incognita*, as Martin Frobisher, and the rest of the navigators of the period, called all beyond their own claims. Virginia never prospered during Raleigh's time. There was no want of skill or daring in the men who headed and composed the several expeditions that went out; but, for some cause or other, everything failed, and the chronicle of the various attempts was one series of disasters. It was strange, and it reads to us sadly, that success should come only after the death of their brave, brilliant and ill-starred projec-

tor; that he and his should never dwell under the shadow of that goodly building, the foundations of which had been laid with such infinite trouble, and cemented with such noble blood; that strangers to their toils should eat of the fruit which they had planted, and men who had not strewn with them should reap the harvest they had sown. History is full of such mysteries—no one giving the solution.

After Raleigh's iniquitous execution, charters for the formation of two companies were drawn up by James I., and expeditions fitted out, under the names of the Southern or London, and Northern or Plymouth Companies. The first was placed under the travelling or temporary command of Captain Newport, with sealed instructions concerning governor and council, not to be opened before arriving at the place of destination. But when the little colony had landed, Captain John Smith, already gloriously distinguished for certain deeds of his in Transylvania and Hungary, took the command by the simple

influence of superior character. He had to work hard though for this recognition, for he was much opposed by all the rest who might have had pretensions to leadership; but in the end he gained the day, and the life of the colony (James Town) began. For two years Smith maintained discipline and order among his people, husbanded their resources, kept the Indians at bay, and, which was perhaps the most difficult thing of all, held his ground in spite of the intrigues against him. He went on adventurous voyages of discovery among the rivers that empty themselves into the Chesapeake, and once fell into the hands of the Indian chief Powhatan, who, now at open war with the whites, and now on terms of such friendship as snakes and birds, and cats and mice, might be supposed to have together, was the standing terror and grievance of the colony. Smith and his band were saved by the ready wit and devotion of Pocohontas, Powhatan's beautiful young daughter; but the English were frequently lost by trusting to the chief, or, specially and most frequently, by suffering the Indian women to lure them into their huts, where the "braves" put an end to the visit by their scalping knives and clubs. During Smith's absence Captain Sickelmore ventured into the Indian camp, for the purpose of trading with the chief. He had a band of thirty men with him, but they were all murdered, without defence or rescue being possible. It was under Smith's leadership that the storehouse at James Town was burnt, which entailed such severe distress on the community. But the administrative powers of the leaders helped them to make the best of even bad things, and the misfortune was repaired sooner than it would have been under any rule less wise and capable. And then Capt. Newport returned from England with a reinforcement, seventy strong, which, though coming only to seek for gold, yet, full of home strength and unbroken by hardships, put heart into the little colony again.

In 1609 Lord Delawarr was appointed governor of Virginia; but, unable to leave England the year of his appointment, sent out ships and men, with nine superior officers as deputies, all armed with about equal powers. To prevent the possibility, therefore, of the one who might arrive first superseding the rest, they went together in the same ship, and got wrecked off the Bermudas: which wreck, learned commentators say, furnished the material for a certain immortal Tempest that once took place, in Prospero's time, off "the still vex'd Bermoothes." No great good was done to the colony by the new arrivals. They were "a set of unruly gallants, packed hither by their friends to escape ill destinies;" and, deprived of their own officers, at that moment wandering about the uninhabited shores of Somers' Island, would not obey Smith, who had only the letters patent of nature and ability to show as the credentials of his authority. And not only were they factious themselves, but they stirred up the sheep-like congregation to follow their ill-leading: whereby confusion and anarchy ensued, and loss fell upon all concerned. Smith, cruelly mutilated by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder, sailed for England, dispirited at his unending fight; and after his departure things fell rapidly from bad to worse. Captain Sickelmore, as we have seen, lost thirty men; and this success made the Indians yet more venturesome and dangerous. Not a straggler who dared to show himself outside the palisadings, but was shot down and scalped, and the little town was in a state of permanent siege. Supplies fell short, and the famine was so great that the time was chronicled on the records as "the starving time;" the four hundred and ninety men whom Smith had left behind him six months ago, were now reduced to sixty; sickness and war were about and among them; and there seemed no hope and no safety for the handful of starving men, hard-pressed by their enemies from without and weakened by dissensions within, when suddenly Lord Delawarr appeared in the bay, with three ships, one hundred and fifty fresh emigrants, and with a full year's store of provision. This was in 1610, from which date the permanent establishment of the colony may be said to be effected. Smith never returned to James Town. He made fourteen voyages to the colony, but the community which he had held together and preserved by the force of his own strength only, and which had so shamefully repaid him, knew him no more. Smith and Raleigh were the two patriarchs of English

colonization, and they suffered the usual fate of leaders in an unknown cause. They were like pioneers, trampled on by the followers whom they have guided to the Promised Land—like husbandmen, whose footsteps are checked by the seed their own hands have sown through the wilds. They did well and bravely for the good of humanity and the advancement of their own times; but the one was rewarded with the doom of a traitor, and the other almost sunk under the petty persecutions he had to bear. Yet the justice denied them in their lifetimes, posterity and history have enriched with fame.

Lord Delawarr promised to be all that was needed in the governor of a young colony, composed as this of "unruly gallants" smitten with the gold fever, and only solicitous for gain and licence, and some of the noblest and choicest spirits of the time—men fashioned in the mould of Drake and Hawkins, of Raleigh and Frobisher, of John Davis, great as any, and of Sir "Humfrey" Gilbert, whose fatal fault was but the excess of virtue. But Lord Delawarr's influence was not destined to be lasting. He was soon obliged by sickness to return to England: and when he went back to Virginia, it was only to die at his post. He died in 1618, in the same year as his old enemy Powhatan.

Those early colonial histories read now like romances or heroic legends, though indeed no romance ever equalled the story of the crimes, the sufferings, and the wrongs of the various invaders among each other, and of all against the invaded. What novel-writer ever imagined such a native bit of revenge as Dominique de Gourgues of "Burdeaux" perpetrated, when he "trussed up" Pedro Melendes and his band on the self-same trees whereon they had hung Landennier's corps some years ago, in Nova Francia? Pedro Melendes had put a mocking legend round his victims, bearing these words—"I do not this as unto Frenchmen, but as unto Lutherans;" and Dominique de Gourgues, determined not to be outdone, when he "trussed up" Pedro and his crew put round them too the counter-announcement: "I do not this as unto Spaniards, but as unto tyrants and murderers." The courtesies of the time were not to be disregarded, even at an execution in the backwoods. Men were prepared for anything in those days. Life, nature and society were all new, and all seemed more or less supernatural to the eyes of those who knew but one law. When the Spaniards landed in Mexico, and found the crosses, chapels, rites and forms which they had left behind them in their oratories at Grenada, repeated in the wild places of the West, they cried out that the evil spirit had travestied their faith, and that the Indians were the servitors of the devil. And that feeling went through the whole of the colonial life. As superstitious themselves as the savages they sought to teach, they accepted all the pretensions of these to witchcraft and superhuman powers, and translated into the terrible charge of demoniacal possession the "medicine-man's" knowledge of simples, and his dextrous sleight of hand. Yet, what but demoniacal possession could be looked for from them, the unblessed children of "Cham" as they were? God had set His mark upon them, and the white man was appointed their lord. And so, with little variation, has run on the tale of violence and pride from the first landing of the Spaniards to the present moment, when the negro has been carried into the red man's place, and the easy-fitting theory has been riveted round his neck.

Among the human furniture of Lord Delawarr's expedition was a shrewd, learned, pedantic man, one William Strachey, gent., who drew up an account of what he saw and did in the Maiden Country, but chiefly of what he saw. For still the haunting thought was for gold, and men used their eyes more than their hands—indifferent to the riches to be ploughed out of the "black fatt mould," if they could but find the metal which all Europe had gone mad to seek. The first thing that struck even Strachey, who does not seem to have been one of the more adventurous and excitable sort, was the "blew metallene colour" of the rocks, and the glistening of the ground, which in some places was "splendent, and seemed gilded." The coal-beds were not yet laid bare; the silk grass and the cotton-plant were not cultivated; the soil certainly was notoriously fruitful, and gave crops in underlying succession, without need of rest or renovation; but these were secondary advantages to the

mass of the early settlers, fired with the burning light that the Spaniards' tale of El Dorado had flashed through the world. Yet, if Virginia had had no other wealth but her gold mines, she would never have been one of the Stars, or the Stripes either, under the wings of the Eagle. What a marvel it is, that almost all the good which has come into this world has come indirectly, and that men seldom or never attain the thing they seek, but rather stumble by chance-paths on to ends of which they never dreamed?

Gold or no gold, it was impossible not to confess the marvellous fertility of the Maiden Country. English fruits and vegetables, which had been imported, grew to more than their natural size, and attained more than their natural flavor; orange-trees, which had been brought from the East Indies, planted, left and neglected, yet grew and prospered, as did vine-seeds and tobacco—not of the original productions of Virginia. That East Indian delicacy the "pina," said to be so impatient of change as to refuse to grow anywhere but in its own native sands, thrived in Virginia; maize, wheat, the cotton-plant, sugar-canes, the "maricock"—a kind of passion-flower, with a fruit like a pomegranate—and all living things whatsoever, took kindly root and holding, and became finer and more luxuriant than they had ever been at home. Animals, too, thrived in the same way; and even women were said to share in the easy blessings of the land, by the number and facility of their "maternal trials." "The black fatt mould," and the warm, sunny skies of that Maiden Land, seemed to give all life a spur and impulse; and the wealth of "Ole Virginny" has not ceased yet in any of the directions in which it formerly so richly flowed.

But Powhatan—of what use all the green corn-fields and the golden fruits, if a painted savage might come down in the night and carry off or destroy the resources so carefully provided? Powhatan was the thorn in the side of the James Town world; and they had no pincers strong enough to extract him. He was a capable savage, "of a daring spirit, vigilant, ambitious, subtle to enlarge his dominions;" cruel, too, and utterly ruthless. We have seen how he tormented the poor beleaguered wretches of James Town; he cut off Sir Walter Raleigh's colony of Roanoke, and even his own neighbors and subjects, the "natural inhabitants of Payankatank," he destroyed to a man, getting them into his lodge under pretence of a hunting-party, when he scalped them without mercy, and so put an end to their impediments.

Strachey does not say why he murdered them, and we do not believe they were of his own tribe; but the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's day could not comprehend an order of government that did not include subjects and royalties; and they portioned out the new-found lands into kingdoms and principalities, where we should now assign the boundaries of a tribe and the joint influence of chiefs or "braves."

Powhatan sold a bit of land to Captain Francis West, who instantly built West's fort, and ensconced himself therein. That was another holding against the subtle chief: a rivet in the pincers that were to pull out him and his from the side of the white invader. When Powhatan died he was past eighty, but as upright and unbroken as he had ever been. He was a tall, clean-limbed man, of sad aspect, round and fat visaged, with a few thin gray hairs hanging down to his broad shoulders, and a very few still lingering on his chin and upper lip. He had been a remarkably strong, able, sinewy man, and many stories were told of his personal feats and Indian prowess. He did not fail to make good bargains for himself: such as when he sold Capt. Argoll, as he was trading on the river Ocinho, four hundred bushels of wheat, peas and beans, and many valuable furs, for the wonderful riches of nine pounds of copper, four bunches of beads, eight dozen hatchets, five dozen knives, four bunches of bells and one dozen cigars—in all worth about forty shillings English. Ah! Powhatan was only a savage after all! He went about in a fair kind of royal state though, for a savage; had a body-guard of forty or fifty of the tallest men of his tribe, and was guarded at night by four sentinels, who must call and answer to each other every half hour, and the one who neglected to answer was taken by the officer of the watch and scourged

cruelly. Powhatan was famous for his scourgings; and Strachey says he had himself seen the Indians beaten till they were one mass of gore, wounds and bruises, yet without uttering a sound; and when it was all over, getting up and walking off as composedly as if nothing had happened.

Powhatan had an infinite number of wives, of whom the twelve latest were generally his favorites. When he got tired of any of them he gave them away to his chief men, who received the gift with gratitude. At the time when Strachey wrote he had, living, twenty sons and ten daughters, but many more had died. Among his favorite daughters—indeed, the favorite and darling of all—was Pocohontas, then a young girl, but very beautiful and lively. She had grown quite familiar with the whites, says Strachey, and when a "wanton young lass" of eleven or twelve, was fond of coming into the fort and making the boys turn themselves into wheels, like our little "Gi' poor Jack a ha'penny," at the corner of the street there. The boys used to throw themselves on to their heads, with their heels up in the air, and so wheel round the fort, Pocohontas wheeling after them in all the freedom and undressed innocence of her time and age. For the Indian woman did not clothe herself at all before they were twelve or thirteen, and Pocohontas followed the custom of her country. But to return to Powhatan.

When he was at meals his wives respectfully waited on him, handing him this and that as he might demand; one, specially selected, bringing water both before and after his meat, wherewith to wash his hands, which then another dried with a bunch of feathers, by way of a towel. Afterwards the feathers themselves were carefully wiped and dried. Powhatan had a private treasure-house in a thicket not far off James Town. There he kept his skins, his copper, pearls and beads, all his red war-paint, and his bows and arrows, &c. At the four corners of this treasury stood four carved images—the one a bear, the other a leopard, the third a dragon, and the fourth a giantlike man—"all made evill favored enoughe, according to their best workmanship." It was a glad day for the English when the indomitable old chief died, and left the rule of his tribe to weaker hands.

One day Strachey went to see a kind of queen, named Oholase, who, forsooth, was too proud to walk, and must needs be carried by her attendants when she would take the air or a boat. But that does not sound very likely, if the "natural" Virginians of 1618 were at all like Indians of 1858. Strachey says he paid her a visit, and found her lying out of doors under the shadow of a broad-leaved tree, stretched on an osier-mat covered with four or five fine gray skins. She herself was covered with white deer-skins. When she rose, her "maydo brought her a frontall of white currall," and pendants of large but imperfectly drilled and discolored pearls, which she put in her ears; also a chain of copper, with large and heavy links, which went three or four times round her neck, and was "accompt a jolly ornament." She had flowers and feathers in her hair, and thus attired was "a debonnair, quaynt, and woll pleased, as (I wis) a daughter of the house of Austria behune (decked) with all her jewells." Then the maid brought her a mantle or small side-cloak, called a puttawas, made of blue feathers, so thickly and closely stitched together that it seemed a deep purple satin; and then the queen washed her hands, and dried them on a bunch of fresh plucked ash-leaves. We can see the picture as the pedantic old traveller gives it. The supple, tawny Indian woman, with her feathers and her beads, her shining black hair, her sparkling eyes—we can see her lying under the broad-leaved tree in the hot summer day, watching her strange visitor with those eager eyes of hers—the soft, graceful motion of her limbs as she moves before him, stealthy and supple as the panther crouching in the forest behind them. Most of the women were handsome, thought Strachey. They were well shaped, with handsome limbs, slender arms, small and pretty hands, and with a pleasant "tange" in their voices when they sang. They dressed in skins embroidered with beads or small copper plates; but the poorer sort made themselves simple aprons of grass and leaves, sewn on to strips of leather. They, and the men too, were brown or tawny; a color brought about, says he, by the use of a kind of arsenite stone like red orpiment, and the juice of certain scrused roots.



POCONONTAS INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH.

They painted themselves as a defence against the gnats and flies, and he was the most gallant who was the most monstrous and ugly to behold. They were smooth-skinned, and had poor beards, but their hair was black, gross, long and thick: they wore it long and flowing on one side, and cropped close on the other, with a ridge like a cockscomb running up the middle of the head; they had flat noses, thick at the end, but tolerably well-shaped; full lips, and wide mouths, "but not so bad as the Moors;" and they were tall and straight, and of comely proportion. One tribe, the Sasquesahanongs, were very large men, with hollow voices, and legs measuring three-quarters of a yard round the thickest part. These wore skins thrown over them, something as the skin of the Nemean Lion is thrown over Hercules, the paws fastening in front like ornamental clasps. Other tribes of which he speaks were smaller, and more like the North American savages whom Catlin has helped us to know; but in general Strachey's seem too much made up, too much like Othello played in a wig, or Julius Caesar in a brocaded dressing-gown. They were made more like what it was thought they must be than what they were in reality; and in translating what they saw, these early biographers destroyed half the originality of the life they described.

Sometimes Strachey's savages painted their bodies black or yellow, oiling them well into the bargain, when they covered themselves with the soft down of various colored birds—blue, white, carnation, and what not; disposing the down like so many "laces," crossing and recrossing their bodies. They also punctured and tattooed themselves, shaved with oyster or scallop shells, anointed their gross black hair with walnut oil till it shone like the raven's wing, and decked themselves out in beads and bits of finery—with ghastlier finery still, as is their custom still to do. For earrings they wore enormous masses of copper, or the claws of wild beasts, or the talons of fierce birds; and sometimes a green and yellow snake would be dragged through the hole, where it would twist and writhe itself contentedly, crawling round the dusky throat and kissing the Moorish lips with tamed fondness.

Singularly athletic were these Indians. One who had been retained as a hostage during the progress of some business, of which the savages had contributed their share only in promises, managed to escape in the night from the boat, heavily fettered, and in a close "sea gown," as he was. He was never seen again, and the English did not know whether he had sunk or reached the shore. The latter was the most probable, for the Indians would not complete their bargain, and whenever they met the whites would ask jeeringly, "where was their brave?"

and then cry mockingly that he had returned home among them, and was safe.

Their houses and domestic manner of life Strachey painted in tolerably true colors, with not too evident an attempt to make them fit in with Anglican ideas and habits. They lived in huts, thatched over with leaves; and sometimes mats were flung over these. When doing nothing, in the way of hunting, fishing, or fighting, they were eating all day long—alternating between sleeping and eating, with an occasional smoke to while away the waking moments. They were thus fat and lean according to their pursuits; when actively engaged getting thin and spare, but plumping up to obesity when idle in their wigwams, and only intent on devouring the food their squaws were proud to prepare them. They had love-songs and war-songs, and a war-dance, as to-day; and a temple or burial hut, where the ancestors lay all in a row, packed neatly away on a kind of table. Of religion they had much the same primitive ideas as Catlin tells us; believing in one greater spirit of all, who was in the form of a godlike hare, and into whose land they went when they died, for a certain term of hunting, eating and drunken joy. Then they grew old, and came back to the earth again. When they died they said they ran up a high tree, whence they saw the

hare-god's beautiful country; and then they ran and ran till they came to the house of a godlike woman, who took them in, fed them with delicious fruits, washed them and made them white as milk; and set them on their way to the hare-god's house again. They said the stars were their ancestors, careering blissfully drunk through the skies. They had an old prophecy among them—very old, no man telling when it first arose—that twice they should conquer the stranger that would come up out of the sea, and on the third time be conquered for ever by him. Poor, painted Indians! their prophecy has come true, for the stranger out of the sea has indeed conquered them definitively and for ever, and their tawny feet are passing from the earth before the white man's mighty step.

HOW O'CONNELL MANAGED A JURY.—Darby O'Grady—a very humorous and agreeable member of Dublin society, and the hero of many *mots* not unworthy of record—smuggled himself one day to the top of the dinner-table, next to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, who was dining with Darby's brother, the Chief Baron, who had just arrived in Ireland to take office. Mr. Peel dropped into a conversation with his unknown neighbor on the subject of O'Connell's legal abilities. "Why, then, sir," said Darby, "in regard of the law he is no great thing, no more than the mare that ran for the whiskey." "But he has great power over a jury," said Mr. Peel; "how would you explain that?" "Why, Mr. Peel, d'y'e see—first he butters them up, and then he slithers them down, and then the devil himself is not equal to him." If Mr. Peel was not satisfied with this explanation he must at least have been amused.

THE FATAL OPERATION OF COLD.—A person frozen to death dies of apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralyzed, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The large sinews, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy then follows. When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the extremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The *Lascars*, who arrive in England from India in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one—as the records of the London hospitals abundantly prove.

BETTER DAYS.

BY MRS. ARDY.

CHANGED were her fortunes ; troubles lay before her,
Where'er she turned in life's perplexing mass ;
Stern Poverty soon cast its shadows o'er her,
And mournfully she thought of Better Days.

The world was now despoiled of gloss and glitter—
Alas ! how chilling was the stranger's gaze !
Alas ! the stranger's bread was harsh and bitter,
And evermore she dwelt on Better Days.

Wrapped in the stillness of her deep dejection,
Hope never cheered her with its kindly rays :
She only seemed to live in recollection—
Her only converse was of Better Days.

The cold and careless to her plaint would listen,
Scoffing the sameness of her measured phrase :
No tear of pity in their eyes would glisten,
When the sad widow talked of Better Days.

By gentle words her confidence securing,
I sought her in her solitary ways,
And spoke of joys more perfect and enduring
Than all that she had known in bygone days.

Those days were days of vanity and folly ;
She strove not then the Lord to serve and praise :
I told her how true faith, devout and holy,
Might win for her the boon of Better Days.

Hearing my words with gratified conviction,
Ere long she seemed her drooping head to raise
From the dark, whelming waters of affliction,
And trustfully looked forth to Better Days.

She found them. Calm, unselfish, unrepining,
The world with tranquil patience she surveys :
The light of Peace is on her pathway shining,
And, even on earth, she welcomes Better Days.

Bearing the ills of life with resignation,
For Heaven's sustaining aid she humbly prays :
Thus may be found the balm of consolation—
Thus should the mourner seek for Better Days !

THE BLACK POOL—AN ADVENTURE IN SCOTLAND.

BY WALLER BYRNE.

I AM a passionate fisher, deeming a good day's sport at the water-side the *summum bonum* of human existence. Moreover, I have always had a strong partiality for what Snobley would call "low life"—that is, for seeing at their own fireside the peasantry that have made Britain what it is. With these inclinations, and living the greater part of my life in Scotland, I can reckon up on the tablets of my memory many days of the purest enjoyment by loch and stream, and not a few adventures, the recollection of which often comes back to me now that I am far away from the scenes where they occurred. I have heard stories from the lips of gray-headed fishers at the burnside, told in words whose very simplicity doubled their force, which were far more interesting to me than all the labored fictions I ever could be got to read, and which I might be tempted to tell again on paper, were not that equivalent to destroying them. Some of these adventures, though, were concerned with anything but the bright side of life, and produced for the time a sobering effect even on my careless and unsentimental temperament. One made an impression that has not worn off to this day—perhaps never will.

"The deuce!" said I; and, under the circumstances, the ejaculation was not only pardonable, but mild—milk-and-watery. It was breathed in the valley of the Luar, a lovely stream that, as all the world knows, adds its waters to the Tweed by the far-famed Luar Braes. The previous morning had been one of heavy rain on the head-waters; the evening delightfully calm, with a gentle southerly breeze; and to-day I had started in the hope of getting a fine brown water, and making glorious work with the red-hackle on my way down to the Tweed. The arrangement of my tackle, and an occasional confidential communication with my pocket-companion, had beguiled a six-mile walk over the hills; and now, with rod

prepared, and a killing cast affixed thereto, I came eagerly down on the river through the glen of a mountain runnel. Shade of the professor! it was roaring in a white flood! Down it rushed; no longer silver Luar; tearing away the soil from the hills, rolling along with a deep, dead sound, the stones and boulders in its bed; foaming in wide pools where yesterday it had scarcely covered the smooth pebbles; and seeming to call out "More! more!" to the torrents that far up the valley came down their gullies like white lines drawn on the hill-sides. I gazed at the water, fast rising to where I stood—my fishing for that day was done for; so I said—

"The deuce!"

But then, as now, my maxim was to take everything coolly, and make the best of a bad job; so, ensconcing myself on a stone, and pulling forth my meerschaum, I strove to soothe my disappointment in the balmy fumes of Cavendish, and draw inspiration therefrom as to my future proceedings. While thus gravely considering whether I should go home again and make love to Cousin Mary, or bring up some of my neglected college work, or write an ode on the vanity of all mundane affairs, I suddenly remembered that this was the last day on which I could call my old sweetheart Annie Lee by that pretty name, she on the morrow taking unto herself a husband for better or for worse. Starting up, therefore, I was setting off for a walk down the Luar to Mrs. Lee's, and a chat with the bride-elect, when my name was shouted forth in a stentorian voice, and, turning, I beheld two figures approach me. One of these was a gentleman about six feet and a half in height, and broad in proportion; whose dimensions were exhibited to the fullest advantage by a tasteful military uniform. His Glengarry bonnet, set carelessly on one side, surmounted a regular forest of thick brown curls; and his eyes seemed made for the express purpose of lighting up the smile that constantly rippled over his face. He could, however, occasionally employ them in other ways; for this gentleman—Hugh Gordon, Esq., full sergeant in her Majesty's Honorable Corps of Sappers and Miners, and as fine a fisher as ever cast fly on Tweedside—was the identical swain who on the morrow was to make Annie Lee a bride. His companion and attendant, a small boy with a stolid face, and an intense veneration for the sergeant, was devoting his energies to the portage of a surveying chain, and being then and there dismissed with his burden, may now also be dismissed from this history.

I had known Hugh Gordon nearly two months, and during that time had always found him the fine fellow I had been led to expect from his story, which was this:

He had first seen the light in a shepherd's cottage, but a short distance from where we then stood. No mother's love ever blessed Hugh. When they held him up to her lips to be kissed, the poor girl whispered, "God be wi' my bairn!" and a week after lay under the green turf of Luar Braes kirkyard. They said his father never looked up again. Stiff, and without a tear, the old man watched the clods cover her coffin; and when all was over, he turned and saw his sheep-dog Mysie gazing with a wistful eye at the little mound that marked her grave.

"It's a cauld hame we'll gang tae noo, lass!" said he, and from that moment none ever heard from James Gordon's lips one word of her who had been all the world to him. But his step failed, and his form bent; the locks grew thin and gray over his hollow eyes, and when he and Mysie came in at night from the hills, he would take little Hugh in his arms, and sit for hours gazing at the well-remembered face in the child's laughing countenance.

When Hugh was five years old, he too went to a funeral, and wondered much at the black box with the solemn people round it, and at his going afterwards to Auntie Lee's at Luar Braes, instead of his old home in the Linhope glen. But we don't take long to come to our troubles in this world, and Hugh soon knew that he was an orphan and a burden to his aunt and his wee Cousin Annie. Hugh was not the fellow to stand this. With the diligence and earnestness of one twice his years, he worked away at the village school till his twelfth birthday. Next morning no one answered to the name of Hugh Gordon. The dominie, on releasing his urchins for the day, quietly

wended his way to Mrs. Lee's cottage, and after some serious discourse with that matron, put into her hands a piece of paper, on which, in letters about the size of halfpence, was written as follows:

"Ye've been aye kind to me, Mr. Elliott, and I wad like ye to tell Auntie Lee and Annie that I'm awa' to work for mysel', and be a man—I canna tell them mysel'—and I'll come back when I hae siller."

Anni labuntur—fifteen years slipped away: Annie Lee was a blooming lassie of twenty-three: the dominie had long been gathered to his fathers, and for three successive vacations had I haunted, rod in hand, the streams of Luar Braes, when one morning some red-coated gentlemen arrived to execute the ordnance survey, and set the *belles* of the village in a flutter of admiration. The sergeant to whom these gentlemen owed fealty came down by the afternoon coach, and ran, rather than walked, to Mrs. Lee's cottage. Many hours elapsed ere he emerged therefrom, and next day it was rumored up and down the water that Hughie Gordon had come back, a gran' sodger, wi' heaps o' siller; that he was gaun to bide there for a year to tak' doon every hill-road an' kailyard on a map, and that when he gaed awa' he wad tak' Annie wi' him as his wife.

For once rumor spoke truth in every particular. A happy night was that round Mrs. Lee's fire, and many moving stories had Hugh to tell. Though but twenty-seven, he had seen much and travelled far. He had gone through shipwreck and battle, toil and suffering; but fortune had stood him in good stead, and the brave heart and clear head of the Luar Braes school-boy had at last gained him a good position in the finest corps in the service, and the respect and esteem of all who knew him. And so the year of his duties had passed by. Days of cheerful work—in which the head was more engaged than the hand—a brief run to the capital, or ride to some distant point of observation, these rarely kept Hugh from his ramble with Annie in the long summer evenings, or his seat at his aunt's fireside when the winter's snow lay heavy on Luar banks. And pretty Annie did indeed love him. Many a strapping young swain of the glens had sought a favorable glance from the belle of Luar Braes; but she turned gently, though decidedly, from all, and gave the passionate love of her heart to her old playmate. So that when, six weeks before my story opens, I hastened from city turmoils to mine own dear Tweed, the ancient liking I had for Annie disposed me to immediate acquaintance with the gallant sergeant; and, as I before said, this acquaintance had ripened into as great a friendship as our somewhat different ranks would admit of. A keen fisher myself, I recognised in Hugh a deacon of the craft; and in our walks by the waterside was never ashamed to take a lesson from his exquisite tact and skill. The simple, modest way, too, in which he told many a stirring accident of flood and field, rendered him a prized companion; and when I heard myself hailed in his merry voice on the day that this story beginneth, I joyfully hastened to greet him.

"Well, Mr. George," said he, when the morning salutations and a mutual gulp of Glenlivet had succeeded the departure of the attendant gnome—"well, Mr. George, you're not in much luck for a cast to-day. The dam-head down at the town's taken clean away, and the folks say there's not been a flood like it for twenty years."

"So I should think," I replied, as a large piece of the bank fell in, and rolled off bodily. "It's confoundedly provoking, for such a splendid morning I've seldom seen. It'll work harm among the trout, too."

"You may say that, sir. There's many a dozen fine fellows will be lying on the bank, when Luar's small and clear again. I was thinking of taking a cast myself to-day; James Otterson was telling me he hooked a trout twice last night in the Black Pool; the second time it leaped high out, and 'twas six pounds every ounce of it."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, interested (a six-pound river trout is not met with every day on the Scottish waters); "well done, James. Well, a fellow like that is worth a cast, certainly; but I should have thought you had other things to think of to-day, Hugh!"

"Aye, Mr. George," he said, with a slight blush, "if I wasn't to be happy to-day, I would never desire happiness again. But, by Jupiter!" (this was the strongest ejaculation that ever passed his lips) "I must be going now. I should have been there an hour ago; they'll think I've been taken off with the flood!"

And Hugh drew up his gigantic figure with a merry laugh, as if to say it was a queer flood that could do that. That laugh has often come back to me since.

"Well, Hugh," I replied, handing him my tobacco-pouch, "to tell you the truth, I was just going down to take my last look of Annie Lee. She was my sweetheart, you know, till you cut me out; so, if you like, and if you're not jealous, we'll go together."

I thought this was pretty well put; it decidedly told. Hugh's eyes sparkled brightly, and as we set off at a quick pace down the Luar, with the cool morning breeze playing joyfully up the valley, I saw he was delighted. Poor fellow! well might that day repay him for all he had undergone.

I have often been told (and I believe it) that I am the most thoroughly unsentimental dog in existence. Yet when, during that walk, Hugh spoke out of the fulness of his heart all about his anticipations, his hopes, and the love he had borne Annie for so many years past—when the big strong man, who had faced battle and shipwreck, stood there shedding tears for a little girl, somehow or other, hang me if I didn't find myself getting affected too! In fact, it was quite a moving concern; so that I was glad when we came to within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Lee's and saw Annie looking out of the door. Perhaps she had her morning's work done; perhaps she knew what we were saying about her; at any rate off she ran to meet us, and was in Hugh's arms in no time. The sinner—didn't he kiss her! I almost got angry. "Remember, Annie, it's my turn to-morrow!" I said, when Hugh let her go, and once more walked erect.

Annie blushed like a rose, and, gaily laughing, we went on to the cottage.

"I'm proud to see ye, Mr. George," said Mrs. Lee, removing imaginary dust from the best chair; "I'm proud to see ye, sir; sit ye doon by the fire. The fire's aye cheery, though it's no cauld the day. An' hoo are Mrs. — and the young ladies at The Ferns?"

I satisfied the worthy matron's anxiety on this and sundry other points connected with The Ferns, where in old time and under a former dynasty she had filled the onerous office of dairymaid. Very soon her garrulity as a woman and a mother brought us round to the subject of the coming event. "You'll miss Annie, Mrs. Lee," I said, like a fool.

The apron went up to her eyes immediately. "'Deed, sir, I'll no ken myself or the hoose for lang, lang. Annie's been aye a guid lassie to me, and I'll miss sair the blink o' her ee in the long winter nichts. But the Lord's will be done; we canna hae oor bairns wi' us aye; and there's nae I wad gie her tae wi' a lighter heart than just Hughie there!"

Ah, Hughie was there; a great smack of a kiss came booming through the little room, and as I turned my head, there stood he and Annie in the window—Annie's face like a fire. She came forward and held out her hand; how desperately pretty she looked!—half ashamed, half delighted.

"Hugh was saying, Mr. George—" she began.

"Well, Annie, what was Hugh saying?" I asked, as she hesitated, and the giant looked confused.

"Hugh was saying, that if ye wadna think it ower much to come doon the nicht and tak a cup o' tea wi' us—an' I'm sure my mither an me 'll be happy and proud—and ye ken Hugh 'll no be here anither nicht—" and Annie's voice fairly broke down.

As I saw that all their faces seconded the invitation, of course I felt pleased, and accepted on the spot.

"Thank ye, Mr. George," said Hugh, coming forward; "well and kindly said, sir. Now, Auntie, run you away, and you too, Annie, lass, and see that your cakes and bannocks and things won't be matched in the whole of Luar Braes. And, flood or no flood, if ever I took a trout out of Tweed water in my life, we'll not want one to-night; and if there's any cun-

ning left in my rod, it 'll be James Otterson's six-pounder, that's more."

"An' that's richt, Hugh," said Mrs. Lee, rising and opening the window. Then, as she looked at the wild flood sweeping in the distance, and held up her finger that we might listen to the "sough" of the water, she added: "But Hughie, lad, ye maun be carefu' and no waud the day. Gude save us! monya spate I ha'e seen on Tweed water, but never the like o' that. Ye maun be carefu', Hugh."

"Never fear, Auntie," he said lightly, slinging his basket on his back and taking down his rod—"never fear; if the spate doesn't take more than me, the folks at Berwick won't be much the better of it. Now, Annie, I must have one more—for luck, you know."

I turned away my head this time; but my ears afforded me ample evidence that the salute was as satisfactory as the last. Hugh joined me immediately, and we stepped away on the road that led up the Tweed. A few stone-casts on a bend shut us out from sight of the cottage, and here Hugh stopped for a second and looked back. Annie was still at the door, gazing proudly after him; a fond glance, a wave of the hand, and we passed on.

I've done a good deal of so-called fine scenery in my time. I've been over most of the conventional lions of the Highlands—Staffa, Glencoe, The Trossachs, and so forth; but (perhaps it is because I'm such a disgustingly unsentimental fellow) no place takes my fancy so much as the valley of the Tweed, and especially that part where the road winds by the water-side for miles, between Carton and the Luar Braes. To be sure, there are no big mountains, covered over with jagged stones and prickly heather, and whose tops you never can see for their night-cap of fog and mist; no water-falls that you go to the bottom of, get soaked with spray, and call it enjoyment. But there are plenty of green hills rising in all directions, interspersed with meadow and ploughed land; and every valley, ravine and break among them has its own clear burn or river rippling away to the main stream of the Tweed, crammed—living with trout—and gliding by green holms and corries, in each of which you would say—"If ever Nature made a place on purpose for a pic-nic, behold it here!" Somehow or other, to-day the scene was changed. Hugh and I walked along for half an hour, and at every turn we were struck with the rise of the water. Sometimes it rushed with frantic fury at the foot of the steep bank over which the road wound; then diverged in wide sweeps, covering the fields that skirted its ordinary channel. Of this there was no trace. The beds of smooth shelving sand and white pebbles, that had shone yesterday under the clear current, were now buried deep beneath brown foaming water. A pathway joined the road on our right that led through the woods to my home at The Ferns, and when we arrived at this path we came in sight of the place known as the Black Pool. I couldn't help giving a start—it had such a terrible look.

This name—the Black Pool—had often struck me as well applied to the place. It was the gloomiest spot to be found for miles and miles. On one side the bank rose very high, and, though almost perpendicular, was covered with dark foliage. On the other, though not so high—being crossed by the road—it was also very steep, and had a narrow ledge of rock about three-fourths down, by which alone the wary fisher might command the throat of the Pool. At the edge of this ledge of rock the water went down at once—fathoms and fathoms; other parts of the river might be at their smallest and clearest; this was always black, like ink. No current was discernible in it; the water slipped in, as it were, and was at once engulfed in the abyss. Besides this, the place had a bad name. There wasn't a man, woman or child in Luar Braes that didn't reckon it "no that canny," and eschew, as much as possible, after dusk, the road that overlooked it. They said that more people had been drowned there than at any other part of the river—nineteen in the last seventy years—and, strange to say, not one of the bodies ever seen. Of course all this was superstitious nonsense; but even I, who never let fancies trouble me, am bound to confess that in the brightest sunshine the Black Pool had a queer look, and that sometimes on passing it in the twi-

light I have involuntarily quickened my step, with a strange sensation that it was coming after me to drown me.

But I had never before seen it as it was then. The water had risen to within an inch of the ledge, and came into the pool with such terrific force that it formed a raised line of boiling foam throughout the entire length; and its roar was distinctly audible even where we stood. I didn't like the look of it at all; and as we parted at the pathway I said to Hugh: "Hugh, if I were you I wouldn't try the Black Pool to-day, for all the six-pounders in Tweed." He gave me a smile, and "Good-bye, Mr. George, till the evening;" and so I left him.

A very unusual thing for me at that time—I was dull and restless all the afternoon. I tried twenty things and couldn't stick to one. I strolled round to look at the dogs. I determined to ride, put the saddle on my pony and took it off again. Then I went into the dining-room, where cousin Mary was doing knitting, or crochet, or some sort of feminine work; I settled myself on a stool at her feet, with the glorious Pickwick—the best recipe for blue-devils ever invented. 'Twas no go. The lines seemed to run into one another, and Sam Weller and the red-nosed shepherd become preposterously identical. The motion of Mary's quick fingers, too, made my head ache and my thoughts ramble, and I began to wonder whether Hugh had caught the six-pounder by this time or not. At length I shut the book and asked Mary what she was making.

"Oh, Mr. Politeness, you've deigned to speak at last, have you?" she replied, half playfully, half tified; "well, if you must know, it's a collar." And she spread the thing out on her knee for me to admire. Of course I said it was splendid; it was one of those collars full of holes that girls wear.

"And whom do you think it's for?" asked Mary, softened.

"Well, it's not for me, I suppose, is it? And as long as you give it to no other gentleman I don't much care."

This pleased her, and she thereupon informed me that the favored recipient was to be Annie Lee. Then she ran upstairs and brought down a whole host of other things of the same sort, that were likewise to be presented to the bride-elect, and which I had also to praise, though they didn't much interest me.

"Well, Mary," I said, "I am going down in the evening; so if you like to put them in a neat parcel, I'll take them with me." And I went off to arrange some little keepsakes on my own account.

It was six o'clock, as, loaded with these and other remembrances for the young couple, I started from The Ferns by the path already mentioned. The weather had changed considerably. The breeze had quite died away, and a glow of warm sunshine lay upon everything. It was one of those calm, still evenings that make Tweedside so glorious in the month of June. The notes of the birds came sweetly through the green boughs above me, and as I stepped along the soft turf on which the sunlight fell in bright streaks, I felt myself getting all right again. It was so quiet, that long before I got out of the woods I heard the low droning sough of the Tweed, and as I crossed the stile, where I had left Hugh, the roar of the waters told me they had risen still higher since the morning. Going towards the cottage, I scanned carefully the nooks and turns of the river, to see if he had left it, or was still pursuing his sport; but no Hugh could be seen.

"So," thought I, "my gentleman has got his trout after all. I'll find him more pleasantly engaged, I'll warrant."

Finding no one to welcome me at Mrs. Lee's, I concluded that she and Annie were at their toilets—"making themselves decent"—and prepared for a blaze of rustic finery. But mighty were the preparations for the banquet. It was clearly a great occasion, for not only every known specie of *scum* and *bannock*, but bread of snowy whiteness and cake with innumerable currants graced the board in rich profusion. Jams and jellies, too, were there in vast pots; and as I deposited my presents on a side-table, I felt fluttered. This feeling somewhat subsided when a door opened and Annie appeared, looking perfectly bewitching. She glanced round, as if expecting somebody.

"Is Hugh no wi' ye, Mr. George?" she said.

"Hugh? No; I expected to find him here; hasn't he been home, then?"

A sort of distressed look came into her face as she asked hurriedly—

"Did ye no gang wi' him to the water?"

"No, Annie; I left him at the Shaw, and went home.

She darted from me, crying—"Mither! mither! Hugh's no wi' Mr. George; and he has'na gaed doon the water this day."

Instantly both women were in upon me, speaking at once, with looks of the wildest alarm.

"Come!" I said, feeling rather hurt, and taking up my hat, "this is not like Hugh; I think he might have remembered his duty better on a day like this. But never mind," I added, with a laugh, "I'll bring him back, and then we'll give him a lesson he won't forget."

Certain that I had not passed him, I knew that he must have fished down the river, below the cottage, and so walked rapidly in that direction. The stream here flowed with a great many short bends, and, as I before said, the road wound beside it. After passing five of the bends—more than half a mile from the cottage—I began to get seriously provoked, for nothing was to be seen of the loiterer. Suddenly I encountered James Otterson, the hero of the six-pounder. "Have you seen Hugh Gordon on the water, James?" I asked, as he took off his hat.

"No, sir, I hae'na; if he's on the water, he'll be far doon, for I cam up frae the Whin Lee, by the side o't."

This was curious. The Whin Lee was a good two miles further down: what could have induced Hugh to go so far? "However, I'll meet him coming back," I thought, and leaving James Otterson somewhat abruptly, hastened on. I got over a mile in no time, my mortification increasing at every stride. Then the windings of the channel ceased, and a straight view could be had down the river for an immense distance. I looked along the road, where the sun still shone warm and bright: no Hugh.

For the first time, and in spite of myself, I was conscious of a vague feeling of uneasiness, an indefinable dread of some impending ill; and as I gazed on the swollen torrent, its roar seemed to grow louder in my ears, with a boding, melancholy sound. I tried hard to laugh at this feeling, and shake it off; the thought came back again and again—"Can any harm have happened to Hugh Gordon?" I directed another searching glance down the road and riverside; it rested on something in the far distance, which at first appeared to be a small drove of cattle. Whatever it was, it had a strange fascination for me. For the life of me I couldn't take my eyes from it. It came on slowly—very slowly: some men walking close together. For a few seconds the deep red glow of the setting sun fell strongly on their figures, and I perceived that they were carrying something. Had they been in black I should have thought that it was a funeral. A chill ran through me from head to foot, and still unable to avert my gaze one inch, I fairly leaned against the hedge for support.

It must have been about half an hour before they came up—six of them; it seemed like half a century. I recognised the two leading men; one of them belonged to Luar Braes. Each held one end of a long staff, in the middle of which was the thing they carried, covered with a shepherd's plaid. There needed no second look to tell me what it was.

"John Burn," I gasped out, "in the name of God, who is that?" The man knew me, and perhaps my choking voice and ashy paleness frightened him, for he hesitated. I leaped forward with an effort, and snatched up the end of the plaid—it was Hugh Gordon. May I never look on such a face again! I got deadly cold in an instant, and felt as if I had been shot through the heart. Presently I got better; the men were still standing, looking doubtful and uncertain, and whispering to each other. A few words told me all that would ever be known of poor Hugh's death. How the cruel flood had taken him, no mortal eye had seen; but at the very moment when Mary was showing me her little presents for the bride, the torn and bleeding body of Hugh Gordon was lying wedged between the rocks, seven miles down the river.

As I put back the plaid over the dead face, the thought struck me that if they took him home without warning, Annie would die; and though it was a terrible for a youngster like me to do, I resolved to go on before, and break it to her and Mrs. Lee as

I best could. The men approved of this at once, and with an overwhelming sense of misery, and yet feeling that I was doing right, I took the road back, scarcely seeing how I went. The sun having gone down, it was gradually getting darker—not the darkness of night, but the soft glowing twilight of a summer evening in the country; yet I knew it was Annie Lee that was coming towards me. I tried hurriedly to find words that might soften the truth as much as possible, for I did not know what might happen. But she came up and looked in my face quite steady and firm, and laying her hand on my arm, said in a low composed voice, "Is he alive or dead?" I was going to tell her, but she saw it in my face, and went on without another word, but with the same strange stiffness, on to where they were bringing up poor Hugh. As the last fold of her dress fluttered round the bank, the sense of duty, that had till then borne me up, left me in a moment; I became giddy, and to this day cannot remember how I got home.

But that night I packed my portmanteau. I could not bear to stay another hour in the place, in whose every glen I had wandered with the poor fellow that was gone. With the first streak of daylight, I kissed cousin Mary, and started for the Edinburgh train.

A week afterwards they laid on my table the county paper. I knew what was in it before cutting the string:

"On the 14th inst., at Luar Braes, in her twenty-fourth year, Ann, only child of Mrs. Lee, of that place. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A letter from Mary accompanied the newspaper, and in it was this passage:

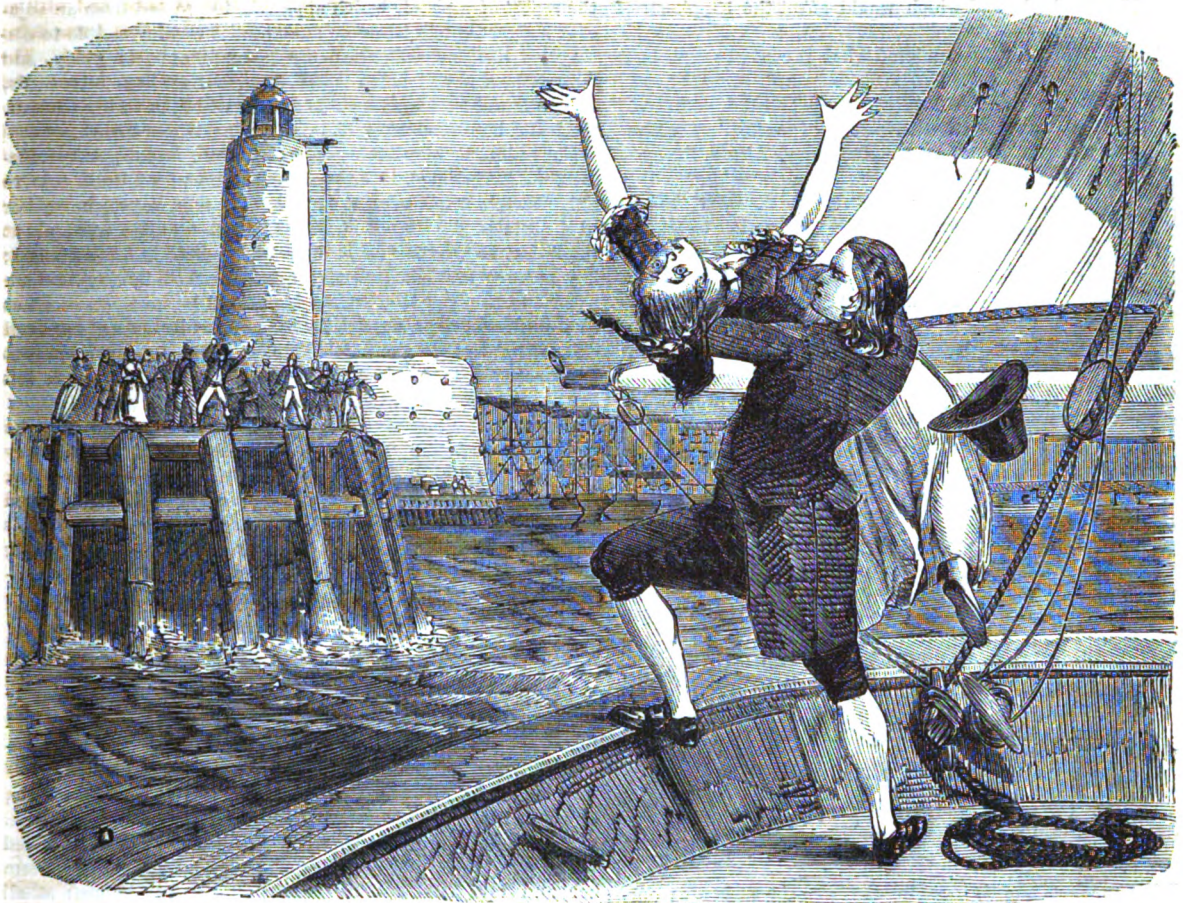
"We know now where poor Hugh Gordon met his fate. His cap and the broken butt of his fishing-rod were found the same evening at the Black Pool."

ALLEGED DISCOVERY IN HORTICULTURE.—In the *Emporio Italiano* we find a description of the alleged discovery of a new process by an Italian florist in Africa, by which it is asserted that delightful fragrance may be bestowed upon plants naturally inodorous. In order to attain this object, the roots are covered with fragrant manures. Thus, with a decoction of roses the discoverer has been enabled to give to the rhododendron the perfect fragrance of the rose. In order to secure a successful result, it is necessary to treat the seeds of the plants to which it is desired to give fragrance. They are steeped two or three days in the required essence, then dried in the shade, and shortly afterwards are sown. If it is desired to change the natural odor of the plant for one more agreeable or more desirable, the strength of the essence is doubled or tripled, and a change must be made in the nutrition of the plant. In order to make the artificial odor permanent, the plant must be sprinkled and dampened with the essence several days in the spring for two or three years. And thus, also, it is said a gardener may at his pleasure cause different plants or trees to share the odors with each other, by boring through the stalk, or trunk, or root, an opening into which to pour the fragrant ingredients.

THERE is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting." The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting—it is in the When and the How are you to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view.

GOD made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

A LADY asked Pope Clement XIV. if he was not afraid of the indiscretion of his secretaries. "No, madam," he replied, "and yet I have three," showing the three fingers he used in writing.



MARIE'S REVENGE.

ROSE AND MARIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued from page 399.)

THE air of Nice can do wonders, but it cannot cure consumption after it has reached a certain stage. "People who run across the sea," says the Latin poet, "change their sky, but not their disposition;" and people who hurry to Nice change their atmosphere, without being able to change their lungs. Madame de Chatouville was doomed to die, and nothing in the world could save her. Her Paris doctor had sent her to Nice, not so much because Nice would do her good, as because he was quite certain he could do nothing for her in Paris. When she arrived, and saw the blue Mediterranean, and the orange-trees, with their bright green leaves and their golden fruit, she thought she was going to live for ever; but a few days afterwards, when she felt that even that mild air was difficult to breathe, and made her cough, she sighed and said to herself that, after all, it was better to die in the sunshine of Italy than in the gloom of Paris; for, in winter, even Paris is gloomy—a statement which we, who love that city, would be the last to make were it not strictly true.

At the period we are speaking of Nice was a quieter place than it is now, and it is not the most boisterous of retreats even in the present day. Since the peace of 1815, however, it has been so much the fashion to die at Nice, and the town has become so crowded with English and Russian visitors (many of whom neglect the dying altogether), that it must puzzle the "oldest inhabitant" to recognise it as the dwelling-place of his youth.

The English did not visit Italy in those days at all, and if the Russians went there it was only on urgent business and in very large bodies, under the guidance of General Souvaroff. Even

the French, who hate travelling, and who just then (the male portion at least) had a good deal of fighting to get through, used seldom to make sanitary excursions to Nice, unless they happened to live in the immediate neighborhood. Consequently, Madame de Chatouville had a better chance of recovery, in the year 179—, than she would have had in the present day, in spite of the pretended improvements, in the paving and draining of the town and the influx of fashionable physicians to which it has recently been subjected. All that calmness, quietude, sunshine, gentle sea-breezes, and the absence of doctors with new theories, could do for her, *was* done; but still she pined away; and although every now and then she would revive in a wonderful manner and gives hopes to all around her of her ultimate recovery, it became evident, after a few weeks, that her illness was making sure and rapid advances, and that, though the Mediterranean breeze might refresh her fevered cheek, and the mountains might protect her from the north wind, there was nothing in this world that could save her from death.

For some time Alfred believed firmly that his mother would recover. He had written to Rose to say that she was getting better and that soon he should be able to speak to her about the project which, when he was not thinking of his mother, occupied his attention constantly.

One evening, when Madame de Chatouville had gone out for a walk on the sea shore, the sunset was so beautiful, and the calmness of the atmosphere so composing, that the poor woman, in the tranquillity of her heart, could not persuade herself that she was about to die. "Nothing agitates me," she said to her son; "I do not cough, I feel no fever—in fact, I do not feel ill at all. Why, then, should I not get well, even if I am not well already?"

Alfred, himself, felt re-assured, and at length leading the conversation gradually to the important point, ventured to tell his mother that he desired her consent to an enterprise in which

he wished to embark, and which would affect the happiness of his entire life.

Madame de Chatouville wondered what it could be. "Is it a speculation?" she inquired.

"No, mother. It is a certainty," replied Alfred, eagerly.

"Has it anything to do with money, I mean?" continued Madame de Chatouville, "because you know, Alfred, that you are without experience."

"No, mother, it has nothing whatever to do with money. Thanks to you, I am rich enough to have no occasion to trouble myself about pecuniary matters."

"But you said this enterprise was a certainty. What, then, did you mean? There are no certainties, Alfred, in this world."

"Yes, mother, there are some. Is it not certain that you love me?"

"Yes, Alfred, that is certain," she said, as she pressed his hand.

There was then a pause which lasted some moments.

"Well, Alfred, you have not told me what this secret, this enterprise, is. I am afraid you wish you had not spoken of it," said the mother, at last.

"No, indeed," replied Alfred, and he paused again.

"You wished to get married, Alfred."

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"And to whom?"

"You do not know her, mother. If you did, you would love her as much as I do."

"But, my dear child, why do you not tell me who she is?"

"Because, although she has the noblest qualities in the world; although she is as amiable, and beautiful, and accomplished as any man's wife could be, and as dear to me as should be my own, still——"

"Well, what objection can there be, Alfred, after what you have said?"

"Still, mother, she is not in the same position as ourselves."

"Then we will raise her to it," said Madame de Chatouville.

Alfred then threw his arms round his mother, and kissed her.

"I was so afraid of distressing you," he said.

"On the contrary, Alfred," answered the mother, "it would give me the greatest pleasure to see you married to a woman who is worthy of you before I die. But tell me who she is. If she is really as good and as charming a girl as she appears to be to you, and if her parents are honorable persons, how, after the trouble, and disasters, and changes of all kinds that have happened in France, can I hesitate to accept her for my daughter? No, Alfred, her parents may be noble or plebeian. All I wish to do is to study is your true happiness."

"Then, mother, her name is Rose Bérard," said Alfred.

"The daughter of my steward!" exclaimed Madame de Chatouville, with a look of something like consternation.

"Well," she added after a moment's pause, "I have seen Mlle. Rose, and have conversed with her, and what you say of her is true. I paid her a visit at her school not long before she left. Her family is not an aristocratic one, certainly, but there is no name to which she would not do honor, and this is not the period for attending to vain distinctions. As I said before we must think only of your happiness."

Alfred thanked his mother again and again; and that very evening Pierre, who had only just returned from the chateau, was sent back to it with a letter communicating to Rose the joyful intelligence.

Pierre reached the chateau some days afterwards late in the afternoon, and the news of his arrival soon spread through the village. Pierre little knew the importance of the letter entrusted to him, but he had been told to lose no time in delivering it, and, faithful to his master's commands, paused at the chateau only a sufficient time to refresh himself after the fatigues of the journey. Then he set off at once for Bérard's farm, but had only proceeded about half way when suddenly he felt himself wounded in the shoulder, and, at the same moment, heard

the report of a pistol, which appeared to proceed from an adjacent hedge, though it was so dark that it was impossible to distinguish the smoke. Then the poor fellow felt giddy, and fainted from loss of blood; and when, half an hour afterwards, he was found by some peasants and carried back to the chateau, the letter had been taken from him.

Naturally, such an incident as the above caused great excitement in the village, but there was not the slightest clue to guide the police, or even the gossips of the place, to the author of the crime. Pierre felt it his duty not to say a word about the letter, and, for the present, he was unable to leave his bed; but he knew that he had not been attacked by any common thief, and resolved to discover his would-be assassin as soon as he was able to stir abroad. In the meanwhile, Bérard and Paul determined to keep the whole affair from Rose's ears, and about this there was little trouble, inasmuch as she now never left her room except to join her father and his friend at meal-times.

Bérard had ascertained from M. de Chatouville that he might dispose of the farm in Brittany for the sum offered by Paul; but Paul refused now to have any transactions with him, and explained to the steward that he should have refused openly in the first instance but for his anxiety to conceal his sister's disgrace. Bérard could not but approve of the young man's resolution, for he had himself determined, on the expiration of his lease, to leave the Chatouilles and their estates for ever.

"Then what will you do?" asked Bérard.

"I must stop the sale of our little farm, or will repurchase it, if necessary," replied Paul. "I shall have an opportunity some day or other of buying the fields that surround it, and in the meantime, you will be able to tell me of some good investment for my money."

Bérard promised to do so, assuring Paul, at the same time, that he took as much interest in him as if he were his own son.

"And why should I not really become your son?" replied Paul, earnestly. "I know Rose's good qualities. I esteem her and love her, and can perhaps make her happy; at all events, I will strive to do so. At present she is pining away through the cruelty of that villain."

Bérard shook him by the hand. "I will speak to Rose about it," he said. "You know you have my consent."

CHAPTER XIV.

Rose was upstairs in her room. Bérard knocked at the door, and when he entered, his daughter was astonished to see that his face was radiant with smiles. She wiped her eyes, lest the aspect of her grief should check the happiness which now so rarely visited her once joyous father, and listened to what he had to say.

"Rose," he began, "I have come to speak to you about a subject that interests every one in this house; every one," he repeated, with emphasis. "If you will consent to what I am about to propose, we may still be happy."

"If I could secure your happiness by giving up my life, heaven knows, my dear father, how willingly I would part with it."

"Your life, Rose! Well, it is just what I am going to ask you for. But not to throw it away, mind; it is to give it to a good, worthy young man; to the best young man I know, and who will certainly be an excellent husband. Paul has asked me for your hand."

"What, father!" exclaimed the young girl. "Paul! He who knows everything!"

"And what does he know, Rose? That an innocent, confiding girl, was not able to see through the designs of a bad, treacherous man, and that for a month she believed, what he vowed was the truth—that he wished to marry her. That is your only fault, my child. Happy are they who have nothing worse to reproach themselves with; they may rest in peace. As for you, Rose, you may be sure that Paul loves you because he esteems you, and that he loves you too much ever to reproach you."

"He loves me!" repeated Rose, with astonishment.

"Certainly, my dear child, or he would not be anxious to

"marry you," replied her father. "Paul is not one of your fine gentlemen who have a stock of phrases learnt by heart, which they practise first upon one poor girl and then another, and who love only to deceive. Paul is a good, steady, honorable man, and depend upon it, will make his wife happy. He is handsome, rich, and has a heart of gold. Besides, you will quit this detestable village, where we have had so much trouble, and will go away with him to Brittany, where in a few months, as soon as my lease is expired, I shall join you. Think of it, my dear Rose. If you would—if you would but consent!"

"I do consent," said Rose, with an air of resolution, as she rose from her seat. "Yes, father, I consent to become Paul's wife."

Old Bérard's joy was unbounded. He took his daughter in his arms, embraced her, and in the most confident manner possible, promised her unlimited happiness. This marriage seemed to the old man a sort of barrier, beyond which their troubles and annoyances would be unable to follow them.

As soon as she was left to her own reflections Rose thought sadly enough of the career to which she had now pledged herself. She had promised to marry Paul, but she felt certain she could never love him. It was true, she scarcely knew him, that as yet he had inspired her with no sort of affection, scarcely even with sympathy, though of course she pitied him for the grief he suffered through his sister's misfortune. How different was it with Alfred, whom she had loved before she had been an hour in his society! But of Alfred she had sworn to think no more, and without him her life was a blank. Therefore, since it pleased her father, why should she not sacrifice her life to Paul? Her character was already under suspicion; worse than that, it was tarnished; and if she refused this offer of marriage would it not be said that she did so because she dared not accept it? Then Paul appeared to be a good, honest, straightforward young man. He had behaved towards her with much delicacy, and his cold politeness was much more agreeable to her than any warm declaration of passion could have been; indeed, the latter would have been odious. Paul, moreover, had been the friend of her brother Guillaume, and he was now the friend of her father, who had the highest opinion of him. So that altogether there were numbers of reasons for accepting him, and none for objecting him, except one—that she did not love him. As if she could ever love any one else, after having known Alfred!

In spite of her reasoning, poor little Rose felt it difficult to make any suitable reply to Paul, when he thanked her for accepting him, and assured her of his devotion and love. Her only answer was a melancholy smile. Paul, too, was himself in a state of extreme agitation, which Bérard attributed to his great affection, but which Rose did not even notice. When he took the young girl's hand and pressed it to his lips, he trembled convulsively, and he never looked at Rose without lowering his eyes if they chanced to meet hers.

Bérard was anxious to have the marriage celebrated as soon as possible. To this arrangement it was not for the bridegroom to object, and to the bride it was immaterial whether she married a man she did not love in a week or in six months.

As Paul had lost both father and mother, there were no formalities to go through, except the ordinary announcement on the doors of the *Mairie*. Otherwise the consent of his parents must have been obtained, for, in France, it is not until after the age of forty that men and women, not being orphans, have a right to dispose freely of their persons. It was settled that the marriage should take place in a fortnight, and great was the excitement in the village when the news was made known. Was there to be a wedding party or was there not? was the great question. Because if there was, it was as well to be on good terms with the Bérards, whereas, if there wasn't, the Bérards might do as they liked, and no one would take the least trouble about them.

While Paul was counting anxiously the days that had still to pass before he could call Rose his own, Pierre, with equal impatience, was reckoning how long he would still have to remain on his couch, for he was determined, as soon as he could move about, to discover the assassin who had wounded him, and inflict on him some exemplary vengeance. He had no personal

enemy in the village, as far as he could judge, and it was well-known that there were no robbers in the neighborhood. Besides, if he had been wounded by a thief, his watch and purse would have been taken from him, which had not been the case; whereas the letter to Rose had been abstracted, which made it clear that some one interested in its suppression must have fired the shot. When, conversing with the servants of the chateau, he ascertained that Marie's brother was staying in the village, he at once decided that Paul must be the person who had sent the bullet through his shoulder. He was aware that Paul had been out with the Vendéans, and that their warfare was almost always carried on from behind hedges.

"He shot at me," said Pierre to himself, "as he would have shot at a 'blue,' but I will punish him for it before I have done with him."

There were indeed many reasons for suspecting Paul of the infamous act. Alfred's intimacy with Marie had been known to all the servants of the chateau; who, with the best intentions, can keep such things secret from domestics?

"What, then," said Pierre to himself, "can Paul want here unless it be to execute some plan of vengeance? Marie left Madame de Chatouville's five weeks ago, and her brother, whom she was to have joined, instead of being at their farm in Brittany, is here, and watching Rose Bérard as a cat watches a bird."

When he heard that Paul and Rose Bérard were about to be married, his suspicion became conviction. He was still unable to leave his bed, or he would have gone to Rose and warned her. In the meanwhile, all he could do was to write to his master and tell him of everything that had occurred. The following is a literal translation of his epistle:

"MR. ALFRED—Here I am, nailed to my bed. I am in despair at not having been able to deliver your letter to Miss Rose, as you commanded me. But I am wounded in the shoulder, and have been near dying. I cannot go out. I can scarcely walk across the room, so much has the fever weakened me. Oh, sir, if you knew the worst! But I dare not write it. The assassin who fired upon me also robbed me. He robbed me of just what it was necessary I should not lose. He left my watch, he left my purse without even opening it, but—oh, Mr. Alfred! excuse me, pardon me, I pray you, for I was stretched on the ground without consciousness—the brigand stole from me your letter to Miss Rose! I know, sir, that no expression of regret on my part can compensate for this loss, but I was hit, almost mortally, in the shoulder. I was on the ground without consciousness, and when I returned to life, your letter was gone. I ask you, sir, what was I to do?"

"Who is this assassin, who from behind hedges shoots at honest men? Each one wishes to know, and I, sir, think I know already. The brother of Marie Duval, ex-Vendean, and vowing hatred to the family of De Chatouville, is in the village. Who, except him, could have wished to wound the faithful servant of the Chatouville family? who, except him, could have wished to intercept a letter addressed to Miss Rose? For know, sir, that this brigand watches Miss Rose hour by hour, as who should say a cat watching a bird. And now they come and tell me that this assassin, this coward, wishes to make her his wife, and that the father gives his consent. I write you this, my dear Mr. Alfred, in all haste and in great pain. My hand trembles to such a point that I can scarcely cross my t's. Command me. I am at your orders. Your servant,

"PIERRE."

The faithful Pierre sent this letter by express, and thus gained many hours on the post. The courier had orders to travel night and day, and to spare no expense for horses. Before commencing his letter, which took him upwards of an hour to write, Pierre had sent to the first post-house to order a saddle horse to be kept in readiness, and to desire any one who might be travelling along the road to order a fresh one at each successive station, with a liberal promise of drink-money to the hostlers. Thus the first forty or fifty miles were got over at a tremendous pace, and almost without stopping.

It had been further arranged that the first courier should take the letter only as far as Lyons. A second courier was to perform the journey from Lyons to Marseilles, and a third was

to convey the despatch from Marseilles to Nice. However, it was calculated that at the fastest possible rate of travelling it would be impossible to reach Nice in less than four days, and in eight days Rose was to be married.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR some days before the one fixed for the marriage of Paul and Rose, old Bérard was in a state of great excitement on the subject of the preparations. He asked Paul whether his sister Marie would not like to be present, and proposed to send at once to Brittany to fetch her. Paul, however, would not hear of this. Marie was too sad, he said, too broken-hearted, in fact, to appear in public; above all, at a place where every instant she would be reminded of her betrayer. It was decided, then, that she should not be invited, but Paul promised to write to her without delay to inform her of the step he was about to take. Then there was a great question as to whether the marriage ceremony should be performed privately or whether the usual entertainment should be given. Paul was in favor of privacy, but Rose had no opinion on the subject at all; or rather she was prepared to accept the opinion of her father, and he was decidedly inclined towards a marriage feast.

It is a remarkable fact that relatives, who always trouble themselves more about the bride and bridegroom than the latter do about themselves, consider themselves thoroughly swindled if a marriage is performed in a reasonable manner. Nothing will satisfy them but a crowd of carriages at the church door, a crowd of friends in the church, the bride in tears, the pew-opener running for salts, and the clergyman pretending to wipe his eyes. This, with a good deal of superfluous embracing when the ceremony is at an end, constitutes something like a marriage, as far as the ecclesiastical part of the business is concerned. Then, in all civilised—and especially in all barbarous—countries, comes the marriage feast, at which, among the aboriginals of newly-discovered countries, much shouting, and howling and drinking of fire-water takes place; and among refined European nations an equal amount of speechifying and swallowing of champagne. It must be a nuisance for the bride; and, to judge from the appearance of that personage whenever we have had an opportunity of observing him, it cannot be very agreeable to the bridegroom. Still the families and the friends will have it, and the only thing to do when your turn comes is to make up your mind for it like a man, and to listen to the praises of the bride (of whom the speaker knows naturally rather less than you do), and the compliments addressed to yourself (of whom the speaker probably knows nothing at all), with the best grace you can assume; and there are worse trials even than this through which philosophy and sparkling Moselle will carry you.

Bérard, who was a thorough old Breton, looked upon the marriage feast with a sort of superstition. As many persons believe that a marriage at the registrar's in England, or at the Mairie in France, is no marriage at all, and that the only genuine ceremony is that of the church, so Bérard was of opinion that even a marriage in church was nothing unless followed up by a sumptuous banquet. Besides, he had so often thought of little Rose's wedding, and of the fun he would have on that happy day. Had he not, moreover, a dozen bottles of Beaune in his cellar that he had put away for this special occasion? and was he to be cheated out of the drinking of them now? How mean, too, it would appear to the neighbors to go quietly to church and get married, just as if they were going to confess, and then come home again as if they had been ordered to do penance! No, a marriage was a marriage, and not a funeral; and because M. de Chatouville was a scoundrel, was that any reason why they should all be sad on Rose's wedding-day? If it were so, Rose had better be married in mourning at once.

It was decided, then, that there should be an entertainment. "It will have the effect of silencing calumniators for ever," said old Bérard to Paul; "and that is a result which is not to be altogether despised. If we were to invite no one to the wedding, it would be said that Rose was ashamed of herself, and that the stories which were circulated about her and M. de Chatouville were founded on fact." There was not much difficulty about the invitations, for if one person was asked it was

an understood thing that all the village must be convoked. The village consisted of about fifteen families, without counting the farm-servants and laborers, and altogether letters were sent out to about fifty persons. The bridesmaids were Eudoxie Verjus, the "*prix de vertu*," and her cousin Anastasie, who was in training for the same, and who was ugly enough to have a chance.

Of course the popular voice began now to sing in another key. Mdlle. Rose was a charming young lady, and she would doubtless be very happy with M. Duval, who was one of the heroes of La Vendée, and who had the additional and more solid advantage of being a *bon parti*. She was a sensible girl, now, to accept a husband in her own station of life, instead of thinking of those who never could have married her, and who therefore never could have meant her any good. But, after all, what had there been between Rose Bérard and M. de Chatouville? They had once walked out together, and he had occasionally spent the evening at M. Bérard's—M. Bérard who had known him from a child, and who had always been treated by the family more like a relation than like a servant! Thus an invitation to breakfast at once reinstated Mdlle. Rose in the opinion of her neighbors, whereas if she had determined to get married in private they would probably have maligned her until her dying day, and for some time afterwards.

In spite of all the exertions of Bérard and the thorough goodwill of the neighbors (whose malice seemed quite to have deserted them, now that Rose had settled down quietly to what they considered her natural position), in spite of all this the wedding was a terribly dull affair. Paul, for a hero of La Vendée, was as little courageous as it was possible to be; he seemed as timid as a child. Rose was melancholy and abstracted, and scarcely spoke a word. Bérard himself drank glass after glass of his long-cherished Beaune, but somehow or other the wine took no effect. "*Il avait le vin triste*." The more he drank the sadder he became. One thing that annoyed him much was the little honor paid to the Burgundy by the bridegroom himself. Paul could scarcely be prevailed upon to drink at all. Altogether he swallowed perhaps three glasses, and after each draught of wine it was observed that he lost no time in taking a copious one of water. The old farmers, who thought nothing of tossing one or two glasses of brandy down their throats before breakfast, were astonished to find that at a midday repast this young man was actually afraid of a little wine, and numerous were the uncomplimentary opinions expressed in reference to that peculiarity.

"He cannot be good for much, if good wine does him harm," said one of them sententiously.

Then Madame Duval was addressed on the subject:

"*Dites donc*, Madame Duval," said the humorist of the assembly; "you will allow M. Paul to take another glass of wine with us before he goes? He has had two glasses, but you will not beat him, will you, if he takes a third?"

Rose did not hear this facetious speech, and Paul remained as grave as ever.

"What a couple!" said the farmers; "one cannot speak and the other cannot even hear;" and they took to hard drinking among themselves.

At last some one remembered that the health of the newly-married couple had not been proposed. This delicate task was confided to M. Verjus, who, though the author of virtue in others, was not virtuous himself, and who at the present moment was in an advanced state of intoxication. Rose was disgusted at the coarse, orgiastic form which the festivities were fast assuming. As for Paul, he seemed to take no notice of what was going on. However, he was obliged to acknowledge the toast which had just been drunk in honor of himself and his bride, and did so in a few very solemn words.

"It is like a speech over a grave," said one of the farmers. And so it was.

At last Rose left the table, and, attended by Eudoxie Verjus, went upstairs to prepare for her journey; for it had been arranged that Paul and his bride should start at once for Brittany.

After they had left the village, Eudoxie informed her young friends, who were dying to hear how the bride had borne the prospect of separation from her father, that Rose had cried bitterly.

"Bah!" hiccoughed the intoxicated Verjus senior; "they all cry. It's from joy."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Pierre's courier arrived at Nice, Madame de Chatouville was on the point of death. Alfred for the last thirty-six hours had not moved from her bedside, and, but for the urgent representations of the messenger, the servants would scarcely have ventured to disturb him by going into the room with the letter. However, he received it, opened it, and was naturally in despair at its contents. He could do nothing but write these few lines, which he entrusted to the courier with instructions to forward them by the most rapid means possible:

"My mother is dying. I cannot leave her, and I am wild with grief. As you have lost my letter, go to Bérard, or send for him, and tell him everything. This Paul is an impostor and a villain. It is impossible Rose can prefer him to me. She is being shamefully deceived. Lose not a moment, or I shall be distracted. Write to me every day to Nice and also to Paris. My only hope is in you."

Alfred forgot that Pierre knew nothing of his intention to marry Rose Bérard. All Pierre knew was that he was in love with her—which is not the same thing. The words, "tell Bérard everything" were, however, sufficiently intelligible to him. The only question was, whether he had received the information in time. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and Rose was to have been married at twelve.

Pierre was now able to walk about, and he had spent the whole of that morning in collecting information respecting the movements of Paul. He had already ascertained that for many days past Rose had not left her father's house. Otherwise he would have watched for her, and entreated her by some means or other to obtain a postponement of the marriage. But it was clearly impossible to see her. He might see old Bérard, it was true, but then he reflected, and wisely, that to ask him to put off the marriage of his daughter merely (as it would appear) to gratify the caprice of M. de Chatouville, would either have no effect at all or would perhaps have the effect of hastening it. He had written several times to his master, telling him exactly how affairs stood, but there had been no time for a reply; and this letter, which enjoined him to tell Bérard everything, was the answer to the despatch which he had sent off eight days before.

We have said that it was two o'clock when he received it, and it would take him an hour to reach Bérard's house, where the marriage feast was to take place.

As the presence of a camp makes itself known by the number of stragglers lounging in the vicinity, so the locality of the wedding breakfast might easily have been discovered from the outsiders who loitered about the approaches to the house. The village was deserted except in this one spot. Those who had not received a regular invitation to partake of the entertainment remained outside, and shared the wine and brandy that had been liberally provided for the lookers-on. Those who could not get there by half-past twelve contrived to be there at one. A few who could not even manage to make their appearance at one took care to do so long before two; and by three even the village dogs had found their way to the scene of hospitality.

It had struck three when Pierre reached Bérard's house; the newly-married couple had already started. Pierre asked carelessly in what direction they had gone, and was told.

"If they are going to Brittany," he said to himself, "they have taken the wrong road; but at all events I will follow them."

And accordingly, after writing a line to M. de Chatouville to inform him of what had taken place, Pierre procured a horse and rode in the direction taken by Paul and his bride. He had reached the high-road to Havre, which was the only important route they could have taken, and had proceeded along it for some five or six miles, when, on stopping at a post-house to change his horse, he heard an hostler say that horses were wanted for Paul Duval at the inn. It appeared so strange that Paul should travel by post, instead of taking the diligence,

like other persons of his class, that Pierre was now more determined to follow him than ever. In the meanwhile he concealed himself behind a building opposite the inn, and waited for Paul to come out. He at once recognised him by his extraordinary resemblance to Marie. He saw him hand Rose into the post-chaise, and then take his place by her side.

Pierre followed them post by post as far as Havre. Then he watched them to their hotel and took a room immediately opposite to it. Careful as he was obliged to be in his movements, he nevertheless succeeded in ascertaining that Paul and his wife occupied separate rooms, that Paul seldom went out, and that Rose did not go out at all. "If I could speak to her for a moment!" said Pierre to himself; but it was impossible to do so. After the first two days Paul himself never quitted the hotel, and Rose was kept like a prisoner.

The faithful servant continued to write every day to his master, but he had heard nothing from him since the marriage. He knew, however, through the newspapers, that Madame de Chatouville was dead, and expected Alfred every hour to arrive at Havre.

In the meanwhile, Rose was in the greatest distress. She had scarcely left her home when she observed that Paul no longer spoke to her as he had been in the habit of doing; his voice was harsh, and his looks expressed hatred rather than love. But still she preserved her natural sweetness of disposition. Indeed, thinking that Paul's ill-temper might arise from the coldness she had always shown towards him, she endeavored to soothe him, but every word she uttered called forth some brutal reply. Once she excused for being dull and melancholy, and attributed it to her health, which for the last few weeks had not been good. He looked at her, and, with a bitter smile, said:

"It is quite true; I can see a great change in you already. You will not be pretty at all, soon."

Rose wept and thought how pretty she had once appeared to Alfred. "But it matters little now," she reflected.

When they were at Havre and had taken rooms at the hotel, Rose, afraid as she was of her husband, could not help asking him why they had not gone to his farm in Brittany, and what they were to do at Havre?

"Brittany? we are not going to Brittany," he replied; "and I have no farm there."

"I thought you had, and that your sister lived there," said Rose.

"My sister!" he said with a laugh. "Do you suppose my sister would live with you, and that she would not tear you to pieces if you were in her power?"

"What have I done to her?" said Rose, piteously. "And you, Paul, what have I done to you that you should treat me with such cruelty?"

"You dare to ask me!" exclaimed Paul, raising his eyes to heaven. "Did you not love Alfred—did he not love you?"

"You knew all that," sobbed Rose; "I told you everything. You cannot possibly doubt my innocence; and you know that I have sworn at the altar to be faithful to you. Can you be unjust enough to wish to punish me for your sister's misfortune? She is very unhappy; but I am sure, Paul, she would have more pity for me than you have."

"Pity you? Do you not see that I do pity you? Do I not suffer you to live?"

"Take me back to my father, take me back," implored Rose, "since you hate me. Let me write to him, and he will come for me. Why torment me any more?"

"You will never write to your father again," replied Paul. "I am your master now, your absolute master, and I am going to take you far away from here," and he pointed to the sea.

"Oh, Paul! Paul, you wish to kill me!" cried Rose.

"No, not to kill you," said her husband, and he left the room.

Left to herself, Rose could do nothing but weep. Then she asked herself whether she had married a madman, or whether Paul wished to take her far away from France in the hope that Alfred would return to Marie, and make her his wife; or was it from jealousy of Alfred that he acted thus? and did he so mis-

trust her as to think it necessary to place the ocean between himself and his rival. Whatever might be his motive, she knew now that she was to leave France; that she would never see her father again; and that all her life would have to be passed with a man who hated her, and whom she feared as she feared the spirit of evil.

One morning, about three days after this terrible scene, Pierre was thunderstruck at seeing Paul and his wife drive out of the courtyard of the hotel, and proceed towards the quay from which the American vessels sailed. He was about to follow them when he received a letter which was in Alfred's hand, and which informed him that the writer was at an inn distant about half a mile, waiting to see him.

"There may yet be time," thought Pierre.

He jumped into a fiacre, and hurried to the hotel named by M. de Chatouville.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE sea was calm, the sun was shining, the breeze was favorable, and the tide was all that could be desired, when Paul and his wife stepped on board the Niagara, bound for New York.

"Poor little woman!" said the other passengers, as they looked at Rose. "The parting has been a painful one for her; how heartbroken she looks!"

"You are only just in time," said the captain to Paul. "The wind is quite in our favor now; and if we are not out of the harbor in twenty minutes we may lose it."

"Go down into the cabin," muttered Paul to his wife; "go down into the cabin! Do not make a fool of yourself here!"

But for once Rose was obstinate, and would not move from the deck. She was determined to see the last of her native land.

The ship was passing the end of the pier, and all the passengers were on deck, waving their handkerchiefs or shouting some last farewell to friends whom many of them were never to see again, when suddenly Rose heard her own name called out, and, looking toward the pier, saw Alfred!

But Paul had seen him too. His face was now burning with rage, and his eyes flashed fire.

"You want Rose," he cried, in a voice half stifled with passion. "You want Rose! there she is!"

And seizing the unfortunate girl by the waist, he threw her into the sea and jumped in after her.

A strong current was running out, and it was impossible to save them; but the next morning the rising tide threw their bodies on to the shore, when to the astonishment of the inhabitants and the despair of Alfred, it was discovered that the so-called husband and wife were two women!

THE SEA CAPTAINS OF ELIZABETH'S AGE.

THE gentleman adventurer of the days of Elizabeth was a notable personage, and, if it were agreed that history furnished the best materials for fiction, there would be few stories so attractive as his. Among the mariners of England he will be for ever conspicuous for a lofty conception of his calling, for a daring and skill which have never been surpassed amid exigencies which have rarely been equalled, for fortunes as mutable and a fame as enduring as the element upon which he roved and toiled and triumphed. The epic complexion of his deep-sea buffetings is readily seen, as is also its origin. The ocean was then an uncircumscribed waste, a world to be known, a dominion to be conquered; it was the storehouse of wonderful sights and inexhaustible treasures; above all, it was the battlefield of rival races and of hostile creeds—the prize for which the gallantry of the middle age competed in the spirit of modern enterprise, and the arena where heroes tested their prowess for that great Armada fight which was the Salamis of modern civilization. The life it opened was, in truth, as new as it was grand and fascinating.

There were men who sailed in the Pelican with Drake, who had heard the first tidings of Cortez and Pizarro. Old Devonshire "sea-dogs" who lounged upon the Hoe at Plymouth could recall, within the experience of themselves or their fathers, the

day when a new continent was discovered, when the tide, setting westward, bore on its current Castilian nobles and Clovelly fishermen, and attracted the gentlemen from "Down-along" to the prizes of the Tropic seas. Men who knew little even of their own country had beheld the wonders of a torrid zone and the expanse of a world compared with which England itself was but a speck; and, as they went to and fro over shoreless seas, or through forests as interminable, they were lifted out of the sphere of their natural capacity, and inspired with an ardor which might have been mythical if it had not been as real and familiar as it was truly sublime. The framer of the narrative before us can indeed recall only two instances—those of Raleigh and Columbus—where these early voyagers could depict their impressions; but if from this circumstance he infers that they "were not astonished," he is limiting their emotions by his theory of human nature. The vocabulary did not at that time exist which now conveys—at least to the scientific ear—an idea of the marvels then newly disclosed.

But many of those who were privileged to behold the west in all its virginal freshness and splendor were not, we may be certain, insensible or apathetic. "Dazzled and stunned" it is possible they may have been, as "by a great glory;" but their wonder or enthusiasm was not exhausted by the want of adequate expressions, it was compressed and intensified. It sustained them in the glowing brake and teeming swamp, on the ledges of the Andes, and by the roar of Orenoque. It grew with what it fed upon till it became insatiate, adding dreams to realities and heaping fables upon facts. The new world became thus a land of enchantment to which imagination transferred its creatures—its griffins, anthropophagi, mermaids and demons. It included abundance of actual treasures, or metals, gems and spices; but it seemingly proffered to the spirit of adventure a realization of the fairy legends of Europe, or of the still wilder fancies of the Arabian storyteller. Instead of tending, as our author supposes, to dull the feelings, to subdue or chill the exaltation of its explorers, it led them from the precious things at their feet to press forward after cities of solid gold, and to seek, in one instance, for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

But the charm of the situation, or of the characters who filled it, was that of contrast. The adventurer came to these waste regions from the shores of a country refined and cultivated. Occasionally he took with him his euphuisms and conceits, his poesies and his pastorals: but ordinarily, without interruption, he passed from courts adorned by letters and the arts, where the state policy of Europe was developing into a system, to scenes where nature alone was paramount, and individual impulse otherwise unrestrained. Thither he transferred the gravest controversies, religious or political, of his pregnant epoch, and pursued them simply without check or compromise. Nature was before him to subdue and civilise, but the opportunity was suspended for the weightier issues. The new world was wide, but its title was in dispute. The ocean was vast, but it concerned nations unborn that its empire should pass from their Catholic majesties to the Protestant sovereign of the free realm of Britain.

Thus the English adventurer of the reign of Elizabeth went forth from her council-board with a complicated mission. He was a knight-errant for his queen, and a sort of reformed crusader; but he was not the less eminently practical, though exceedingly loose in the view he took of his opportunities and duties. He chased galleons, or caught negroes, or was ready, like old Drake, to sell his prisoners to the "Mowers" with little remorse. But he prayed with fervor as he went filibustering, and planned wisely or executed valiantly the enterprises devised by patriotism and cupidity. He was himself made up of contrasts—a soldier and merchant—a colonist and spoiler—half a pirate, yet half a statesman; and his life was spent amid other contrasts, geographical and historical. As he went to and fro from the old world to the new, he also belonged to two different epochs. Combining a vague and heroic instinct with definite and political functions, he was just such a phenomenon as classic nations might have witnessed had Argonautic expeditions been organised by Constantine, or Ulysses gone wandering in the days of Augustus.

IRRITABLE PLANTS.

The name of irritability is given by botanists to the movements made by certain plants when touched. These movements are influenced chiefly by light and heat; but, like many phenomena occurring in organised beings, they cannot at present be explained by merely chemical or mechanical laws; although such plants may be excited by stimulants of a chemical or mechanical nature.

The most remarkable example of the irritability of vegetables occurs in a foreign species of santfoin, called the moving plant (*Hedysarum gyrans*). It grows on the banks of the Ganges. It is an annual plant, rising up three or four feet; the leaves are of a bright green color, and the butterfly flowers are generally in clusters of pale red. The leaves, which consist of a large terminal leaflet and two smaller lateral ones, possess the singular property of moving without being touched. Sometimes one of them will move suddenly while the rest remain still; at another time they all move together up and down and circularly; this last movement being performed by the twisting of the footstalks. And even when the leaves are detached from the plant they sometimes retain their power of motion for four and twenty hours. If any obstacle happens to retard the motion, upon its removal the leaves move with greater velocity. These movements are more evident when the sun's rays are striking upon the plant; thus making it appear that the action of the sun's rays is the cause of the perpetual motion of the leaflets. In India, where the plant is in full vigor, and has every advantage which its native soil and air can give it, all the leaves are in motion at the same time.

Venus's fly-trap (*Lionna muscipula*), another of the greatest wonders of the vegetable kingdom, is an American plant, which was brought to Europe, from Carolina, about the year 1788. It is a pretty plant, bearing several elegant white flowers at the end of a simple stalk. All its leaves grow immediately from the bottom of the stem, each terminating by two lobes, surrounded at the edge with prickles. These lobes, when undisturbed, lie open, like the leaves of a book, and their surfaces are covered with a number of minute glands, secreting a sweet liquor, which attracts the unwary fly. Between the two lobes, just where they join, there are three sharp bristles; and when a fly or any other insect, crawling over the surface of the lobes, happens to touch either of the bristles, the irritability of the plant is excited, and the lobes, suddenly closing, imprison the insect, like a rat in a common gin. Soon after the death of the insect the lobes unfold and wait for another victim. It is supposed that this plant requires animal food for the healthy performance of some of its functions. In support of this theory, it has been stated that Mr. Knight, after having secured some plants from the possibility of providing themselves with flies, furnished some of them with scraped beef and left the rest without any such provision. The result of the experiment was, that the fed specimens were in a far more flourishing condition than the unfed ones.

A wood sorrel (*Oxalis sensitiva*), a native of Amboyna, is reported by Rumphius to be so delicately sensitive, that it will not bear the blowing of the wind upon it without contracting its leaves.

Light exercises a great influence over all these phenomena. When a sensitive plant is exposed to artificial light during the night its leaves expand, and if put into a dark room during the day the leaves close. If, however, the plant is kept for a long time in darkness it will ultimately expand its leaves, and the process of folding and opening will go on, although at very irregular intervals. Any sudden degrees of heat or cold, the vapor of boiling water, the fume arising from sulphur, the odor of volatile liquors, or, in short, anything that affects the nerves of animals, will also affect the sensitive plant. Any violent application, such as exposing the extremity of a leaf to the rays of the sun, or burning it either with a lens or with a lighted taper, or squeezing it between a pair of hot pincers, causes the leaflets of the acacia to close instantly; and, at the same time, not only the leaflet which is opposite to it does the same, but all that are upon the same stalk, the drooping taking place,

more or less, according to the strength of the impression. When the injury is very great, the plant will be violently agitated for some distance round the spot.

The sleep of plants, which was discovered by Linnæus, is something akin to the phenomenon of irritability caused by the different influences of light and darkness, cold, heat and moisture. The common chickweed, of which birds are so fond, furnishes a beautiful instance of the sleep of plants. Every night the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surface the tender rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair and protect the end of the shoot.

The flowers of the Marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*), which are very beautiful, do not open in hot weather until the evening; but if the weather be cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime. Another variety of the same plant is called four o'clock flower, from opening at that hour of the day. The scarlet pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), which is a plentiful weed in corn fields, is called poor man's weather glass and shepherd's barometer, from the flowers always closing before rain; and should the weather be ever so bright, they always shut up at noon.

A NATIVE PILOT ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

On the morning of the 27th of February, 1857, we were near the mouth of the Gambia river, and twenty miles from the land, which was obscured by a deep haze. We hoisted, and made signal for a pilot by firing a gun. At noon, a stout little vessel, of English rig came alongside, and a naked gentleman, tall, dignified and black, made his appearance on the quarter deck. Advancing to the commander, he introduced himself with a low bow and a scrape of his right foot, saying, "I se de pilot, sa." "Do you speak English?" said the captain. "O za, sa! I se belong to de English town." "Don't pilots wear clothes in your country?" said this officer as he made a deliberate survey of the ebony Adonis before him. "O za, sa!" he replied, casting a glance at a small bundle under his arm, "I se tend to him him bye," and without further ceremony, he mounted the horseblock with the air of an admiral, saying, "Spouse you fill away, cap'n, de tide be flood." He was the lion of the hour, a fine specimen of the half civilized African; nor was there any mistaking the type of his civilization.

With all the self-possession of the Englishman and the pomposity of the African, he played the cockney well, in spite of his breechless exterior, and gave us a favorable impression of the young England of Gambia. While the officer of the deck was "making sail," he went to the main gangway, when he unrolled his bundle of rags, and after several attempts to get his head and arms through the proper holes, worked himself into a shirt that had evidently seen better days; and then drew on three quarters of a pair of breeches, composed of a front, a waistband, a leg and a half, and two pockets. He completed his toilet, which I was impolite enough to witness with a great deal of interest, by putting on the topless crown of a straw hat. I handed him the spy-glass, with which I had been trying to find the land, which he put under his arm *à la militaire*, and now in the full dress of a runaway scarecrow, presented the most interesting union of the dignified and ridiculous that mortal eyes ever beheld.

But I found him interesting in other subjects. He was well acquainted with the trade of the river, the officers and missionaries of the station, and informed me with much pride of manner, that he had received all his education from the missionaries. On learning my office on board, he became quite communicative; said that for many years he had been a Wesleyan Methodist; and from his conversation, I doubt not that he read his Bible with profit; that he was a sincere Methodist and a humble Christian, and that within that dark casket and ungainly exterior there was a precious jewel, even a ransomed and regenerated soul.

FRENCH FRIVOLITIES UNDER THE OLD REGIME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of philosophers, the majority of society remained essentially frivolous. Nothing was so fashionable, for both sexes, as to cut up costly engravings, and stick the mutilated figures on fans and fire-screens. To make up ribbon knots came next in vogue. The childish game of cup and ball was also one of the favorite amusements of this indolent aristocracy. Some noblemen sought to distinguish themselves by the singularity of their conduct. The Duke of Gesvres kept open house during a fit of illness. Forty persons daily sat at his table. Only about twenty of his privileged courtiers, whom he had presented with splendid green suits, were admitted into his presence. They found him in a magnificent apartment, richly dressed in green, reclining on a couch, and making up ribbon knots. Another nobleman, the Duke of Eperon, placed his delight in surgical operations, and by mingled threats and promises compelled his unhappy vassals to let him exercise his skill upon them.

Women rendered themselves conspicuous for the eagerness with which they entered into all these frivolous amusements. The celebrated singers, Mdles. le Pelisser et le Maure, divided the court ladies into two rival parties. Leading a life of indo-

lence and sensuality, Louis XV. could not always find in hunting, or a puerile devotion, a sufficient source of pleasure; he accordingly indulged in the most effeminate amusements. At one time the whole court was thrown into great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly despatched to Paris for wool, needles and canvas; he only took two hours and a half to go and come back; and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesvres at their head, embroidering, like the sovereign. But even *lapisserie* was ineffectual to allay those periodical attacks of despondency to which Louis was subject from his youth, and during which his only pleasure was to entertain those around him with long and dismal accounts of graveyards, sudden deaths, and all the melancholy pageantry of stately funeral processions.

A good thought is a great boon for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive, hath it not.



A FAMILY PARTY.



ON ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF ACTION, I BEHELD A WOMAN STRUGGLING IN THE GRASP OF THREE MEN."

LIFE FOR LIFE; OR, THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

BY FELIX FALCONER.

I WAS always of a restless nature—never satisfied to stay in one place over six months at a time. Change seemed to be necessary to my very existence, for the thought of settling down in any locality filled me with feelings of *ennui* so oppressive that they became in a short time utterly unbearable; and the only remedy that I ever found efficacious for the disease was to pull up stakes at once and change the scenes of my operations.

I have lived at one time or the other in every State of the Union—that is, all the States when their number was of that moderate quantity that they might have been fenced in, perhaps; but the wings of our glorious eagle cover so vast an area now that fencing in is out of the question, and I own up to not having visited some of our new acquisitions.

But I write of years ago.

I went from place to place, making acquaintances in all, but friends in few; and after I had for the time exhausted my own country, I went to South America and engaged in the inter-necine war that agitated that fair but unhappy land. Here I met with adventurers as restless as myself—English, French, German, &c., who, like myself, had volunteered to fight the good fight of the people against their oppressors. Many scenes of slaughter and horror and hairbreadth escapes we witnessed and survived together. But at length we found that wherever the people triumphed they immediately sat down under some new form of tyranny, having gained nothing by the expenditure of blood and treasure but a new dictator for an old one; we became disgusted and quitted the service and the land together.

I bent my steps to England, and immediately set to work to think where I should go next. I thought I would go to France and perfect my pronunciation of the French language; but on hearing that the Spanish Legion was forming for the service of the Queen of Spain, under the command of Sir De Lacy Evans, I determined to offer myself as a volunteer in that expedition, considering it a capital chance to complete my knowledge of the beautiful Spanish tongue, the study and the practice of which I had commenced in South America. To decide with me was to act. I never counted the cost or the

consequence, but followed my inclination wherever it led to. I do not defend the course; it was my nature; a blind instinct which does not condescend to reason, but carries out its impulses on the spur of the moment and at every risk. It need hardly be said that my offer was accepted, for the only hope of filling up that Legion was from such men as myself. A quite sane or a cautious man would never have ventured upon such an expedition. Not only then was my offer accepted, but on making known my considerable experience in the Spanish American Guerilla warfare, I was immediately appointed to a company. I enjoyed the perfect confidence of my commanding officer, and often was complimented by him upon the soldierly efficiency and bearing of my fellows.

How I longed for the time of embarkation, and I chafed and murmured as delay after delay postponed the time for which I sighed so impatiently. At length we embarked, and over the mismanagement, the miseries and the disasters of that expedition I will draw a veil; its history is too well known; besides, at the present, I have only to do with one episode in the eventful period of my Spanish campaigning.

Between the periods of active service we had periods of rest, which were to us, however, always unwelcome, for we hated inaction, and the people of the country were by no means fond of us. Even amidst partisans of the cause we had espoused we were treated with a forced and haughty courtesy, and not unoften the word "heretic" was uttered with bated breath, even while in the act of tendering hospitalities. In good truth we were for the greater part of the time in as much danger, and were held in as much abhorrence by our allies as by our enemies. It may well be imagined, then, that we preferred operations in the field, where we knew the temper of our opponents, to inactivity amongst a people of whose friendly feelings we had more than a reasonable doubt.

In spite of the dangers which surrounded us on every side, we constantly made excursions into the country, both in parties and individually. It was our only resource against the wretched *ennui* consequent upon our isolated position. I took long and solitary rambles, and although frequently escaping imminent danger by a very fine point indeed, I managed for some time to escape actual collision with any of the numerous Guerilla parties which ever hovered around us by night and by day.

But the pitcher often taken to the well gets broken at last;

and so it happened that one afternoon, during one of my rambles in a solitary portion of the mountains, a pleasant reverie, in which my far-off, beloved native country figured largely, was unpleasantly disturbed by loud shrieks and cries of mortal distress. It was a woman's voice, and all the chivalry of my nature was aroused in an instant. I drew my sword, cocked my pistol, and hastened in the direction of the cries. On arriving at the scene of action I beheld a woman struggling in the grasp of three men. A more brutal set of ruffians I never looked upon. One was tearing the rings from the woman's fingers, another had his dastardly hands upon the jewels in her ears, and the third was holding her tightly, while all were uttering fearful imprecations and threatening her with other and more fearful outrages. My blood was literally boiling with indignation; and, leaping forward with a bound, I hit the one who was holding her arms a blow of the heart with the pommel of my sword, which knocked him senseless to the ground. With a shout of rage the others turned upon me, but a shot at close quarters shattered the arm of one and dropped him howling with pain; while a prick from my trusty Toledo blade caused the other to scamper off at a rate of speed beautiful to behold. Taking the sashes off the two prostrate rascals, I firmly and securely bound the arms of the one I first assaulted, so that, in case he should recover from the blow I had dealt him, he would be unable, at least for some time, to act upon the defensive.

I had now time to turn my attention to the woman I had saved. She was kneeling on the ground, and seemingly unconscious of the result of my interference, her face buried in her hands, and her body trembling with fear and emotion. I went up to her, spoke softly and soothingly, and after assuring her that all danger was past, I gently removed her hands from her face. I was not at all prepared for the exquisite beauty I then beheld—in truth I was dazzled and confounded. I saw in a moment she was of gipsy origin, and was a glorious specimen of that type of beauty which, when perfect, is altogether incomparable for flashing magnificence and passionate voluptuousness. I raised her up, and beheld a form as matchless as her face.

"O, signor!" she said, in a voice of perfect music, "my life is at your command for the service you have done me."

She seized my hand, and kneeling down, would have kissed it. I could not stand that, and I told her so—that I should rather be at her feet than she at mine—that she was too beautiful to be looked upon in any other than a kneeling posture. Suiting the action to the words, I knelt down, and she stooped over me, and kissed my brow and then my lips, and blessed me for my ready hand and stout heart. I was bewildered by excitement, and I know I blushed like a child, for I was both awed and enraptured by her impulsive and passionate manner. But I soon recovered, or assumed a calmness of manner, and suggested an immediate retreat from that lonely and dangerous spot. What has taken me so long to tell occupied but a few minutes in action, yet still I feared that the ruffian who had fled might return with some companions, and against such force I could not hope to defend my precious charge.

She consented to my proposition, and led the way with hurried steps. We exchanged but few words, our hearts were too full, at least mine was I know; but with clasped hands we sped on towards the town. When still some distance from it, she paused, and said that we must part—that her people must not see us together.

"What shall I call you?" I said, "and shall we not meet again?"

"Call me Miriam—your Miriam, for you saved me from worse than death. To-morrow, at sunset, I will be here."

I took both her hands in mine, and gazing into her eyes, read there an answer to my wild love; and clasping her in my arms, pressed one long, passionate kiss upon her beautiful, trembling lips, and rushed from the spot.

I got back to my quarters somehow, I can scarcely tell how, for I was wild with excitement. But I got back, went through my duties mechanically, lay awake all night, dreamed all day, and met her at sunset?

Days went by as minutes. I urged her to become my wife,

but she treated my proposition with scorn. What other tie did she want than the mighty love which absorbed her whole being? No ceremonies could add to her great love. While that lasted what need of any tie? when that ceased, what tie could ever renew it again?

Several weeks elapsed, during which two or three absences on duty were borne with great impatience by myself and the fair Miriam. My love for her amounted almost to adoration; while her wild affection, boundless and unreserved, seemed to absorb her entire existence. It was a strange, sad episode in my wayward and adventurous life. It was a brilliant dream of flashing joys, a very intoxication of the heart and brain, but its memory is all ashes, mingled with bitterness and remorse.

In the town, there were two or three families who were really cordial to the officers of our Legion, and acted towards us with true stately courtesy and profuse Spanish hospitality. One of these, the family of Don Lopez Vimiera, was especially friendly and attentive. We were frequently invited to their mansion, and the evenings passed with this loyal-hearted family were really the bright spots in our life of social exclusion and isolation.

But even these pleasant gatherings could not lure me from Miriam; beautiful as were the young *Senoritas*, my pre-occupied heart was proof against their beauty and their gentleness. But Miriam would comment upon my visits to the house, and the mingled pique and sadness of her intonation caused me severe annoyance, for it proved that she did not entirely trust me. I did all in my power to combat the impression, and I flattered myself that I had succeeded in removing it; but an incident which occurred one night, a brief period before the appointed day for the final breaking-up of our encampment, proved how completely I had failed to allay her suspicions.

Our kind friends the Vimieras had invited us to a masked ball, as a thoughtful parting compliment, and I, with my brother officers, attended in simple dominoes and half masks. The ball was brilliant, and mirth, music and dancing made the hours pass with unwelcome rapidity. The night had far advanced, and with one of the daughters of our host on my arm, I walked into the beautiful grounds to enjoy the cool refreshing air. Our talk was earnest, for I was pleading with the fair girl the cause of a dear friend and brother in arms, who loved her with passionate devotion, but dared not plead his own cause. We were passing along one of the shaded walks, when I felt my arm grasped by a masked figure which appeared suddenly at my side.

"Traitor and perjured coward," hissed out the voice in a low whisper, "beware! I read thy lying heart and the Zingara's revenge is sudden and deadly! Beware—thou and thy lady minion!"

Before I could reply, so completely was I taken by surprise, we were alone; and, although I searched the grounds in every direction, I could find no trace of Miriam, for that it was Miriam I had not a doubt. I was sad-hearted and weary, and having secured an interview between the lovers, I left the house.

On arriving at my quarters I found a brief and almost illegible note from Miriam, which ran thus: "Meet me to-morrow—then let our paths be separate—we part for ever!"

The night passed off in heavy restless slumbers, and I awoke feverish and unrefreshed to drag through a wretched aimless day, until the hour for my meeting with Miriam. A presentiment of evil lay heavy on my heart, which I struggled in vain to overcome, and it was with a half-cager, half-lingering step that I took my way to the appointed well-known spot.

Miriam was there, pacing the ground like an enraged lioness. I approached her and attempted to take her hands, but she repulsed me.

"Miriam," I said, "you are unjust to me. Your suspicions are unfounded. Never for one moment have I wavered in my loyal devotion to you. Your love has been to me all sufficing—my joy, my consolation, and I do not deserve from you one moment's hard thought or unkind word. Why do you doubt me?"

"Can I not believe my eyes?" she said. "Did I not see you

breathing vows of tenderness and passion into the ears of that proud Spanish girl? Did you not clasp her hands?—but she shall die—I swear it! In the depths of my heart I have sworn her death. Her blood shall wash these hands. You shall never press her lips again in life, nor laugh together in scorn at the poor gipsy you sacrificed to the hours of your pleasure, then cast aside as worthless. Go—I cannot kill one whom I have so loved. But here we part for ever."

Her large eyes literally flashed with passionate excitement; she trembled in every limb; and as she concluded a deadly paleness overspread her face, and she would have fallen to the ground had I not caught her in my arms. For a few minutes she rested there as though in a blissful dream; but recovering herself, she started from me in shuddering terror, and pressed her hands upon her eyes, as though to shut out some terrible vision.

I spoke to her rapidly and earnestly, for I loved her from the very depths of my soul. Gradually the truth seemed to dawn upon her, and suddenly flinging her arms into the air with a cry of wailing and wild joy commixed, she flung herself upon my breast. I pressed the weeping, trembling, loving girl to my heart, and yielded myself up to the rapture of that moment of reconciliation.

But short was my period of joy, for the report of a musket, a fierce, derisive shout, and a sudden, sharp cold pain through my shoulder, caused me to loose my hold of my loved Miriam, and I fell fainting to the ground. When I returned to consciousness, I was rudely raised from the ground, and found myself a prisoner, wounded and bleeding, in the hands of a party of the enemy, and saw Miriam struggling desperately but vainly with the ruffians surrounding her.

Weak from loss of blood, and knowing the relentless character of my captors, I was utterly hopeless. I felt my time was come, and but for Miriam—but the sequel will show.

My captors having securely bound my arms and given poor Miriam in charge of one of the party, walked apart and held a long and animated discussion. From the few words that I could catch, they were debating as to the manner of my disposal. Some were for shooting me on the spot, but another, and the larger party, were for taking me to their rendezvous and leaving my fate in the hands of their chief. This latter council finally prevailed; the conference was broken up and preparations made for continuing the march.

All this time the wound in my shoulder was bleeding, and I was losing consciousness from the waste of blood. My arms were strained back by my fastenings, and the pain of this constrained position was perfect agony. The men who held me told the leader that unless my wound was staunched I would either die upon their hands or they would have to carry me. This caused a further parley, and after a little while, they tore off my coat and bade Miriam see to the wound, and bandage it swiftly and securely.

She, poor soul, could scarcely see to perform her task, for the bitter tears blinded her. Gently and tenderly her hands performed the surgeon's office. Luckily it was but a flesh-wound: the ball had passed through, leaving an ugly track, but one which, with care, would soon heal. As she completed her work, she whispered hurriedly:

"Do not despair. I owe you a life, and I will save yours at the hazard of my own."

I could not answer her save by a smile, in which all my great love was concentrated; and, oh! the deep, passionate, devoted glance which answered mine, I shall never forget it. I see it ever before me.

Supported on either side, I tottered on in the rear of the party. Night closed over us, and still we marched on; but my movements were purely mechanical. I had lost all consciousness a short time after we commenced our march, and only recovered myself for a few moments on being flung on the floor of a rude cabin, when I relapsed into unconsciousness, and for hours I lay in a deadly swoon, only to awake in the ravings of a fever.

My captors had not anticipated this, but feeling that for the present, at least, I was perfectly secure, they took but little heed of me, pursuing their marauding expeditions as be-

fore, always leaving, however, a few of their number on guard.

Miriam had ingratiated herself into the favor of the officer who had captured us, and who, in the absence of the chief, commanded the band. He had conceived a violent passion for her, and she, to serve her purposes, encouraged and repelled him by turns; and by that mighty coquetry, which is a weapon of boundless power at the will of a determined woman, she lulled him into a perfect confidence, and a belief that before long she would return his love with a fervor as fierce as his own. So she ranged the camp at will, and to her gentle, fond, womanly solicitude, under heaven, I owe my life.

A week passed by and I was slowly recovering, and was already able to pace up and down the narrow limits of my prison-house. I was anxiously and impatiently awaiting the daily visit of Miriam, but hour succeeded hour beyond the usual time for her coming. I had given up all hope of seeing her that day and was bitterly cursing the chances which kept her from me when she glided in, and with her finger on her lips, bade me listen and mark what she should say. Then in a whisper she said, that she had just separated from the man who shamed her with his love; that she had promised to be his, on condition that he would allow me to escape—an indignant, impatient gesture from me was silenced by an imploring look—that he declared this to be impossible; that his chief would arrive in the morning; that the men all knew of my capture; and that his life would be the forfeit of the hated, hired, English robber.

"I have made friends with your guards," she continued, "and to-night you must not sleep. I shall leave my friends a skin of wine; the brutes will drink themselves drunk; I will watch the time, remove their muskets, open your door, and we will escape together. Be on the alert, or to-morrow we shall die together."

One long, silent embrace; one fond, passionate kiss and I was alone.

How long and weary seemed the hours! My feelings were wild and feverish. How hope rose brightly and my heart bounded joyously, for life seemed very sweet to me when the chances of losing it appeared so imminent; and then despair and despondency would press me down with a leaden weight. I could not rest. I paced the floor, then sat down, arose and paced the floor again. Several hours must have passed in this manner, when the changing of the guard told me that the hour of my possible delivery was close approaching, and my anxiety grew intense.

Knowing that the new guard would look in to see that all was safe, I lay down and pretended to sleep. As I expected, my guards looked in upon me, but, finding everything as usual, they adjourned outside, and were soon in friendly conversation. My thoughts were now all concentrated upon the coming of Miriam. My hearing grew painfully acute. Everything was quiet around, and I heard no sound but the whispered murmurs of my guards. Presently, however, I detected a slow and quiet footfall, and heard Miriam say, in her quiet, pleasant manner:

"Comrades, I have brought some wine for your prisoner. Let him have it, poor fellow! he will need all his strength to-morrow when your chief comes back. He'll hardly have time to say his prayers before he dies. Good night. Do not forget the wine!"

Slowly her footsteps died away, and I listened eagerly for the comments of the men.

"Jose," said one of them, "what's the use of giving good wine to a dead man, for I look upon the English heretic as good as dead!"

"I look upon it," said Jose, "as a shameful waste. But Miriam's a good girl, and I suppose we must do as she wishes."

"Oh, of course, certainly," said the other, "we'll do that. But here's a full skin, and he can't want it all! It's dull, chilly work sitting outside here, so we'll just take a little of the dead man's wine to comfort us. He won't be any worse for the want of it by to-morrow night. Your health, Jose!"

How I blessed the selfish logic of that man, as I heard them again and again pledge each other as they took deep draughts



MIRIAM.

of the luscious wine. Their talk by degrees grew less animated. I heard one say to the other, "Let's leave a drop for the dead man." Then a silence ensued, and presently their deep breathing assured me that they slept a sound and drunken sleep.

In a few minutes I heard the key turn softly, and Miriam glided in, closing the door behind her.

"Are you ready?" she whispered. "Lose not a moment, for I fear that I am watched. Instant flight is our only safety."

I put out my hand in the darkness to grasp hers, but closed it upon sharp, cold steel. I started, and she whispered,

"It is to free myself if we are taken!"

Cautiously we approached the door and slowly opened it. Right before us stood my captor and Miriam's detested lover!

"I've caught you, false gipsy wanton," he hissed forth; "but now your time is come. You and your paramour shall die together!"

A sudden gleam in the starlight night, a shriek of agony and a heavy fall, and I felt myself hurried along with mad haste away from the camp. We had gone but a short distance, when we knew that our escape had been discovered. The soldiers, aroused from their sleep by the scream of the dying man, were now in full pursuit. I felt that escape was hopeless, and Miriam felt so too. But although she trembled with anguish, her confidence did not desert her, and without pausing in her flight, she said,

"You will be retaken; to-morrow the chief will arrive—they will tamper with your loyalty—they will offer you your life as the price of betraying your comrades. Ask for time to consider the proposal, until the next day at noon, and you shall be saved, O my beloved! I leave you now; but I will return to give you life, or to die with you."

As she said this, she darted behind a cluster of rocks, and disappeared in the darkness. I kept straight on, in order that she might continue her flight uninterrupted. My ruse succeeded; for the sound of my footsteps guided my pursuers, who after a brief but hardly contested chase, overtook me, and, with shouts of anger and triumph, carried me back to the camp, and after binding me hand and foot, consigned me once more, strictly guarded, to my old prison. To my unspeakable joy Miriam had not been missed, and I felt that in her love and devotion there was still a hope for me, though when or from whence aid could come, I could not in any way conjecture.

I passed an anxious and restless night; for, notwithstanding my confidence in Miriam, there was still the chance that Colonel Villeja would refuse any delay in executing whatever sentence might be passed upon me.

About ten o'clock in the morning an unusual bustle proclaimed the arrival of some important personage, and within the hour I was led from the prison into the presence of the man who was to be my judge, whether one of mercy or vengeance was yet to be decided.

Colonel Villeja was seated on a fallen tree, surrounded by several of his subordinate officers. He was a tall, stern man, but handsome to a marvel. I never beheld a human form so perfect in every respect, and I could not but gaze upon him in wondering admiration.

As I approached he slightly inclined his head, and greeted me with a look, almost a smile, of grave courtesy, but of ineffable sadness, and addressed me in a voice which, except Miriam's, was the most musical I ever heard. He told me that I was charged with being a spy—a heretical, plundering invader—a conspirator against the liberties of Spain, and the murderer of his lieutenant. He asked what I had to say against these charges, and I, of course, denied them all, excepting that I was a Protestant, and, according to their ideas, perhaps a heretic. That I was no spy I protested; that I was their open and avowed enemy, and no conspirator, I freely admitted; but that I in any way raised a finger against the man who lay dead there I solemnly denied.

The men who took me were examined, and the three first charges were considered as proved, part by the witnesses, and part by my own admission. As to who struck the blow that took the lieutenant's life, I refused to make any statement, preferring to suffer for a deed which was committed in my behalf, than to involve poor Miriam, even in so much as a suspicion.

The colonel calmly summed up the case, dwelling lightly upon the three first charges, each of which he said was proved, and for each of which my life was forfeited. Upon the charge of murder he simply stated that a man was found stabbed to the heart before my prison door, through which I passed and escaped. He asked the verdict of the officers, and, as may easily be surmised, the verdict was guilty, and the sentence death by shooting.

In delivering this sentence, the colonel's voice trembled with emotion, although his face betrayed no sign of sympathy or relenting. He added, however, that my life should be spared on condition that I would return to my company—volunteer to lead them where they can surprise and overwhelm the Guerillas, and thus lead them into an ambuscade, where they might be cut off to a man. Of course I indignantly refused this proposition; but, remembering the parting words of Miriam, I suffered my indignation to be calmed down, and finally asked until the morrow to consider and decide.

After a brief consultation my proposition was agreed to, and at noon of the next day I was either to be a freeman and a traitor, or a dead man, but a true one. I was led back to my solitary prison. The day was lonely and most wretched, for I had nothing to excite me. If I had any intention of betraying my comrades, of holding life and losing honor, I should not have been so utterly devoid of mental activity, for my struggles to reconcile such a course of conduct to my conscience would have given me plenty of employment. As it was, if Miriam did not arrive in time, I must die, and, seeing no other alternative, I sank into an apathetic lethargy, and towards night into a deep sleep, which lasted until the sun was high up in the heavens.

It was a lovely morning; everything around me seemed full of life, and a spasm of pain ran through my heart as I thought when the sun shall have reached its glory, the high-noon of this day, my light of life will have passed out. The thought was but momentary, however, although it occurred again and again with more or less force, until the noise at the door of my prison told me that my struggle was approaching.

The officers were assembled as before, but to their left was a file of soldiers, who looked as if they hungered for my blood. After a solemn and seemingly interminable pause, the colonel

asked me what decision I had arrived at, again reminding me of the consequences of refusal. I feel the stillness now which was between this question and my reply. My blood seemed suddenly turned to ice; but my nerves were like iron, and I slowly and deliberately said—the heaviness of my heart weighing upon each letter—Death.

No reply was made. A sign caused the file of soldiers to advance, and brought two others to my side, who led me a short distance back, took off my coat, waistcoat and handkerchief, and motioned me to kneel. I did as they told me to do, and I finished a prayer for mercy and forgiveness, and a blessing upon Miriam, when the click of the locks warned me that there was but one instant between me and eternity. The words of command were given in a manner so clear that they seemed to pierce me through; but ere the last word was spoken, and while my breathing was suspended in anticipation, an unearthly shriek rang through the air, and simultaneously with the word "Fire!" Miriam dashed in between me and my executioners, and received, alas! the death designed for me.

For a few minutes my overstrained nerves succumbed, but with a strong effort of will I controlled them, and, rising to my feet, the sight which greeted me almost turned me into stone. Surrounded by my old comrades and friends lay my own, my beautiful love—my Miriam—dead, quite dead. She had sought my friends; told them of my imminent danger; urged my rescue, and without sleeping or resting, led them to the spot, arriving just opportunely for that sacrifice which left my heart widowed for ever.

I flung myself at her side, seized her hand in mine, pressed my lips to those which would answer never more, when as though my touch had called back the ebbing life, her eyes opened, flashed into mine for one moment, her lips murmured "In time!" and eyes and lips were closed for ever.

JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE.

There is a general air of resemblance between social life in Japan and social life in the western kingdoms. The Japanese meet to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; they make water

parties and drink tea together; they hunt and hawk; they ask riddles, and they play at forfeits; they act charades, and no doubt they sometimes gossip about friends and acquaintances.

But here we come to a point of divergence; and as their prayers are executed by the revolutions of a wheel, and as a fervent spirit stands no chance against a vigorous arm, so we find another anomaly in regard to scandal. It is done by a professor, who makes a business of it; gets up his inuendoes and facts and incidents, and recites them in public at so much an hour. But the strangest part of the thing is, that this professional scandal monger is a polished gentleman. He is looked up to as a model of politeness and high breeding, and is expected to raise the tone of the society which he enlivens by his anecdotes. In fact, the general air of resemblance fades away when we look into some of the details of the three great events of life, birth, death and marriage, and find how strangely they are conducted by the inhabitants of the eastern kingdom.

Take, for example, a marriage. A Japanese "gentleman about to marry" may be influenced in his choice by any or all of the many motives which influence gentlemen in Europe. By way of making known his intentions to the family of the lady whom he has chosen, however, he affixes the branch of a certain shrub to her father's house. If it is accepted, so is the lover; if no notice is taken of it, he withdraws his suit.

If affection has drawn him to the maiden, and she wishes to show that she reciprocates his feelings, she blackens her teeth, and they will remain black for the rest of their life. At a later stage of the proceedings, she will pluck out her eyebrows. We must suppose that the gentlemen appreciate these marks of devotion; but only imagine an American woman slitting her nose or cutting off her ears, in order to gain favor in the eyes of the man she loves!

When the branch is accepted, that terrible routine of ceremonies is commenced, which, in Japan, demand the study of a lifetime to comprehend and the patience and long suffering of a martyr to perform. There is a ceremonious appointment of male friends of the bridegroom and female friends of the bride, and a ceremonious meeting between them to arrange the terms of the marriage contract, and select two auspicious days, one for a ceremonious interview between the affianced pair, and the other for the crowning ceremony—the wedding.



"SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE WORD 'FIRE!' MIRIAM DASHED IN BETWEEN ME AND MY EXECUTIONERS, AND RECEIVED, ALAS! THE DEATH DESIGNED FOR ME."

Let not the uninitiated suppose that crowning is synonymous with concluding. It is rather the grand inaugural ceremony, and signifies that from henceforth until the time when the poor worn out frame is carried to its last home, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, no event of life important or unimportant shall be passed over without its appropriate ceremony.

A Japanese lady is not exactly purchased of her father. Still very costly presents are expected for a handsome daughter, and the best the bridegroom can afford in any case. These presents, which are sent to the lady, are at once made over by her to her parents, and are kept by them. They, in return, send some articles of trifling value to the bridegroom. Next comes the ceremony of burning the childish toys of the bride; then that of preparing her trousseau, which includes articles of household furniture, all the requisites for the kitchen, a spinning-wheel, and a loom.

Some authors maintain that marriage in Japan is a civil contract only, and is unaccompanied by any religious solemnization. Others say that there is a religious ceremony, and that the marriage must be registered in the temple to which the young couple belong. Prayers and benedictions are there pronounced by the priest, and there is a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, and the bridegroom's from the bride's; after this they are proclaimed to be man and wife.

Now begins the business of the day. The unhappy lady with her black teeth is dressed in white, and when she leaves her father's house she is covered from head to foot in the garment which is to be her shroud. In this plight she is seated in a norimon, or palanquin, and carried forth to parade the greater part of the town, escorted by her family and friends. When she reaches the bridegroom's house two of her youthful friends accompany her to the state-room. These friends, instead of bridesmaids, are called the male and female butterfly. In this state room sits the bridegroom in the seat of honor, with his parents and nearest relations; and there are two tables in the apartment very elaborately arranged. On one there is a miniature representation of a fir-tree, emblematic of man's strength; of a plum-tree in blossom, the emblem of woman's beauty; and of cranes and tortoises for long life and happiness. On the second table stands all the apparatus for drinking saki, the national beer. By this, the bride in her shroud and the attendant butterflies, take their place; and here they commence pouring out, presenting, and drinking saki, amidst formalities which Pit-Singh says are numerous and minute beyond description or conception. When the drinking bout is over the wedding guests appear, and the evening is spent in eating and drinking saki. In deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, the wedding feast consists of very simple fare.

Three days after this, the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to the lady's family; the bride plucks out her eyebrows, and the wedding forms are over.

It constantly happens that fathers in Japan, worn out by the vexations, burdens and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, resign this dignity to the son; either as soon as he is of age to assume the position, or at his marriage. Thenceforward the father with his wife and younger children become dependants on the eldest son.

On the first intimation of a probable addition to the family, a girdle of braided red crape is bound round the body of the future mother above the waist. The opinion of the unlearned in Japan represents this as a precaution by which the unborn babe is prevented from stealing food out of the mother's throat, and so starving her to death; consequently the fillet must remain as first fastened, until the birth of the infant. Poor lady! as soon as the baby is born she is given over again to ceremonies and superstitions. She is placed upright in her bed in a sitting posture, and fixed in it by great, hard bags of rice wedged under each arm and at her back. She is compelled to remain in this position for nine days and nine nights, very sparingly fed, and actually kept wide awake lest by falling asleep she should in the slightest degree change the prescribed position. No wonder that after this she recovers very slowly and is nursed as an invalid for one hundred days. The baby, however, with the exception of one day, is absolutely free; wearing no clothing that can impede

the growth and development of body and limb, and being victimized by no ceremonious observances.

The exceptional day is that on which it receives a name; for a girl the thirtieth, and for a boy the thirty-first day after birth. The baby is carried to the family temple, accompanied by its wardrobe, by the abundance of which the wealth and dignity of the father are estimated, and by a large procession of friends and servants. Last of all walks a maid servant carrying a box, which contains money for the priestess and three names on a slip of paper. These names are submitted by the priestess to the god to whom the temple is dedicated: she announces which has been selected and names the child, which she sprinkles with water.

The new member of society is then carried to several other temples—for religious exclusiveness is unknown in Japan, and the members of different sects deem it an act of courtesy to visit each other's gods and do them reverence. Lastly, it is carried to the house of the father's nearest kinsman. He gives it a bundle of hemp to spin it a long life, and various charms and relics; to these, if it is a boy, he adds two fans—to represent swords, and if a girl, a shell of paint, typical of beauty. The baby then remains free and unconfined for three years; at the expiration of that time, whether boy or girl, the clothes are confined at its waist by a girdle and it is taught to pray.

The boy receives a mantle of ceremony at seven years old, and—with appropriate religious observances—a new name. This change of name must be one of the most perplexing of Japanese customs. The boy changes his name again when he is of age; and this third name is in its turn laid by for a fourth when he obtains office—and every Japanese, unless of the very lowest rank, holds some official position. But this is not all; no official subaltern may bear the same name as his chief; so that every new appointment to a post of importance necessitates a change for all those who may happen to be namesakes of the great man.

One of the old Jesuits compiled a grammar of the Japanese language, but he declined explaining the mode of handwriting; he said that it had been "invented by the devil to perplex poor missionaries and impede the progress of the Gospel." We may make a similar remark as to this system of changing the name, which extends even to the throne. Can any mechanical contrivance make the study of Japanese history and biography possible?

But, to return to the children. It is said that children of both sexes and of all ranks are sent to elementary schools, where they learn reading and writing, and even, in spite of the obvious difficulties, acquire some knowledge of the history of their country. This education is deemed sufficient for the lower orders, and it is said that there is not even a day laborer in Japan who has not received as much as this.

Children of the upper classes leave these schools for others of a higher order, in which they are taught morals and manners; taught all the wonderful science of good-breeding in Japan, and the innumerable laws of etiquette applying to every person of all ranks and stations in the empire. Then, too, they must have a thorough knowledge of the almanac, with all its lucky and unlucky days, since it would not only be disastrous but disgracefully vulgar to marry, or take a journey, or do anything of importance on an unlucky day.

In addition to this, boys are taught arithmetic and the whole mystery of the Hari-Kari, or Happy Dispatch. This Happy Dispatch is no other than the art of disembowelling themselves. As it is, to every well-born man, the possible mode of the termination of his existence, it is necessary that he should know not only how to perform the operation gracefully, but with what ceremonies it should be accompanied, and what degree of publicity or privacy the peculiar occasion may require. Above all, he must be thoroughly well grounded in all the occasions, the causes and the situations in which the Happy Dispatch may be imperative on a gentleman and a man of honor.

Princes and all members of the higher classes ask permission to perform the Happy Dispatch when sentenced to death, and this is generally granted. The criminal, however, does not make away with himself in a quiet manner; on the con-

trary, he assembles his family and friends, puts on his richest garments, makes a most eloquent speech, and looking blandly around him, throws aside his robe, and makes the slash upwards and then across which terminates his existence.

Two high officers of the court meet on the palace stairs and jostle each other. One is a hot-tempered violent fellow, and immediately demands satisfaction for the insult. The other is cool and calm; he offers an ample apology, but declines giving any further satisfaction, as the occurrence has been purely accidental. The violent man will not, however, be appeased, and finding that he cannot provoke the other to a conflict, he suddenly draws up his robes, unsheaths his katana, and slashes himself in the prescribed manner.

The instructions received in youth have taught the survivor that in this case only one course is open to the man of honor; he must, in imitation of his adversary, disembowel himself, which he does on the spot, and so falls dying by the side of the dying man whom he had unintentionally offended.

In the year 1808 an English frigate found an entrance into the harbor of Nagasaki, and detained the Dutch who boarded her as prisoners, demanding fresh beef as their ransom. The governor of Nagasaki had no alternative; the Dutch were under his protection and must be released, so the beef was supplied. Nevertheless, his conduct would bring disgrace and ruin on himself and his family. He anticipated this and partly averted it by disembowelling himself, and his example was followed by several others in his house.

The Happy Dispatch is always performed either publicly—that is, in a solemn assembly of friends; or privately—that is, in the presence of the family circle only. It is performed in public when a man has incurred ill-will, or committed some offence which would be visited by punishment, confiscation or corruption of blood. But justice is satisfied and the punishment obviated by his self-destruction. On some occasions the Happy Dispatch is perpetuated in a temple, after a splendid entertainment given to relations, friends and the priests of the temple. When it is performed privately in the family circle it is because a man dies *may boen*, or in secret. Possibly he has held some office, and his death is concealed till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son. Or if deeply in debt he dies *may boen* for the benefit of his creditors, who receive his salary whilst he continues nominally alive.

When the necessity for the *may boen* ceases, or when a Japanese dies openly, either by the national Happy Dispatch or as a Japanese sometimes dies—in the course of nature—the first sign of mourning is the turning of all doors and screens throughout the house upside down and all garments inside out.

Leaving now the *Hari-Kari*, let us turn for a few moments to the last hours of a Japanese, the father or mother of a family, sick of some mortal disorder. When all chance of recovery is at an end and death seems to be approaching, the garments of the sick person are changed and clean ones put on; the last wishes are asked for and written down, and the deepest silence is maintained. Men at this time are tended by men, and women by women. When all is over, the relatives come to bewail the dead, and the body is carried to another place and covered with the robe worn during life, but the skirt is placed over the head and the sleeves over the feet of the corpse; its head is laid towards the north, with the face turned to the east, and the face is covered with light gauze. Screens are placed round the body to keep away cats; for the Japanese say that if a cat jumps on a corpse the dead will come to life; and there is a severe law against striking a cat with a broomstick, because, it is said, in that case the body dies again.

The son and heir of the deceased person and his family mourn in white garments; sometimes they tie up their hair with a hempen cord, and they must neither wash nor eat for three days. If they cannot fast so long, friends may give them a little moist rice.

All matters of business and ceremony are carried on by friends, as the family are supposed to be too much absorbed in sorrow to enter into any of the details and preparations required on this occasion. One friend orders the funeral: another stands at the door of the house, in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence; another superintends the digging of

the grave. This is shaped like a well, and situated in the grounds of a temple. If the deceased be married, the grave is made large enough to receive husband and wife; and on the monument bearing the name of the deceased, the name of the survivor will be engraved, to be blackened or else gilt at a future time.

A fourth friend superintends the laying out of the corpse, and, in a few days, the setting of it up. For the corpse, washed and clothed in a white shroud—for a married woman, the dress she wore at her wedding—is placed in the sitting posture of the country, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, and enclosed in an earthenware vessel of the same shape. Thus it is borne to the grave, in a procession consisting of the family and kindred in mourning garments of pure white, friends in their dress of ceremony, and servants carrying paper lanterns and torches. The ladies of the family and female friends close the procession, each in her own *norimon* or palanquin, and attended by her female servants. A funeral service is performed by the priests of the temple, and the corpse is interred to a peculiar kind of music, produced by clashing together copper basins. In former times the dead man's house was burnt—now it is merely purified by kindling a great fire before it and burning odorous oils and spices. Long ago, also, servants were buried alive with their masters; then, they were allowed to kill themselves before being buried (in both cases this was expressly stipulated when they were hired); now effigies are substituted for living men.

For forty-nine days after the funeral the family of the deceased repair daily to the tomb, where they pray and offer a peculiar kind of cake, as many in number as days have elapsed since the funeral. During this time the men allow their heads and beards to remain uncared for; but on the fiftieth day they are shaven and trimmed, all signs of mourning are laid aside, and both men and women resume their natural occupations. For half a century, however, the children and grandchildren of the deceased will continue to visit and make offerings at the tomb.

AN APPROPRIATE POSTURE.—I should mention that Etty, upon this visit, soon discovered the position in which his friend the preacher most usually sat when unoccupied, viz. with his right hand in his pocket, and his left hand on the arm of an easy chair. This is the position of the portrait, in the painting of which Etty took (as he expressed himself to several friends) an unusual interest, not only on the score of friendship, but on account of what he was pleased to call the handsome head and fine countenance of Mr. Jay, regretting that he had not taken him whilst in the act of preaching. Talking of position, Etty said to Mr. Jay: "I consider position one of the most essential things to be studied in a portrait, inasmuch as it serves to indicate the character of the man." "I quite agree with you, Etty," said Mr. Jay; "and your opinion as to position puts me in mind of the following anecdote:—An attorney, a sharp practitioner in the West of England, who had by plausibility, cunning and various artifices, accumulated a large sum of money, must needs build himself a mansion; and, as its founder, he resolved to have a full-length likeness of himself painted and hung up in the hall. He sent for a poor painter—a perfect stranger in the place—who represented him standing in a library, with one hand in his breeches pocket, and the other holding a law book. The likeness and attitude were considered extremely good; but that was not the opinion of a burly farmer who had been his client, and no doubt bled by him; for, on being asked by the painter, who had then more than half finished the portrait, what he thought of it, innocently replied that it could be improved and made more natural by altering the position; upon which the painter, who was of the same opinion as myself, asked him 'How?' to which the farmer replied:—'To make the picture natural, you must alter it. You have painted the lawyer with his hand in his own breeches pocket, when you ought to have painted it in the pocket of one of his clients.'"

As a rule destroys small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

THE BRUISED FLOWER.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

The stripping wind blew howling past,
And quivering, from the poplars tall
The whirling leaves fell thick and fast,
And eddying flew to hedge and wall
For refuge ere the rain should fall.

The drenching rain came down apace,
Down came the stinging arrowy sleet;
When Susan, with a streaming face,
With tattered gown and naked feet,
Came shivering slowly up the street:

Came battling with the driving rain,
With burning brow and bosom bare—
Shelter was proffered—pressed—"twas vain—
While spurning back her matted hair
She cried, "What shelters from despair?"

She heedless passed her birthplace by,
And staggering, ere the old church round;
Then lingering, fixed her wondering eye
A moment on a little mound—
A baby's grave—sad verdict—"drown'd!"

A traitorous tongue with flattery woo'd
And won her heart—then stole her dowry,
Her honey-dew of maidenhood:
In pain—in her extremes' hour—
He flung away the bruised flower!

The tempest ceased, the morn arose—
Men rose to glean late autumn sheaves;
And where the whispering poplar grows,
And plaintive wind perpetual grieves,
Half-buried by the withering leaves,

Lay one released from scorn—from strife;
Her cold hand clinched this scroll, which said,
"O God! forgive him in his life
As I forgive him in my death;
And, oh! forgive my sinning faith."

On last year's graves the grass is green,
And marriage-bells are gaily ringing—
A courtly knight has bridegroom been,
And all the world his praise is singing,
But close—how close the bride is clinging!

White as the snowy wreath she wears—
Her breathing quick, her step unsteady;
Haste, haste—she faints! what anguish tears
His soul? Too late! already
On Susan's grave lies dead his lady!

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

CULTURE OF THE ROSE.

It is a well-settled fact that no rose can be depended upon for growing to its character under the third season. The effect of poor culture is to make a double rose semi-double and single; and that which would be rich culture to anything else may be poor to the rose, because if it be not suitable it may as well be poor. A good stock is first of all essential. There may be strength enough in the stock to grow and bloom the kind upon it; but as the stock is at first not fairly at home, the first year is often wasted in making root enough to lay hold of the ground; and during this period the head is grown but poorly. As to blooming, there should be none allowed until the growth is vigorous, for it comes miserably poor, if at all. The second year it is more reconciled to its place, and the third may be considered a fair trial. Take the very best rose there is and grow it badly, and the result will be bad flowers.

A rose will sometimes be for several years only middling, when, if it liked the ground, it would be excellent. When, therefore, a rose plant is first obtained, all the bruised parts of the root should be at once cut away, and all the broken ends of the shoots in the ground, or root shoots, must be made entirely smooth. Then plant it the first year in good strong, fresh loam, from a pasture, if convenient; if decayed animal manure be at the bottom, so much the better, but it should not touch the roots. Nothing should be cut back of the head or bud shoot; or, if it be an established head, nothing should be

cut back until the buds swell; as soon as this is indicated, cut away clean to the tree all the branches which may have perished.

DIFFERENT STYLES OF FLOWER GARDENS.

As flower gardens are objects of pleasure, the principle which must serve as a guide in laying them out must be taste; and in flower gardens, as in other objects, there are different kinds of tastes. The great art of the designer is, having fixed on a definite style, to follow it out unmixed with other styles, or with any deviation which would interfere with the kind of taste or impression which that style is calculated to produce. This, therefore, is the leading principle in laying out such grounds.

As objects of fancy and taste, the styles of flower gardens are various. That which is most popular is a collection of irregular groups and masses, placed about the house as a medium, uniting it with the open lawn; and, where elegance of effect is aimed at, adding statues and fountains, cut trees and grassy slopes, terraces, flights of steps, &c. In some situations these characteristics may with special propriety be incorporated with the first named style, especially in flat situations, such as are enclosed by high walls, in towns and cities, or where the principal building or object is in a style of architecture which will not render such appendages inconsistent or out of place. The nicest judgment is to be brought into requisition in regard to these points, or the effect will be bad.

PROPERTIES IN FINE CARNATIONS.

The distinguishing characteristics of carnations in regard to each other, according to the most approved classification, are bizarres—scarlet, crimson, purple, and pink and purple; flakes—scarlet, purple, rose and pink. The bizarres, or such as contain two colors upon a white ground, are esteemed rather preferable to the flakes, which have but one, especially when their colors are remarkably rich and very regularly distributed.

Scarlet, purple and pink are the three colors most predominant in the carnation; the first two are seldom to be met with in the same flower, but the last two are very frequently found together. When the scarlet predominates, and is united with a pale color, or, as it sometimes happens, with a very deep purple upon a white ground, it constitutes a scarlet bizarre, of which there are many shades and varieties, some richer and others paler in their colors, as is the case with all the rest.

Pink bizarres are so called when the pink color abounds; purple bizarres when the purple abounds. Crimson bizarres consist of a deep purple and rich pink. When the pink flake is very high in color, it is known by the name of rose flake; but some are so nearly in the medium between a pink and a scarlet, that it can scarcely be defined to which class they belong. High-colored bizarres flower well in soil composed of two-thirds fresh sandy loam, and the balance well-decayed stable manure. But for scarlet, rose or purple flakes, the best soil is composed of equal parts of fresh loam and decayed manure.

THE STUDY AND CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

In mythology, many flowers and plants hold eminent stations. The histories of Narcissus, Hyacinth, Clytia, Daphne, &c., have often been the pleasing theme of poet and romancer. Daphne, it will be remembered, was changed into a laurel—the true poetic laurel, which is said to resist the lightning. Clytia was metamorphosed into that sweet flower the Peruvian heliotrope, which formerly bore her name. The word heliotrope signifies a follower of the sun, as helianthus does the sunflower.

The close examination necessary to discover the genus and species of a plant makes the cultivator of flowers acquainted with many beauties concealed from general observation, either on account of their situation or their minuteness. There is not only an endless variety before the florist's eyes, but he is continually struck with the purpose and foresight displayed in apparently trifling peculiarities. Thus at all times something new and interesting is being learned; a kind of knowledge is acquired which calls forth both admiration and gratitude; and, while it gives that conscious power which all knowledge, more or less, bestows, there is also awakened in the breast a sense of humility, by the natural comparison between the most ad-



SATAN PLAYING WITH MAN FOR HIS SOUL.

vanced human powers and the simplest works of nature. None can pursue knowledge of any kind without having their views enlarged, as well as acquiring new ideas; and it may be truly said of the culture of flowers, that it is an occupation which alike ameliorates the disposition while it refines and beautifies the mind.

NEW VARIETIES OF PINKS.

The effects of impregnation, or, in other words, of assisting nature in improving and diversifying the common pink, are among the most peculiar and interesting of floricultural phenomena. By means of this simple operation, when it is performed with care, a splendid collection of pinks may be obtained in not more than two years.

It is necessary in almost all other genera to divest the flower of its own stamina at an early stage of growth; but the pink being naturally defective in stamina, this is not requisite, so that a great many plants may be operated upon in a very short time; all that is necessary being merely to put the antheræ, which contains the pollen of the single flower, in contact with the pistil of the nearly double flower, carefully shedding some of this pollen upon it.

When seedlings thus brought forward have come into bloom they should be attentively examined, and, of the single

kinds, those only should be preserved which are found to have good color and leaf, throwing the others away in order to afford room for those selected for impregnation. This mode of operating is the best and surest means of obtaining seed that will prove good. It is better than to trust to nature, and should be practised by all lovers of fine flowers.

WINTER FLOWER PLANTS.

The months of December, January and February constitute the trying season for all plants that are kept in rooms, particularly those that are desired to have a flourishing aspect through the winter. A few general hints will, therefore, be useful to all those who are engaged in this interesting occupation, which forms such a luxury through the retired hours of a winter season, and, with but little attention, many are the beauties of floral creation that will thus be developed.

If such plants be constantly kept where there is fire, the window should be opened a few inches two or three times a day for a few minutes, thereby making the air of the apartment more congenial and adapted to the growth of the plants. There is also the matter of watering to be attended to. There are, probably, very few plants killed for want of water during winter. All that is necessary is merely to keep the soil in a moist state, that is, not to let it get so dry that the particles of earth can-

not be easily divided, nor so wet that they could be beaten to clay. The frequency of watering can be best regulated by the person doing it, as it depends entirely upon the size of the pot or jar in proportion to the plant, whether it is too little or too large, and the situation it stands in, whether moist or arid. No water should be allowed to stand in flats or saucers, except in the case of bulbs. This is too frequently practised with plants in general. Such as calla, or African lily, will do well, as water is its element; and the *hydrangea hortensis*, when in a growing state, will do admirably under such treatment. Many plants may do well for some time, but it being so contrary to their nature, premature decay follows. The foliage should be cleaned frequently with sponge and water, and the plants should often be turned, to prevent them growing to one side.

THE RANUNCULUS, AURICULA AND POLYANTHUS.

We have grouped these three fine plants together for the purpose of sketching briefly the characteristics which go to make up a superior specimen of the flowers respectively. Thus, it is indispensable for a good ranunculus to have a stem that is about eight or twelve inches high, strong enough to support the flower, and quite upright. The form of the flower should be hemispherical, not less than two inches in diameter, consisting of numerous petals gradually diminishing in size to the centre, lying over each other, so as neither to be too close nor too much separated, but having more of a perpendicular than a horizontal direction, in order to display the colors with a better effect. The petals should be broad, with entire, well-rounded edges; their colors dark, clear, rich or brilliant, either of one color or variously diversified, on a ground of ashy white, primrose, yellow or flame color, or else diversified with elegant stripes, spots or mottlings.

The requisites necessary to a fine auricula are, that the pips should be large, flat and round, with ground color equal on every side of the eye, which should be quite circular, as well as the edge. The tube should be a bright lemon yellow, perfectly round, with the anthers or thrum well filled, the eye round and large, the body color black or violet, the meal fine; the color in green-edged flowers should be a whole one, not a shaded green. The stem must be strong and sufficiently long to bear the truss above the foliage, the truss to consist of not less than five full-blown pips.

In the case of the polyanthus, the pips should be large, flat and round, with small indentures between each division of the limb, dividing the pip into heart-like segments edged with yellow; the edge and the eye ought to be of the same color; the truss to consist of not less than five full-blown pips, supported on a strong stem and standing well above the foliage.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF THE HOTHOUSE.

It is necessary at all times to be very careful of the temperature of the hothouse, and more especially at this season of the year, as even a few minutes' neglect might materially injure many of the delicate plants. The thermometer may be allowed to range between fifty-five and sixty-five degrees. In fine sunny days admit a little air by having some of the top sashes let down two or three inches, according to the weather, and let it always be done from eleven to one o'clock—but by no means in such a manner as to cause a draft in the interior of the house, which would be very prejudicial.

At this season of the year frost generally sets in very severely. Even though the day may have all the clemency of spring, yet the night may be directly the reverse. Therefore, every precaution is necessary to guard against extremes. The shutters are to be put on every night at sunset, and in severe weather as soon as the sun goes off the glass. If the shutters are omitted till late in severe frost it will so reduce the heat of the house, that the loss cannot be made up by fire until near midnight; and even when this is done the fire has had to be made more powerful than desirable, those proving ungenial to those plants that are near to the flues. The quantity of fire must be regulated by the weather; and care should be exercised not to let the temperature fall below fifty degrees.

ARTIFICIAL LAKES IN FLOWER AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

The beauty of artificial lakes in flower gardens and pleasure grounds depends greatly on their outline, and this, therefore,

is an object of indispensable attention. When they are formed in a hollow, the plan of their waters naturally assumes an outline corresponding with the original configuration of the ground, and this outline can be varied and improved by the formation of little bays, islands, &c., and by such means considerable additional effect may often be produced. If the site is on a level ground, the outline may be varied at pleasure, and any form may be adopted. It may be either broad, bending or winding, as circumstances may best indicate. In every case, however, the artificial lake should present breadth rather than length. Variety of outline and the desirable intricacy of effect may be secured in the manner already suggested; but care must be taken that the projecting masses do not obscure or destroy the breadth of surface, as is too often the case with small pieces of water. Taste and good judgment must be brought into requisition in the best manner.

FLOWERS AND THEIR MEMORIES.

A touching sentiment has consecrated certain plants and certain trees to those who have departed this life. The cypress, which elevates its black foliage like a pyramid; the weeping willow, which envelops a tomb with its pendent branches; the honeysuckle, which grows in cemeteries more beautiful and vigorously than elsewhere, and which spreads a sweet odor that almost seems to be the soul of the dead exhaling and ascending to heaven; the periwinkle, with its dark green foliage and blossoms of lapis blue, so fresh and so charming, and which is by some called the violet of the dead—all these are comprised in the class named. There are also other flowers which associate themselves with certain joys, and certain deep griefs likewise. These flowers return every year at fixed periods, like anniversaries, to repeat the many experiences of the past, of perished trust and dead hope, of which nothing more remains than that which remains of the beloved dead—a tender sadness and a melancholy which softens the heart.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

A number of rare trees and flowering plants have of late years been extensively introduced for decorating the grounds and windows. Some of the most interesting ornamental trees, however, being natives of warmer regions than the Northern States, require a peculiar management. The pawlownia is one of the finest of the newly introduced trees, but is often much cut down by winter frost at the North. If growing on rich, moist soil, its shoots become large and succulent, and are easily injured. On a deep, dry soil, and a dry sub-soil, possessing but moderate fertility, or rather sterile, its growth is slower, and the wood becomes harder and better ripened, and fitted to withstand the cold of severe winter.

Tender evergreens require different management. The great cause of injury to these is exposure to the sun's rays after severe freezings; hence protection must be mainly looked for by shelter from the sun, either under the north side of buildings or under the shade of hardier and larger evergreens. The cedar, the cedar of Lebanon, and even the araucaria may be thus injured to open exposure. The cedar of Lebanon usually grows without injury, except in extreme Northern locations, if thus shaded while young. Where the shade of buildings or of other trees cannot be had, a temporary screen made of evergreen boughs, to remain through winter and the early part of spring, will answer a good purpose. The Chili pine, or araucaria, is a tender tree, and needs not only the protection of shade, but also the dry sub-soil; on its native mountains it attains a height of one hundred and fifty feet.

THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

The breath of flowers and the incense of the garden are grateful to every lover of what is beautiful. How liberally does the jasmine dispense her odoriferous riches; how deliciously, too, does the woodbine embalm with fragrance everything that surrounds it. The air becomes all perfume—a most engaging argument certainly to forsake the bed of sloth. The many breathing sweets invite the slumberer to a feast of fragrancy, and the advancing day exhales the volatile dainties. A fugitive treat they are, prepared only for the wakeful and industrious; whereas, by the time the indolent lift their heavy eyes the flowers will have begun to droop, their fine sweets to be dissipated.

pated, and the refreshing humidity all vanished. How delightful always is this fragrance of flowers; it is distributed in the nicest proportion—neither so strong as to oppress the organs, nor so faint as to elude them. We are soon cloyed at a sumptuous banquet, but this pleasure never loses its delightsomeness. Here luxury itself is innocence, or rather, in this case, indulgence is incapable of excess. This balmy entertainment not only regales the senses, but cheers the very soul; and, instead of clogging, elates and purifies its powers.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING SHRUBS.

We give below a descriptive enumeration of some of the choicest flowering shrubs desirable in making up a collection. The tamarix gallica, or French tamarix, and the tamarix germanica, or German tamarix, are two pretty shrubs; the leaves and branches are small and slender, producing quantities of beautiful flowers, which form a very striking contrast to the other parts of the shrubbery. Persian lilac, a delicate low shrub, the flowers very abundant, and the leaves small and delicate; there are two varieties of this lilac—the white flowering and the blue or purple flowering. The Venetian sumach, sometimes called fringe tree, is a fine shrub, calculated for the centre of the clump or shrubbery; its large branches of fringe remain all the summer, and give it a curious and striking effect. Hypericum, a small but beautiful shrub, comprising several species, all natives of the Southern States, but quite hardy elsewhere; they all flower profusely in the summer, and continue for a long time; they should be planted in the front row. The double flowering peach is very beautiful in shrubberies; it blossoms early, and sometimes bears fruit, but it is cultivated entirely for its beautiful blossoms. The mountain ash is a very beautiful shrub of the largest size; the leaves are ornamental, and the flowers and fruit, which are produced in large bunches, are also beautiful.

FIDELITY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that lit up her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power.
But left her all in her wintry hour,
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh;
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

THE PRINCE ROYAL OF MADAGASCAR.

IN the course of the day I had received information that the Prince Royal would favor me with a visit; and, in the evening, punctually at the time fixed, he came, accompanied by a friend. Considering his age, then twenty-six, his appearance struck me as juvenile, but extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing, and easy in his manners. He is short in stature, but well-proportioned, with broad shoulders and ample chest. His head is small, his hair jet black and somewhat curling; his forehead slightly retreating and round; his eyes small, but clear and penetrating; his features somewhat European in cast and form; his lips full, the upper covered with a moustache, the lower projecting from the overcrowding of his teeth; his nose aquiline, and his chin slightly projecting. He wore a black dress coat and pantaloons, gold embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white cravat.

Without formality or reserve, the prince evinced no want of self-respect. He very cordially welcomed me to the country, and in a short time we all seemed to be perfectly at ease. He

asked after my home and family; and was much pleased with a picture of my house, and with portraits of some members of my family, which he said the princess his wife would like to see. I told him I had a small present which my wife herself had worked, and which I had thought of offering to the queen or some member of her family. He said the princess, his wife, would, he was sure, be much pleased with it. He spoke freely of the accounts he had heard of England, and of his esteem for the English; of his high estimate of the conduct of the English on several occasions which had been reported to him; of the character of their laws, especially in relation to human life, which he said they appeared to regard as a most sacred thing, not to be carelessly nor recklessly destroyed. He spoke of the English having often interfered to protect the weak and the injured, and to prevent wrong.

The prince also spoke of the Queen of England, of Prince Albert, and the royal children; and asked about the results of the war with Russia, as well as the alliance and friendship between England and France. I replied, that since the close of the war in the Crimea there had been peace throughout Europe, and that the existing relations of amity with France were agreeable to the people of England; adding that the English and French were such near neighbors, and had so many commercial and other interests in common, that their alliance must secure the most important advantages to both countries; while their sincere co-operation for the prosperity of other nations could not fail to prove a benefit to the whole world.

In the course of our conversation the prince asked what was the meaning of "protection," as in the case of one nation being under the protection of another nation. This kind of protection I endeavored to explain to him as well as I could as being a sort of modified sovereignty, under which, the protecting power, while leaving the people of the protected state to be governed to a certain extent by their own rulers, or forms of government, constituted itself the supreme authority, actually governing both rulers and people, to the exclusion of all other foreign influence.

The prince inquired with much earnestness whether I knew if there was any truth in the reports of an intended invasion of Madagascar by the French, of which he said there were rumors at that time in the capital. I told him I had seen something about such a thing in the public journals of Europe, but that they were in all probability only reports, and without foundation; as I did not think it likely that the French government would send troops to fight against them; and that I was sure the English cherished towards them only friendly feelings. I told him there were many statements in the newspapers in Europe, which we who were living there did not know whether to believe or not, and for which in reality there was sometimes no real foundation; adducing as an instance that I had read in a newspaper in England that he himself had become a Roman Catholic, and that an agent from himself had actually been in Rome negotiating for Roman Catholic priests to be sent to his country.

He declared there was no truth in any such statement; but added, that there was a Roman Catholic priest at the capital who had tried to persuade him to become a Roman Catholic, and had given to the princess his wife a crucifix, and to himself a silver medal, stating to them, that if they wore these on their breasts, and put confidence in the Virgin Mary, the princess would become a mother. "But," he added, "it has not proved true; my wife has no child." He then opened his vest, and showed me the silver medal suspended from his neck by a silken cord. On one side was the letter M. with the cross interwoven, and surrounded by stars; on the other side was a figure of the Virgin in relief standing with outstretched arms, and around the figure were these words: *O Marie! conçue sans péché! priez pour nous, qui avons recours à vous.* At the bottom was the date 1830. The prince said he had no wish to become a Roman Catholic; but I could not help reflecting, that had it so occurred that the princess, after wearing the crucifix, had become a mother, this might have been ascribed to the influence of the symbol, or the efficacy of the Virgin's intercession; and thus a very different effect might have been produced on their own minds, and on those of many of the people.



"JIM WAS FIGHTING DESPERATELY. HE HAD RISEN ON ONE KNEE, AND WAS USING HIS HUNTING-KNIFE."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS.

BY FELIX FALCONER.

I WAS always fond of sporting, and while I resided in the West scarcely a day would pass during the idle summer months, but I would be off either with rod or gun, intent on deadly slaughter of either the finny creatures of the lakes or the horned and antlered denizens of the prairie or the forest. The spirit of the ancient Nimrod filled me with a never-ceasing longing for the sports of the field or flood, and my mania became a bye-word among my friends. They laughed at what they were pleased to call my eccentricities or absurdities, but I bore their banter with remarkable equanimity, for I loved nature in all her aspects, in all her various and capricious moods. My heart was in her solitudes and I only seemed to breathe like a free man when I was away from the haunts of my fellow-men, and, all alone, tracking out the mysteries of her secret places. I do not despise those who are indifferent to the fascinations of field sports; but they would envy me could they for one hour feel the bounding, glowing sensation, which literally sends the blood leaping through my veins, when, with firm, elastic step, I follow on the track of the deer and hunt him down after a chase of many a mile, each step raising higher and higher the state of wild excitement which forbids me to think of weariness or fatigue. And when, with my knife at the throat of the quarry I have followed with such untiring pertinacity, I fairly shout aloud in the very excess of physical and mental excitement, I'd like any mere man to show me any vivid pleasure that can, in any way, compare with it. It is the essence of all physical enjoyments combined! But I am forgetting the adventure I started to describe.

In the autumn of 1851 I started from —, on horseback, determined to extend the area of my hunting exploits. I travelled three days, and reached at length the scene of my future operations. I put up at what they called an hotel, but which was in reality little more than a log cabin on an extensive scale. I entered into conversation with mine host and learned from him that the prospects were good, that the deer were plentiful and not over shy, and that there was a pretty smart chance of meeting with fresh bear tracks, several of those ugly customers having been sighted during the previous week or two. The news was encouraging, and made even the abominable red-eye whiskey bearable.

I was not the only guest of the tavern. Half a dozen of the roughest customers that I ever saw were seated around a red-hot stove, for the evenings had grown very chilly. They were talking but little, but they made amends for their moody silence by a profuse ejection of tobacco-tainted saliva upon the highly heated iron, which added not a little to the naturally close and ill-smelling savor of the place. As I sat apart they eyed me with sullen and unfriendly looks. Indeed so sinister were their glances, that I thought I would give them a hint that I was not altogether unprepared for an unfriendly demonstration, by carelessly and unostentatiously examining my pretty brace of six-shooters. To my sharpened senses the effect upon my dirty friends was satisfactory. It stopped their looks, but it loosened their tongues, and they began to talk in half whispers of the flash men from the cities who came there for amusement and injured their trade by making the game scarce; and threats of summary ejectment, broken heads and other pleasant consequences were bandied from one to the other with singular unanimity. One man in particular, a long, slab-sided, sinewy six-footer, who rejoiced in the euphonious nickname of Slaughtering Jim, was unpleasantly explicit as to the decided course he should pursue.

"If one of them chaps crosses my track or interferes with my game," says Slaughtering Jim, "I shan't be pertickler where I pints my rifle, and, mayhap, when the smoke clears away there'll be one fool less in the woods."

Thank you for nothing, Mister Jim, said I to myself, I'll give you a wide berth any way.

"I'm going to turn in, boys," said I, "let's take a drink."

They all took kindly to their red-eye, filling their glasses two-thirds full, and swallowing the contents raw, with the exception of Slaughtering Jim, and he refused point blank, alleging that he did not want any more. I swallowed his bearish rudeness with my red-eye and paid no further attention to the savage, but gathered my traps together and turned into as filthy a shakedown as was ever vouchsafed to a tired traveller. I slept soundly, however, and was up and ready to go to work before daybreak.

I had been out a good part of the morning without meeting with any success, when suddenly the hound which I had hired from the tavern-keeper came upon a fresh deer-track and started off in gallant style. In a moment the old excitement came upon me, and I followed the dog at a killing pace over

ground which became every moment more and more broken and heavy. But I was well seasoned, and cared nothing for a labor which would have done-up any city-bred man less inured to great physical exertion in ten minutes. On and on I went, clearing every obstacle, and striving with superhuman efforts to keep within distance of the hound's voice. After half an hour's severe travel, at the close of which all sign of dog or deer was lost utterly and completely, I arrived at the foot of what appeared to be a gorge, which, gradually rising, stretched far away back.

I felt a little winded, and I determined to rest awhile upon the numerous moss-covered rocks, which seemed to step forward and to courteously invite me to be seated. I forthwith seated myself, and began to reflect upon my future course. To go forward under the present circumstances would be evidently absurd, and to retrace my steps would avail me nothing in the way of sport. My instinct told me that, as the case stood, I had better remain where I was, and accordingly I remained.

I had hardly been seated a quarter of an hour when my attentive ear distinguished a sound afar off, and very, very faint, which I was satisfied was the baying of my hound. It grew more distinct, but very slowly, until doubt became certainty, not only that it was the dog, but that he was driving his game before, and this way too. In a moment all listlessness and fatigue had vanished, and looking to my rifle, I stationed myself in a clump of trees and awaited their approach. As the crushing of the animal through the branches became more and more distinct, my excitement grew wilder and deeper. Every nerve was strung-up like a tightened cord, and the pulsation of my heart seemed to have ceased altogether. The intensity of a life feeling seemed to have been compressed into those few minutes. At last, with one grand throb, my heart acknowledged the presence of the splendid beast as he burst through the underbrush and bounded upon the acclivity. Although I had been waiting so preparedly, the burst was so sudden and so rapid that I missed the opportunity for my favorite shot, but I planted him well in the shoulder. He staggered and shivered, but he scarcely slackened his pace. Up the ascent he rushed and I bounded after him, but I had not advanced far when I heard the sharp ring of a rifle on the other side of the rise, a little way ahead. I did not stop, but pursuing my way some two hundred yards further, stumbled right upon the dead stag lying in a somewhat open spot. I was kneeling down to examine my shot, when I was hailed by some person approaching, thus :

"You'd better let that game alone, cuss ye!"

I looked up, and at a glance recognized my slab-sided, six-foot, sinewy acquaintance of last night—Slaughtering Jim! I felt at once that I had to fight, and also that this meeting was premeditated. I measured him quietly with my eye, and came to the conclusion that, in a rough and tumble scrimmage, I had some chance, but only very little. He overtopped me six inches, his length of arm was tremendous, and he was all wiry muscle from his head to his heels. I was some in a wrestle, for I had made the development of my physical strength a constant and conscientious study. Besides, while he was bursting with suppressed rage, I was cool from the very excess of my danger. Finding that I did not answer, Slaughtering Jim, his face perfectly distorted by passion, shouted out again :

"I tell yer—you'd better let that game alone!"

"Why should I let it alone, neighbor," I said, rising up.

"Because I tell yer too."

"That's no reason at all, my man," I said (here he ground his teeth), "because I shot the deer, and therefore he's mine."

"I tell yer the game's mine, and I'll have it by G—!"

"Not so fast, if you please. I shot this deer, and here, on his right shoulder, is the mark of my ball. If you aimed at it and hit it, which I don't think likely, it must have been on his left side, and after I had given him his death. So you'll allow the deer is mine."

"I won't allow nothing of the kind, d—n yer. Don't yer cross me—my blood's up—it's best for yer to clear right out—I begin to feel ugly."

"If you feel half as ugly as you look," I replied coolly, "you must be the ugliest brute in the forest."

I had hardly uttered the words, when he sprang forward with a yell like a tiger, and clubbing his rifle, aimed at me a blow which, had I not sprung suddenly aside, would have laid me as flat as a buckwheat cake. As it was, the stock of the rifle was shivered to atoms, and before he could recover himself I dashed forward, dealt him a staggering blow on the side of his head, and clinched him. I got the advantage of him in the grip, and with limbs intertwined like the folds of serpents, we struggled for life or death. I felt certain that he was unaccustomed to wrestling, and that in that rested my only chance, but O! his clasp was tremendous. It seemed gradually compressing my ribs into my lungs. For some minutes it was a silent, deadly struggle, in which every nerve and muscle seemed of twisted iron, and each of us seemed to be striving his utmost to tie the other up into a knot, so fiercely did we sway and bend and strive and twist. He strove to fix his teeth in my cheek, but I managed to avoid it, although I could scarcely withdraw the sixteenth part of an inch beyond his reach. I could not throw him—I could not bend him, and I dare not loosen my hold, for his brute strength was so superior, that I should have stood no possible chance.

At length the tremendous strain began to tell upon us, and we staggered here and there, when by a sudden, superhuman exertion, I forced him against a good-sized rock, and over he went. He was under, however, and felt the fall terribly. Down he went, rolling over and over, still struggling fearfully, when suddenly we came to a standstill, and I felt his grasp relax. In our last roll he had struck his head a fearful blow against a jagged rock, and was stunned and bleeding fast. Staggering to my feet, I raised a heavy boulder of rock, and my first impulse was to dash his brains out. But I could not murder the man, although he had so wantonly and brutally assailed me. So I threw down the rock, and spurning him with my foot, I made my way painfully and laboriously up towards my game, for that I was determined to have at all hazards.

My first care was to reload my rifle in order to be prepared for my "slaughtering" friend, in case he recovered and endeavored to renew his attack, in which case I had determined to shoot him down like a dog. Shaken, bruised and battered,



"I RAISED A HEAVY BOULDER OF ROCK, AND MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO DASH HIS BRAINS OUT."

I had hardly completed my task, when I sunk down beside the disputed deer, overcome by weariness and exhaustion.

How long I lay in this state I do not know, but it must have been for some time, for the sun was far beyond the meridian when I awoke. But I was suddenly aroused from my lethargy by shrieks the most prolonged and agonizing I ever heard. They brought me right up to my feet, and in an instant I was wide, staringly awake, and cold and calm as death. The shrieks proceeded from the spot where I had left Slaughtering Jim, or in that direction, and continued with increasing agony of tone. In less time than it has taken to write this paragraph, I was stealing my way, rifle in hand, rapidly but cautiously to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

I had scarcely gone twenty yards when a scene of horror burst upon my sight which almost turned me into stone. There stood the poor wretch on the very spot where I had but recently left him, bleeding, and seemingly all but dead. There he stood struggling a second time for his life, but now with a more relentless foe. Slaughtering Jim was fighting a hopeless fight with a huge bear, which had found him out in his helplessness, and had claimed him as legitimate spoil. Jim was fighting valiantly and desperately. He had risen on one knee, and was using his hunting-knife vigorously but ineffectively, for the savage brute was grinding his left arm in its huge jaws, while its terrible paws were tearing his flesh through his tough leathern jacket.

All this flashed upon me in a moment, and it was a moment of terror and painful irresolution. Jim's face was towards me, and the look of agonized entre-ty that he cast upon me, as he saw me approach, dispelled all irresolution at once, and rendered my nerves as firm as the rock I stood upon. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and, as I took my deadly aim, I felt my heart bound against my ribs. In an instant I fired, and over-rolled the bear and Jim together. I rushed to the spot and found the bloody monster dead. I had sent my ball through its ear crushing into its brain, and had given it instantly its quietus. Close by lay the poor hound crushed and dead. I learned afterwards that Lion and Jim were old friends; that he had followed us in our fight, and had remained by his side, as he lay bleeding and helpless; that he had rushed forward at the approach of the bear to defend his old acquaintance. His fierce barking aroused Jim, but it did no more, for one blow from the powerful paw of Braxin settled poor Lion for ever.

I immediately gave my "slaughtering" friend every assistance in my power. He had fainted from loss of blood and his arms were horribly lacerated, and I had reason to fear that the bone of his left arm was broken. I bound up his wounds as well as my means would allow, and succeeded in staunching the wound on his head. But how to get him to the tavern I did not know. By the route I came I knew I was several miles distant. I knew, however, that I had taken a very circuitous route; so after deliberating for a time, and taking an observation of the position of the sun, and judging the bearing of the tavern, I determined to shoulder Jim and make a bee-line in what I supposed to be the direction.

I made several attempts to raise him up, but the movement seemed to cause him intense agony, for he groaned fearfully. I spoke to him in the hope that he could understand me, and explained our position, and how that it was a case of life and death, that we should reach the tavern before nightfall. He seemed to understand me, for, on my next attempt to raise him, although his sinewy frame quivered with agony, he uttered not a murmur, and with a sigh for my lost game, and another for my poor faithful Lion, I commenced my terrible task.

For some time the inequalities of the ground severely taxed Jim's heroism, and before long I knew by the dead weight that he had fainted again. I was glad of this, for I knew he would be spared some pain, and that I could use my limbs with more freedom.

I staggered on, I should think, for over two miles with this terrible burden; but the conviction became more certain every moment that I could not hold out much longer. My anxiety to save my late enemy was overwhelming and intense. Every generous feeling in my nature was aroused, and the thought

that I should have to give in was maddening. So I struggled on with weaker and more hesitating steps, but with a strong heart and indomitable purpose.

I cannot express the thrill of joy that ran like electricity through my frame, when, just as my legs were tottering helplessly under me, I heard the report of a rifle, seemingly but a short distance off. I halted and waited for the sound to die away, and then shouted and shouted again with such a will and a power, that quickly brought the owner of the rifle to my side.

It was one of Jim's companions of last night, and his astonishment was great when he saw the state of the case. Luckily he was not entirely alone. A companion was outlying close by, and one of those peculiar calls, which, on a quiet day, can be heard at an immense distance, soon brought him to our aid. We speedily constructed a litter, on which we placed poor Jim, and relieving each other from time to time, we reached the tavern after a painful march of two hours.

Of course Jim's wounds were immediately seen to. Fortunately no bones were broken, and before I turned in, I had the pleasure to see that he was pretty comfortable, and fast asleep.

There were no more black looks at me after this, and after a day or two, when Jim had somewhat recovered, he told the whole story, and how at the moment of his utmost need, when he saw me approach and stand without raising a hand, he feared that out of revenge I would quietly see him torn to pieces before my eyes, and how when I raised my rifle he fainted, with joy he thought, and how lastly he declared that he owed me his life, that he was a savage brute, and that I was a man every inch of me. Well, after that, I became a hero among these rough men, and not one of them but would have laid down his life to serve me.

I had some great hunting from this time forth, and when Jim got well enough to walk about, although he could not use his rifle, nothing could keep him from my side. And when I visited the place again several years after, I found Jim much altered in everything else but his firm, rough friendship for me.

I forgot to state that the morning after this adventure, I went with some of the boys and brought in *that* deer. I was bound to have him, and carried away my friend the bear's comfortable skin, which I have kept as a memory and a trophy ever since.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF EARLY RISING.—Lord Mansfield used to question every old man who came before him as a witness, as to whether he was given to early rising, and generally, it is said, got answers in the affirmative. An eminent living legal functionary is a very early riser, and is most methodical in all his arrangements. A proof of these valuable qualities is before us in a note from him to a tradesman in London, which is dated "5 A.M." We believe the judge regularly rises about 4 A.M., and thus gets through a vast deal of business before most people are awake. This is a feat which we suspect few men at seventy-four will be able continually to perform. The letter to which we have referred is a characteristic one. We may quote a passage: "I sympathise," he writes, "in your success, having had my own fortune to make, and the more so that my origin, like yours, is from Scotland."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL VANDAMME.—When made prisoner by the Russians, General Vandamme was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer and a murderer; adding, that no favor could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, whilst the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied, with great *sang froid*, "It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer; but at least I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father!"

Spare moments are the gold-dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the soul.

STONEHENGE.

In a family of baby Titans, whose toys were rocks of from fifty to a hundred tons each, were amusing themselves, as infants do, by building houses, just such a house as Stonehenge appears at a distance would such infants make; and, to carry the comparison further, one might fancy that, having built it up, the urchins had kicked down half of it in frolic, and abandoned it for some other game. It is not until the traveller has alighted among these startling ruins, and can lay his hand upon the huge lichen-covered blocks, that any very intelligible evidences of design are at this distance of time traceable in what remains of the original erection. He sees one mis-shapen monster pillar standing alone at some considerable distance from the rest, which he probably conjectures to have had a companion at some long-past period, and that the two together, perhaps overlapped with a third, formed the principal gateway or entrance to what the world seems agreed to consider as an old and vast druidical temple, used for purposes of worship and sacrifice by the aboriginal Britons. On turning his attention to the alleged temple itself, he finds enough yet remaining to show him that it originally consisted of an outer and inner circle of stone pillars, both inclosing two ellipses of similar pillars, all the pillars being single stones, though differing greatly in height and bulk; that the outer circle is by far the most massive and imposing, its pillars originally supporting on their tops an impost or architrave extending round the entire circle. He finds eleven of these pillars, bearing five architraves, yet standing near the supposed principal entrance, and six more in different parts of the circle. On entering within the circle, he is greeted with a congregation of cyclopean rocks, lying partly embedded in the soil, or still standing upright, through the storms and decay of thousands of years, where the builders placed them. From those which are overthrown, he sees that the upright pillars have rude projecting tenons upon their summits, and the impost has mortises hollowed for their reception, and that the parts fitted together like ball-and-socket. He will find several of the erect masses declining from the perpendicular, and one, the tallest of the whole, leaning fearfully inward, and threatening to fall and crush the smaller stones beneath.

The old legends relating to this stupendous memento, ascribe its erection to Merlin, the great British enchanter; but there is no authentic account of it until 1586, when we find mention of it in Camden, who wrote at that period. Camden does not hazard any opinion as to its builder, but confines himself to a lamentation over its decay.

He considers that they are not real stones, but merely composed of sand and some kind of cement.

Inigo Jones, writing in the reign of James I., considers that Stonehenge was a Roman temple dedicated to the service of Cælus or Uranus, from whom they imagined that all things took their rise.

Speed, about thirty years after, was of opinion that it was erected as a monumental trophy by Amelius, in memory of some of his nobles, who were slaughtered by the Saxons under Vortigern, A.D. 475.

Gibson, who flourished about 1694, gives various opinions current at the time—some regarding it as the work of the Danes, some the Phœnicians, and some as a monument to Queen Boudicca. He himself was of opinion that the structure owed its origin to the British.

In 1743 Dr. Stukely published his "Account of Stonehenge," wherein he gives the number of stones as one hundred and forty; but if this was correct many have been removed, as there are at present not more than one hundred and twenty. He regards it as a Druidical temple.

Dr. Smith (1771) thought that it was used as an astronomical temple, and built by the Druids for the observation of the heavenly bodies.

Wansey, who wrote twenty-five years later than Dr. Smith, held the same opinion, and even at our own day, one writer on it considers that it is a remnant of a monster planetarium, extending over the whole country.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare gives an account of it in his *History of South Wilts*, published about 1812; but he only bewails the

darkness which veils all ruins of this description, and does not hazard any opinion of his own on the subject.

The most startling theory which has been broached is that of Mr. H. Brown, in 1823, who held that they are antediluvian relics. He is of opinion that the present ruined state is owing to the deluge, and declares that the supposition, that it has been constructed since the flood, is perfectly monstrous!

But though the researches of the antiquary have effected next to nothing towards penetrating the mystery which envelopes both the origin and the purpose of this great rocky riddle, they may be regarded as signally successful in ascertaining what was its original form and semblance when it first stood finished from the hands of the builders; and this we shall proceed to describe as briefly as may be.

The reader must imagine a bank fifteen feet in height, carried round in a circular form, and inclosing an area of three hundred feet in diameter, and having a ditch or fosse on its outer side. At the distance of a hundred feet within the bank, and inclosing an area of a hundred feet in diameter, stood the outer circle of stones, thirty in number, about fourteen feet high, seven feet broad, and three feet thick each; some of them, however, were taller than others, because the summits of all were on the same level, though the ground on which they stood was lower in some places than in others. Upon the level summits lay the huge blocks, which formed a continuous impost round the entire circle, each block resting its two ends upon two of the pillars, and each pillar, of course, supporting the ends of two blocks, and gripping them fast by means of its penetrating tenon. The whole of these stones appear to have been squared to shape by the axe.

Within this outer circle, and at a distance of about eight feet from it, was another circle of stones, of a different kind, standing singly without imposts, and not more than seven feet in height. These appear to have been so arranged as that each one formed a sort of screen, preventing the spectator who stood outside the temple, and beyond the limits of the bank or vallum, from having a perfect view of what was going on within the temple. Within the second circle, and opposite the principal entrance, stood five several groups of pillars, arranged in the form of an ellipse. Each group consisted of six single stones—two gigantic pillars crowned with an impost, and three small stones of from seven to eight feet high, standing in front of them. Of these groups, the one fronting the entrance was much the largest, the pillars bearing an impost, thence called triliths, being more than twenty-one feet in height. On the ground, near the centre of the upper arc of the ellipse, and in front of the principal trilith, and its attendant smaller pillars, lay a large flat stone four feet broad by sixteen feet long, which is supposed to have been used as an altar.

The above, with a few unimportant additions, appears to have formed the whole of the original temple; but from the circumstance of stones being found standing near the surrounding bank, Mr. Brown conjectured that these also at one period formed part of a circle, surrounding at a distance of nearly a hundred feet the entire structure; this conjecture, whether true or false, does not affect the justice of the description above given.

The temple was approached by an avenue, the direction of which is yet traceable, and is moreover marked by the single pillar known as the "Friar's Heel," probably forming part of a gateway or entrance, standing aloof from the building. It is situated one hundred feet outside the inclosing bank or fosse.

LACEMAKING IN ENGLAND.

In the pleasant rural villages so thickly scattered through the counties of Bedford, Buckingham, Kent, and other southern shires, very picturesque groups of lacemakers may be seen, seated either under the shade of some tree or within the door of the cottage of one of the workers, where, although the furniture is not of the most costly workmanship, the dwelling yet bears a cheerful look from its cleanness, and in the summer from the bright flowers which usually adorn it. Lace is one of the few fabrics in which a superiority is still maintained by

hand over steam power, and a short account of the process of making it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

The lace is made on a pillow stuffed with straw and raised on a stool about four feet above the ground, and being generally of some attractive color, forms one of the chief ornaments to the cottages where the manufacture is carried on.

The pattern is stencilled on to the pillow through perforated parchment, and on the quality of the design the beauty of the lace mainly depends.

The thread used is of a peculiar description, and is remarkably fine and strong. This is wound by a very simple contrivance on to sticks called bobbins, about the size of a common

with the wondrous accounts of things beyond sea, narrated to her by her boys, all of whom had met with a watery grave.

The cotton being wound on the bobbins, small pins are stuck in the cushion at various points in the pattern, and around these the cotton is made to pass by a series of quick movements.

Although, at first sight, there may appear some difficulty in the art, yet it may easily be mastered by patience and perseverance, which are indeed the qualities most required in a lace-maker; for after watching the movements of the maker for upwards of an hour not much more than a square inch of lace

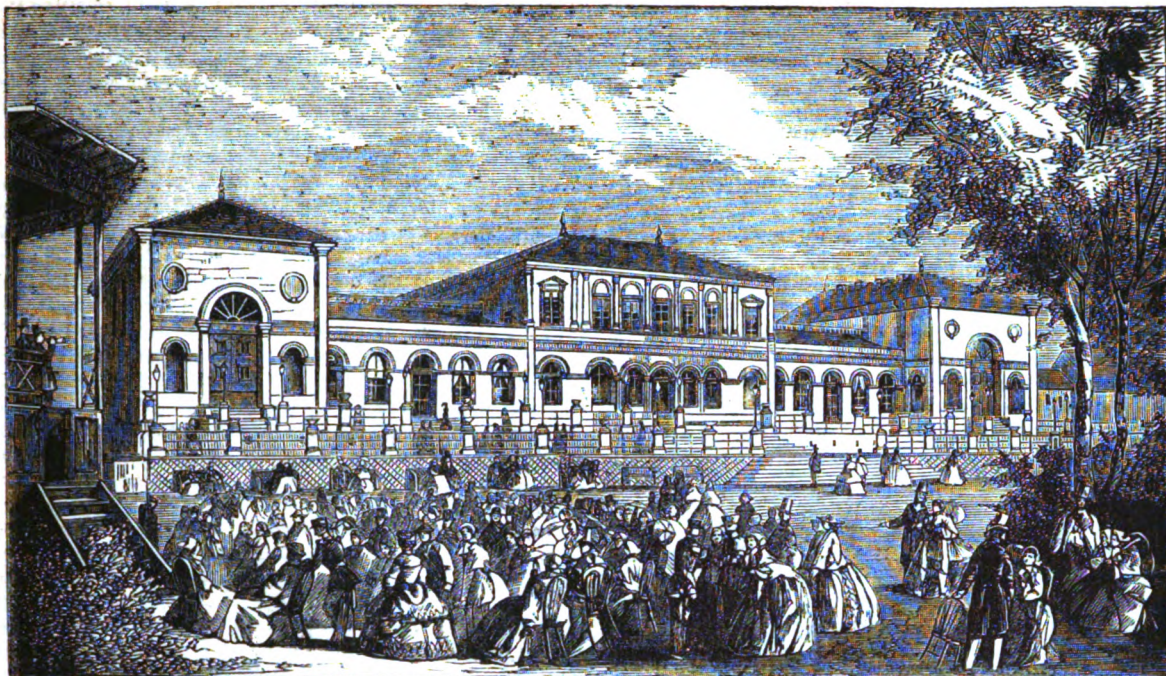


LACEMAKING IN ENGLAND.

black lead pencil. These bobbins are weighted at the end opposite to the thread with glass beads, old coins and keepsakes of different kinds, for the purpose of preventing entanglement and facilitating the movements of the bobbins.

A great deal of fancy is displayed in the workmanship of these bobbins; many of them having been handed down from one generation to another, and many are the stories which some old ladies can recall to mind on the prompting of these mute relics of the past. One old lady we can especially remember, whose bobbins were ornamented with foreign coins, brought home by her sailor sons, used to while away many an hour

can be seen. The remuneration is very small, about twelve cents the day being the full amount that can be earned, and notwithstanding the present demand for lace for ladies' dresses and the increase in the price of thread, wages have not improved. The hand lace is at present immensely superior to the machine made article, but the great progress now being made in the construction of machinery leads us to believe, that before many years are past the lace pillow will, like the spinning wheel and many similar things well known to our ancestors, pass away and be numbered amongst the things that have been.



THE KURSAAL, HOMBOURG, FROM THE GARDENS.

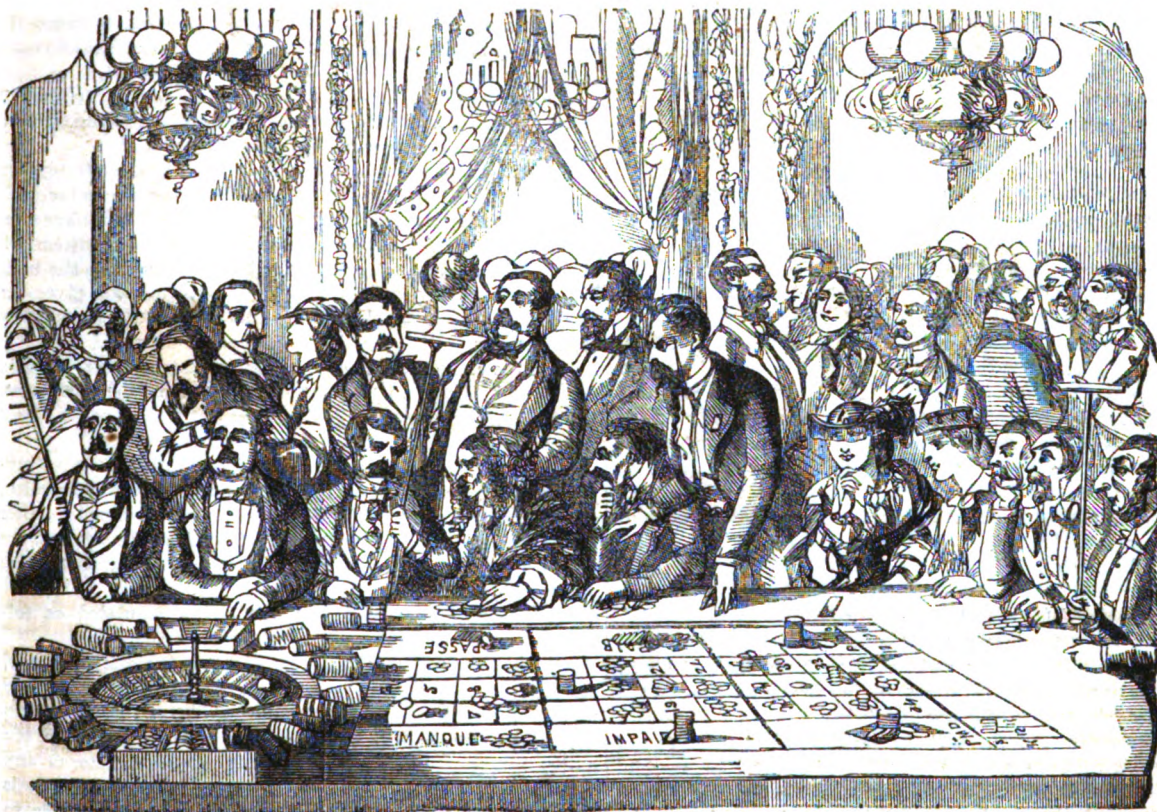
"FAITES LE JEU, MESSIEURS!"

HOMBOURG-VON-DER-HÖHE we find, on reference to our Gazetteer, to be a pleasant town containing some 4,500 inhabitants, and the same authority also states that a stocking manufactory flourishes in the place; but in our notice we will ignore that fact, and, after giving some little account of the place itself, confine ourselves chiefly to the advantages (or disadvantages) which it offers to the pleasure-seeker.

Hombourg, then, lies in a fertile plain a few miles to the north-west of Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the Landgraviate of Hesse Hombourg, of which it is the metropolis.

In close propinquity to the town there is, as in every other German town, an ancient castle, which at present is inhabited by the Landgrave of Hesse Hombourg aforesaid.

This castle is the reputed handiwork of the Romans, who have also left a circumvallated camp and many other interesting remains in the neighborhood. Its history commences some-



THE ROULETTE TABLE, KURSAAL, HOMBOURG.

where about the twelfth century, at which period the Counts of Hanau are said to have disposed of it to Goltrey of Eppstein.

A.D. fourteen hundred and something, Hombourg was "sold again" for nineteen thousand gold florins to the Count of Hanau; and about a hundred years afterwards, during the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, it fell under the sovereignty of Hesse. The Kaiser "enfeoffed" Wilhelm II. as Landgraf of Hesse, and the feof was confirmed by the Diet of Worms. In 1518, Philip the Magnanimous inherited the whole of "Hessia"—superb patrimony! could "all the Russias" equal it in magnificence and extent?—and in the next century the little fief of Hombourg became a matter of bitter contention between the houses of Hanau, Eppstein, Hombourg, and Hesse-Darmstadt. Indeed the Katzenellbogens even are said to have put in a claim at last; but the Hombourgers proper had the best of it, and the honor of seeing their town and castle sacked, first by the imperialists, and next by the Swedes, during the thirty years war. Since then a succession of Ludwigs, Friedrichs, Karls and Wilhelms have reigned as Landgrafs over Hombourg. The sovereignty, indeed, suffered a temporary eclipse during the wars of Napoleon the Great, that distinguished promoter of "order at home" and of anarchy abroad, who quite snuffed out, temporarily, Landgrave Friedrich V., in 1806. The lackland Landgrave had to doze about Europe, one of the then large community of insolvent sovereigns, till the Congress of Vienna, which proved itself so remarkably liberal in giving away what didn't belong to it, confirmed him in the full possession of his ancient rights, adding thereto, by way of bonus, the province of Meisenheimer beyond the Rhine. The grapes, however, grown at Meisenheimer did not prove to be of very first-rate quality, and the wine made therefrom has never commanded an extraordinary price in the market. The present Landgrave rejoices in the appellations of Ferdinand-Heinrich-Friedrich. He has been an Austrian field-marshal lieutenant, and fought in Italy. He has never been married; he is seventy-four years old; and at his death the principality of Hesse-Hombourg, and the suzerainty of the Feldsburg, the Schloss and the Kursaal, will revert to the house of Hesse-Darmstadt.

But dropping this part of the subject, and merely observing, *en passant*, that the town does not differ in the least from the stereotyped descriptions of German watering-places, which have already been forced upon the public, *ad nauseam*; we will rush at once into the very centre of our subject, and "make our game" while we may.

The "Kursaal," of which we engrave a view, is the grand place of resort, and is nightly filled with a motley crowd of visitors from all parts of the civilized globe. Russian boyards, Wallachian waywodes, and Moldavian hospodars; Servian kaimakans, Montenegrin protospathaires, Bulgari in Bey-oglous, Turkish pachas, effendis, naiks and reis (strict fact, all in their national costume, consisting of ill-made European clothes, patent leather boots, white kids and red fezcs with blue tassels, which [the former] make them look like poppies in a field of corn); Tartar khans and Livonin Ritterschaft-Herren; North German counts and barons *ad infinitum*; Lubbeck and Bremen burgomasters and ship-chandlers; Dantzic spruce merchants; Berlin glovers; stalwart Austrian and Prussian lifeguardsmen; French marquises, viscounts and chevaliers of industry and of idleness; New York stockbrokers and dry goods importers; New Orleans and South Carolina sugar and cotton planters; West Indian creoles, shivering in the genial autumnal sunshine; swarthy Spanish dons, from old and new Spain, livid, as to their finger nails, with the *sangre azul*, and smoking paper cigars eternally; vivacious Swedes—the Frenchmen of the north, those blue-eyed, hospitable, courteous, much-bowing Swedes; sententious Danes; gesticulating Italians; silent and expectorating Dutchmen; and last, though not least, either in numbers or physical form, the travelling representatives of the great British families of Jones and Smith.

In the Kursaal is the ball or concert room, at either end of which is a gallery, supported by pillars of composition marble. The floors are inlaid, and immense mirrors in sumptuous frames are hung on the walls. Vice can see her own image all over the establishment. The ceiling is superbly decorated with bas-reliefs in *carton pierre*—like those in Mr. Barry's new Covent Garden

Theatre; and fresco paintings, executed by Viotti of Milan and Conti of Munich; while the whole is lighted up by enormous and gorgeous chandeliers. The apartment to the right is called the *Saal Japanese*, and is used as a dining-room for a monster *table d'hôte* held twice a day, and served by the famous Chevet of Paris. When we say that this room is more splendid in its decorations (the work of Belgian artists) than the great *salle à manger* of the Hotel du Louvre at Paris, you may form some idea of its magnificence. There is a sumptuous reading-room, furnished with luxurious settees covered with crimson velvet, warmly carpeted, and on whose inlaid tables lie the chief newspapers and periodicals of the civilised world, from the *Ruski Invalide* to the *Daily Telegraph* of London; for censorship does not exist at Hombourg-von-der-Ilöhe, and so long as you do not inveigh against the Kursaal, you may say anything, politically or socially, that pleases you. The administration would advertise in, and subscribe to, a journal edited by the Prince of Darkness, if they thought it was extensively circulated, and that their patrons wished to see it lying on the table. Indeed, we don't know but that they would be rather pleased than otherwise to give their old crony and auxiliary a lift. There is a huge Café Olympique for smoking and imbibing purposes—private cabinets for parties; the monster saloons, and two smaller ones, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night, Sundays not excepted, all the year round, and year after year—the "administration" have yet a *jouissance* of eighty-five years to run out, guaranteed by the incoming dynasty of Hesse-Darmstadt—knaves and fools, from almost every corner of the world, gamble at the ingenious and amusing games of "Roulette," and "Rouge et Noir," otherwise "Trente et Quarante."

In the main "saal" there is one long table, covered with tightly stretched green cloth like a billiard table, having in its midst a circular pit, shelving inwards towards the bottom, which contains the roulette wheel; a revolving disc, turning with an accurate momentum on a brass pillar, and divided at its outer edge into thirty-seven narrow and shallow pigeon-hole compartments, colored alternately red and black, and numbered—not consecutively—up to thirty-six. The last is a blank, and stands for Zero, number nothing. Round the upper edge, too, run a series of little brass hoops or bridges, to cause the ball to hop and saip, and not fall at once into the nearest compartment.

The banker sits in front of this wheel, having on each side of him a man armed with a wooden rake, these are the "croupiers," or payers and receivers of money.

We will suppose the officials duly placed, the strong box opened, and all the places round filled by the excited crowd, anxious for the commencement of the game. The banker cries aloud, "*Faites le jeu, messieurs!*" (Make your game, gentlemen!) though he might as well mention "ladies" as well, as the table is generally pretty well sprinkled with them, and gives the wheel a dexterous twirl, casting into its vortex immediately after an ivory ball.

Then the excitement commences in earnest. Stakes are laid down and bets made, the moment being one of intense interest, till the banker exclaims, "*Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus,*" after which it is useless to lay down more money.

The wheel having stopped and the ivory ball found a resting-place, the banker, in the same calm and imperturbable voice, announces the result. Then the croupiers commence their labors, and the rakes go busily to work until all the winners are paid, and all the spoils gathered in, when the same things are enacted over again.

The chances of winning and losing are regulated as follows:

The green-baize first offers just thirty-six square compartments, marked out by yellow threads woven in the fabric itself, and bearing thirty-six consecutive numbers. If you place a florin (one and eightpence, no lower stake is permitted), or ten florins, or a Napoleon, or an English five pound note, or any sum of money not exceeding the maximum whose multiple is the highest stake which the bank, if it loses, can be made to pay, in the midst of compartment twenty-nine, and if the banker, in that calm voice of his, has declared that twenty-

nine has become the resting-place of the ball, the croupier will push towards you with his rake exactly thirty-three times the amount of your stake, whatever it might have been; you must bear in mind, however, that the bank's loss on a single stake is limited to eight thousand francs. Moreover, if you have placed another sum of money in the compartment inscribed, in legible yellow colors, "Impair," or odd, you will receive the equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being an odd number. If you have placed a coin on *passé* you will also receive this additional equivalent to your stake; twenty-nine being past the Rubicon or middle of the table of numbers—eighteen. Again, if you have ventured your money in a compartment bearing for device a lozenge in outline, which represents black, and twenty-nine being black number, you will again pocket a double stake, that is, one in addition to your original venture. More, and more still, if you have risked money on the columns—that is, betted on the number turning up corresponding with some number in one of the columns of the tabular schedule, and have selected the right column—you have your own stake and two others; if you have betted on either of these three eventualities, *douze premier*, *douze milieu*, or *douze dernier*, otherwise first dozen, middle dozen, or last dozen, as one to twelve, thirteen to twenty-four, twenty-five to thirty-six, all inclusive, and have chanced to select *douze dernier*, the division in which No. 29 occurs, you also obtain a tieble stake—namely, your own and two more which the bank pay you: your florin or your five-pound note—benign fact!—metamorphosed into three. But woe to the wight who shall have ventured on the number "eight," on the "red" color (compartment with a crimson lozenge), on "even," and on "not past" the Rubicon; for twenty-nine does not comply with any one of these conditions. He loses, and his money is coolly swept away from him by the croupier's rake.

There are many other chances, but all, in the end, have the same effect—i. e., to transfer your cash from your own pockets to the strong-box of the banker, and ultimately, in smaller quantities, to the treasury of the Landgrave of Hombourg, who levies a tax on all gambling tables in his dominions. That some men have won, and won largely, cannot be denied; but in every hundred that risks money at the gaming table, ninety rise from their seats poorer than when they sat down, and many—very many—have cause to regret the hour when the demon of avarice or excitement drew them into his clutches.

Many an English youth, fresh from a public school, or perhaps spending his "long" at these "sinks of iniquity," has been enticed into venturing "just a five," and has been led on and on, until his once fair patrimony is irretrievably mortgaged, and his own bright future clouded for ever.

The young men are naturally more "wide awake," and not likely to yield to that description of temptation; but there come amongst them who think it incumbent on them to plunge into every amusement, no matter how vicious, nor how costly it is obtained.

With reference to the gambling saloons, we would recommend such young men to bear in mind this short line,

"Juvenc pertam spes et fortuna valet."

POWER OF THE MOON IN INDIA.—We returned home by moonlight. In India the nights are always beautiful; but when the moon is at the full they are particularly so. She seems nearer the earth in the tropics than in Europe, and certainly has more power and influence—especially in fevers—the invalid generally suffering more at certain seasons of the moon's phases. I have heard persons affirm that sitting, bare-headed, by moonlight, in the open air, they have felt the heat of the moon on their heads. But, be this as it may, she is glorious here. By her light the flowers seem to be of silver, and those parts of the shining foliage of trees which catch her rays appear dotted with pearls.

If a man all his life long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think this may be an atonement for his neglect. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educatest thy child well.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

I was sitting in my three-pair back one evening, a short time after I had passed my examination (sitting at home, by the way, was rather an unusual proceeding with me in those days), when I fell into what persons of poetic temperament denominate a "reverie," the effect of which was to concentrate my gaze upon the polished knob of the poker, which reclined in a lazy attitude upon the fender immediately in front of me, and the subject of which was the readiest means by which I might insure annually, in the exercise of my profession, a sufficient amount of the circulating medium to enable me to fill my stomach, cover my back, and leave a small overplus for contingencies.

I was a young man at the period I speak of, numbering twenty-one years, perhaps; my memory is somewhat treacherous, and the fact itself unimportant, otherwise than in operating as an apology for a very foolish step, which my inexperience in the ways of the world led me at this time to take.

Sitting in my three-pair back, in the manner before described, I cudgelled my brains (there wasn't much of them to cudgel, I believe), for a good two hours in the endeavor to hit upon some plan which should be at once feasible, tolerably lucrative, and open to instant adoption. At last I fixed one; it was to instal myself forthwith in furnished lodgings in some genteel quarter of the metropolis (happy in a combination of salubrity and commerce, central in its situation and within a moderate distance of the theatres), and there located, to keep up a constant and sharp look-out for professional windfalls, or anything else in the emolument line that might turn up.

It was in the joyous month of November, at half-past nine o'clock p.m., that this brilliant idea first dawned upon my mind. I proceeded at once to carry it into execution, and a few days afterwards found myself the occupant of a tolerably comfortable lodging, situate in a small street turning out of the Strand.

Here, then, I set about establishing myself without loss of time, and through the medium of a moderately large room on the first floor front, and an immoderately large brass plate, which a satisfactory pecuniary negotiation between Mr. Jenks (the landlord) and myself, enabled me to affix to the street-door, endeavored to get up something like an appearance of business. I was successful even beyond my expectations, that is, as far as appearance was concerned; but, for anything further, it was a total failure.

Appearance there was, business there was not—it wouldn't come; and fortune—although I wooed that weathercock goddess through the instrumentality of a brazen night bell and a super-elaborate knocker of the same gorgeous metal—spurned these delicate attentions and ignored my blandishments.

There exist many benighted individuals (rather lower in the scale of intellect, I should say, than the native Aztec, or the native oyster, which is much about the same thing) who have a weakness on the subject of appearance, who teach themselves to regard it as a *sine quid non*—a sort of passenger train upon the hazardous line of life, failing which it is morally impossible for any one to reach the terminus of prosperity: others, more moderate in their notions, and a trifle more modest in the expression of them, opine that appearance, although it may not be everything, certainly does go a very great way in the world, and is of vast assistance to any unlucky wight who may be dodging about in search of fortune.

Now, I most vehemently assert (and I am prepared to stand by such assertion) that appearance amounts to just nothing at all. My own experience (and a bitter one it has been, I can assure you) has taught me that it is neither more nor less than a humbug—a disgusting double-faced swindler—diddling you into the silly belief that the world at large is to be deceived by outward show, and at the same time closing your eyes to the lamentable fact that the fabric of which it is composed is of so flimsy and transparent a character, as to enable every shallow pate that looks upon it readily to penetrate the disguise. It never was a friend to me; on the contrary, I have, on many occasions, proved it to be my bitterest enemy.

At my very outset in life, appearance was dead against me, and fate seemed to be following in its footsteps. Boxed up in

my lodging, like a hermit in his cell, I was known of none; the eye of the passer-by wandered not in the direction of my door-plate, nor lingered to read the inscription of "Eusebius Boffy, Surgeon," engraven thereon. A hollow world, rushing up and down in highways and byeways for its daily bread, or seeking pleasure in its various halls of dazling light, recked not of my existence, nor sought my aid. My knocker was never raised by the hand of suffering, and my night-bell was as useless to me as would be a pack of cards to an untutored pig.

I began, in time, to regard the brazen appendage last aforesaid, in conjunction with my knocker, also aforesaid, as a bitter mockery—a wild absurdity—a metal satire—and I never looked at it, on entering or going out of the house, without experiencing an overwhelming desire to wrench it bodily from its socket, and hurl it at the head of the unsuspecting foot passenger, in sheer disgust at its uselessness.

As day after day and week after week rolled by, and nothing either pharmaceutical or surgical came of it, the gilding (if I may so express it), bit by bit, chipped off my spirits, and I sank imperceptibly into a morbid state of mind, which induced me to pass my evenings at home, and to beguile the dreary hours in the joint occupation of smoking my pipe and defying destiny.

One evening, about a year subsequent to my removal into my new quarters, a certain Tom Spriggs (then a student at "Guy's," and an ancient friend of mine), successful in discovering my "*Ætium pars conducta*," from the loquacious landlady of the house where I had formerly sojourned, routed me out of my place of concealment (throwing me into a violent trepidation, from the hopeful idea, crushed in its birth, that his loud quadruple knock was the precursor of a patient), and very much against my inclination persisted in dragging me off to Drury-lane Theatre, to witness the performance of a new piece, which was that very night to be presented to an expectant world for the first time.

It was about six o'clock when we started; and ten minutes over that time found us at the pit entrance of the Thespian temple. Here we experienced to its fullest extent the scuffling and squeezing, the elbowing and screeching, male and female, which necessarily accompanies the attempt of some two hundred or so of anxious individuals to force themselves simultaneously through an aperture at which it was intended only one should enter at a time; and this trifling inconvenience surmounted and ourselves seated, Tom Spriggs begged (somewhat unnecessarily) to call my attention to the combined smell of carbon, rotten apples, oranges submitted to a process of hasty glutition, and compressed play-goers, which saluted our olfactory nerves on the instant of our entrance, and continued to exhale from the pit and gallery during the performance.

We witnessed a five-act tragedy and a one-act farce, with proper sentiments of delight (my friend throwing out occasionally such stray criticisms as he deemed necessary to impress the by-sitters with a proper notion of his appreciation of the drama), and having waited till the curtain fell at the conclusion of the last piece, and the theatre had "thinned a little," as Tom Spriggs observed, we made the best of our way to a neighboring supper-room, whereat, meeting with sundry choice spirits favorably known to Tom, we got rid of a couple of hours in the pleasant occupation of eating and drinking, and as the clock in Covent Garden Market struck two, we shook hands and parted.

It was a bitter night, and a badly-disposed wind was abroad, and an ill-natured rain was driving before it, as I threaded the deserted streets on my way home.

The pavements and roadways shone like a vast mirror; and acting up to their assumed character, reflected below their surfaces truthful images of dismal wayfarers, with their boots to the pavement and their heads in space, and portrayed other objects in a similarly inverted fashion. I needn't animadvert on the relief I experienced at finding myself once more within my own lodging, with the weather on the wrong side of the street door, the comfortable knowledge of a French bed before me, and the process of disrobing for the enjoyment of that luxury all but accomplished.

Full of the events of an evening which, with the foregoing

exceptions, had been so pleasantly spent, I put my nightcap on my head, an extinguisher on my "short-dip," and plunged between the sheets.

I should say that I had not been asleep more than half an hour when I was aroused by a loud and continuous knocking at my chamber door—a startling, peremptory sort of knocking—which occasioned me to leap out of bed, under the influence of a vague feeling of dismay, such as one always experiences on being suddenly aroused from a deep sleep. Hastily throwing on a few clothes, I opened the door and inquired—Who was there? and what was the matter?

It was my landlord, Mr. Jenks, with a sputtering candle and a very pale face.

"For God's sake, sir," said he, "lose no time in coming down stairs. There is a poor woman below in the greatest distress about her husband, who, it appears, is lying at the point of death. Hearing a violent ringing of your night-bell about five minutes since, and finding you did not answer it, I went myself and opened the street door. A half-clad, miserable object, shivering with the cold and faint with terror, was huddled up on the steps outside. At first I was rather taken aback, sir—I may say, rather alarmed—although not naturally a timid man. Coming fresh out of bed, and a first sleep, you see, one's faculties are not quite so clear as they should be; and at the first blush of the thing I couldn't, for the life of me, make out what was concealed under the mere bundle of rags, upon which the flickering light of my candle fell. However, the mystery was soon explained, for the next instant a woman's voice greeted me and a woman's form met my eye, as with a wild ringing of her upraised hands, and a low sob of agony, she rose, staggering, from the wet stones on which she had been sitting. Catching her breath painfully as she spoke, she told me that it was her who had pulled the bell, and if I pleased was there not a doctor living here. I answered, Yes, there was. Then would the gentleman go with her at once to her husband—her dear husband—who was very, very ill—dying, she feared. It was but a short distance from here—not more than a stone's throw. For the love of God would not the gentleman come?"

"Placing the poor creature in one of the hall chairs—for she was so overcome by her extremity of grief and agitation as to be all but insensible—I strove to soothe her as well as I could with a few hurried expressions of encouragement, and then left her to hasten your assistance. But I am afraid it is a bad case, sir; they are evidently wretchedly poor, and her husband's disease may be traced to a very common origin—that of starvation."

Putting on my hat and coat in a dreamy manner, and motioning to the landlord to lead the way, I followed his wavering figure into the hall, where the woman was sitting. She rose hurriedly as I approached her, and throwing back the long, tangled mass of black hair, which the wind had swept, in careless luxuriance, across her face, she disclosed to my view the countenance of a woman apparently not more than twenty years of age.

A comely creature she might have been—heaven help her!—if care (sad to be found in one so young) had not defiled her form and features with its ugly stamp. There is no more ruthless destroyer of the beauty of God's handiwork than the evil visitant I speak of. In her—poor soul!—it made itself fearfully apparent. The emaciated, sallow face—the crouching, tremulous figure—the feeble, purposeless hands—all these bore truthful testimony to its presence; and had they lacked voice, there was the restless motion of the eye, sunken and dull—the convulsive twitching of the thin lips—the pinched nose, the hollow cheek, the seamed brow, the slatternly air, above all, to proclaim, with fatal eloquence, how well it had performed its task and how great the change it had wrought. Involuntarily, I thought, as I looked upon this woman, standing before me pre-eminent in her rags and misery—of eyes bright and full, of lips plump and rosy, of cheeks dimpled and fair, of a form symmetrical, and of a presence lightsome and full of buoyant grace; and I saw all these, through the hideous garb which misery had clothed her in, as plainly as if they had been actually before me.

With the passing away of the momentary excitement, occasioned by my abrupt entrance, came a feeling of shame, induced by the sudden remembrance of her wretched and deplorable appearance—came doubt and despair at the thought that her errand might prove an unavailing one; and she wept long and bitterly, overcome by that deep grief which has no voice save in tears.

"Come, come, my poor girl," said I, soothingly; "it will never do for you to give way thus. Mr. Jenks (this worthy gentleman here) has told me all about it. You must keep up a stout heart, hope for the best, and be firm in the trust that a wise Providence, who has laid this heavy affliction upon you, will remove the burden in his own good time. It needs not to say, how ready I am to assist you to the utmost of my poor abilities; enough, if I tell you that every moment lost in idle delay must necessarily lessen the chance of your husband's recovery, and may perhaps, in the end, altogether destroy it!"

In such homely phrase as this did I seek to calm her distress, and desiring Mr. Jenks not to wait up for me, as I probably should be absent a long time, I bade that worthy householder good night, and led the poor creature with gentle force towards the door. She placed her hand timidly upon my sleeve as we passed out into the street together, and continued to hold me in that manner, with a gentle grasp, till we reached the spot where her husband lay. I remarked at the time that her hand was singularly small and delicate; and I knew, by the simple action I have mentioned, she would have me see how earnest was her trust and confidence in me; and how she felt that (failing my presence) the shield, which haply might have warded off the threatening shaft of the unerring and unrelenting marksman Death, would not have been there to avert the blow.

After threading two or three streets, we stopped before a dirty, unpainted door at the further end of a narrow court, and my companion tapped at it with her knuckles. In answer to her timid knock, a rather stout, and unquestionably dirty female made her appearance, and compressing herself against the wall into as small a space as her bulk permitted, made way for us to pass by her up the narrow and creaking stairs.

The room in which the sick man lay was at the top of the house, and as I entered, breathing short and quick from my hurried ascent, I could but notice the wretched appearance it presented, in its utter destitution, not only of the comforts, but of the commonest necessities of life. Myself and my forlorn pioneer, the invalid, the worn-out mattress on which he lay, one maimed elbow chair (evidently a very old campaigner), and two bird-cages, with their voiceless tenants, which hung on either side of the window, making up the sum total of its contents, excepting only an old deal work-bench, with crooked legs, and a large wooden vice screwed to either end of it, suggestive in its general appearance of an *Ichthyosaurus*, or some such antediluvian production—an important article, however, when I mention it as the chief accessory to the existence (it was but an existence, Heaven knows) of these poor people. The man, as I learnt afterwards, was a mechanic, a working jeweller, if I remember rightly, and it was upon the surface of this rude affair of ill-joined boards that the choicest articles of *bijouterie*, trinkets and gewgaws of every description were begun and perfected.

From a cursory examination of the place, and of the meagre show of furniture it held, my eyes wandered once again in the direction of the sick man, riveted in an instant by the ghastly expression that displayed itself in his haggard, unshorn face, and in his filmed eyes turned so mindlessly upon the ceiling of the room. A sudden and overwhelming feeling of dread took possession of me (I was inexperienced in such matters then), and involuntarily approaching the bed, I turned back the coverlet and placed my hand upon his breast; there was a feeble pulse beneath to answer me, a fluttering uneven throb, a warning voice that told me his worldly sojourn was fast drawing to a close.

"Has your husband had no advice?" I asked, as I turned away horrorstruck at what was, after all, but a confirmation of my former fears.

"None, sir," replied the woman, with a suppressed sob of agony. "We could not afford the expense of a doctor, and

William was blamefully proud in his notions (God forgive me for saying it, and he so near his end), and hated the very name of charity. Besides, we neither of us thought that his illness was likely to prove so bad as it has done, sir; we supposed that it would go away as it had come. William was never any friend to doctors, always believing that he knew a great deal more about his own constitution than any one could tell him; so he went on, from bad to worse, sir, till at last I grew frightened about him, and wished him to go into the hospital, but he wouldn't—God help him—he wouldn't go; and—oh, what—what shall I ever do if he leaves me?"

Another burst of half-checked tears, a quick concealment of the face with her thin hands, and then again the quiet careworn look returned.

"How long a time is it since your husband was first taken ill?" I inquired, when I perceived that she was sufficiently calm to answer the question.

"About three months, sir. It came on with a slight cold and cough; the cold leaving him after a while, but the cough increasing perceptibly. At last it became almost incessant; and he used to laugh and say very often, poor fellow, that he didn't think his bosom friend (meaning his cough, sir) would ever desert him. One evening, about a fortnight ago, he was sitting up in bed, sipping a little gruel which Mrs. Sercum (the person who opened the door to us to-night, sir) had kindly sent him up, when he was attacked, all in a minute, by a violent fit of vomiting, and threw up a great quantity of blood. He continued to do this at intervals, all night, and when morning came, and found him no better, I was so seriously alarmed that I resolved to go out at once in search of assistance. I might have spared the thought, sir; he saw me putting on my bonnet and shawl, and at once guessing my errand (Heaven knows how), worked himself into such a dreadful state of excitement that I was glad to sit down by him again, and endeavor, as well as I was able, to restore him to something like calmness. Since then he has rapidly grown worse, and is now, I fear, beyond the reach of earthly skill. I have heard say that consideration for the feelings of those placed in a situation similar to my own, will often deter a doctor from giving his true opinion of a bad case like my husband's; but let no such thought as this influence you, sir. Tell me the worst—keep nothing from me. Indeed, indeed I am able to bear the truth, however bitter it may be."

I was silent.

"For pity's sake, tell me, sir, do you think he will ever recover?"

I took one of her small wasted hands in mine, and looked steadfastly into her large wild eyes, as I answered—lowering my voice unconsciously to that subdued tone in which one speaks in the chambers of the sick—

"Listen!"

It was an unnecessary word. His hard, stertorous breathing might have been heard at the bottom of the house. I had not the heart to deceive so much true womanly love, so much strong affection, as met me in the earnest gaze she fixed upon my face—and I felt that it would have been criminal to have done so, even had I possessed the power. I therefore said, speaking in the same low voice:

"My poor girl, it would be as vain for me to strive to conceal the truth from you, as it would be wicked in me to buoy you up with hopes which can only end in disappointment. An awful messenger will soon be here, before whom one should never lie. Do you catch my meaning? I speak of the universal gatherer of souls—Death! Let us await his coming with fortitude and resignation, that we may be the better prepared to acknowledge his presence, meekly and with reverence, as the trusty servants whom our Father in Heaven has appointed to do His will on earth."

I checked the cry of despair that was rising to her lips, as I pointed to the sick man. His loud breathing had now ceased, and he appeared to be making some faint signs for his wife to approach him. In an instant she was by his side, with her ear to his parted lips, and her arms passed gently about his neck. He wished to be turned towards the window, through which the early morning was now breaking, yellow, dank and misty.

I drew up into a corner of the room to watch the proceedings of the man and woman. She was bending over him, with her face to his, and I heard them whisper together for a long time—he speaking faintly and laboriously, she more earnestly, but in no less faint a tone. After a little space I observed her take from his finger a gold signet ring; and presently, rising from her seat on the bed, she came towards me, and placed the trinket I have mentioned in my hand. Trembling very much, her eyes wet with tears, her thin lips quivering as she said:

"It is my dear husband's wish, sir, that I should give you this. It was my first present to him long and long before we were married, and for this reason he has never parted with it; he never would have parted with it—heaven bless him!—under any other circumstances than the present. It was with this ring he sealed that dear letter which made us husband and wife. Little did I then think that his honest, manly avowal of his love for me, and his proposal that we should be united, would be the harbinger of so much unhappiness and misfortune."

I made a motion with my hand, as though I would have waived its acceptance, but she repulsed it so earnestly that, fearful of hurting her feelings by a continued refusal, I was content to retain it in my hand, as I said, by way of stipulation—

"If I take your gift, it will only be as a remembrancer hereafter (if such be necessary) of a time when I learnt more than one useful lesson, and acknowledged more than one harsh truth."

I drew the ring upon my finger as I spoke, kissing it reverently in the act.

"His wish also, that I should ask you (if it would not be taking too great a liberty, sir,) to read to him a chapter from the Bible. He thinks it would comfort him very much."

Taking from her the little thumb-marked volume she held towards me, I seated myself, without another word, by the dying man, and fixing upon the sixth song of David, I began, "O, Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger! neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O, Lord! for I am weak. O, Lord, heal me! for my bones are vexed. My soul is also sore vexed; but Thou, O, Lord! how long—?"

An answer came in the loud cry which burst at this moment from the woman's lips—a loud, sharp, sudden cry, which made the chamber ring again, and thrilled through the length and breadth of the sleeping house, like a bell of warning. I closed the Book with nervous fingers, as I turned towards the bed, for the worst and best that could happen was my instant thought. It was even as I had anticipated—a momentary spasm passed over the sick man's face, like the quick flitting of a cloud athwart the sky; his eyes filmed, his jaw fell, and he was sick no longer. The trusty servant of God was in the room, and in such melancholy signs as these made known his presence, and mutely, but unmistakably, proclaimed the fulfilment of his allotted task. Dead—stone dead!

"He has forsaken us," said I, in answer to the poor creature's glance of inquiring agony, "to inhabit a purer sphere."

My words passed unheeded. With a passionate outpouring of despair she cast herself upon the soulless body of her husband, and lay there with her arms close fettering his rigid form—her lips pressed convulsively upon his own—her heart beating tumultuously against the pulseless one beneath it, unwilling to believe in death.

Feeling that I could do no further good by remaining, and indeed, that my longer presence would be but an unseemly intrusion on her grief, I deposited as much money as my limited means could afford (some few shillings) upon the bed beside her, and noiselessly left the house.

The clock of St. Mary-le-Strand struck seven as I turned into the foggy street, homeward bound; and it fell with a dull clang upon my ear, like a solemn knell for the departed soul, leaving a vibration strong and clear upon my mind, long after its voice had ceased. Walking dreamily along the silent streets to my lodgings at this hour of the morning, I was another guess person to the care-for-naught, roystering spirit, who had sought his down pillow only five hours previously, half fuddled, and

wholly reckless of everything and everybody, yet believing himself to be the most ill-used fellow in existence, and his case the most hopeless under the sun. These feelings had happily vanished, to make way for a better set of thoughts; and I may say, with truth—though the phrase be somewhat hackneyed—that I became from that time forth a sadder and a wiser man: learning that noblest art of self-defence, the way to parry the hard buffetings of fortune, or to receive them, when they could not be avoided, in a sturdy spirit.

THE PIPERS' MATCH—HOW FOURTEEN PIPERS PLAYED FOR THE PRIZE OF THE PIPERS' FIELD AT FIFE, 1540.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

O THERE was Bob the weaver's son;
Mad Jock the dusty miller;
Daft Wat the witless, baxter born;
Black Rob, a laird with siller;
Red Ranting Tom of Cupar town,
With Sandie Jim the ranger—
Not many played as droll a tune,
And never a lad a stranger.

Mad Jock began to screw his pipes
With grim determination,
As Tom struck up a pibroch tune
With scotting exultation.
Then Sandie Jim blaw out the bag,
And his bull chest inflated;
His chanter's nasal squeak and twang
Proved he was not o'er-rated.

They played "Get up" (what didn't they play?)
"The auld Wife's tapsalteerie,"
"The Laird's Farewell," "Gude night to a',"
And "Eh, the Gloaming's eerie!"
"The Blood Red Feather Willie wore,"
"The Landlord's Strapping Daughter,"
"The Blackbird's Song," "The Bonny Wren,"
And "The White Rose over the Water."

"Doo!leum Dyke," "The Tappet Hen,
"The Droning Dreary Weaver,"
"The Broad-knot that my Jennie gave,"
"The Douglas and the Reiver,"
"The Merry Bells of Old Dundee,"
"The Deil and Simple Sanders,"
"My Love is like the red red Rose,"
And "The Fusiliers' March through Flanders."

The old wives sat around and spun,
Their wheels raced through a chorus;
The old men, reeking pipe in mouth,
Cried, "Eh, the Lord who's o'er us!"
The children ran and leaped for joy,
The gruntners set up squeaking;
They stopped the dominie's harangue,
And drowned the bethrill's speaking.

'Twas morning when the pipes began,
'Twas stark night when they ended;
I trow that many a bag next day
Had need to be amended.
All through noonday the fun went on,
Still getting hot and faster;
For every piper knew his art—
Not one but was a master.

Each player wore a wreath of leaves,
A crown extemporaneous;
Each squeezed his tawny swelling bag,
The chanter blew spontaneous.
The fourteen pipers played their best
(Yes, two were undertakers);
The man who played the others down
Would win the Forty Acres.

If fourteen pigs were running mad
With fourteen butchers after,
Such would have been the sob and drone,
The squeaks and eldritch laughter.
O up and down the silver keys
Went with a lively rattle,
That drowned the gossip's noisy clack,
And all the children's prattle!

"Hey, Kettle Dee," the pipers played,
And "The Bush aboon Traquair;"
"My Wife was a bonny wee thing," air,
"With the bowknot in her hair;"
"The Bruce's Death," and "Dumbiedykes;"
"O, Down among the Barley!"
"The Mermaid's Ballad," "Caller Hoo!"
And "The Bonnie House o' Airlie."

Their voluntarios—eh, the likes
Were never heard in Heaven;
They'd play just now as soft as birds,
Then blazon out like seven;
They'd bray and hiss, and snort and squeak,
Then sham a wild bull roaring,
And all at once roar up like larks
Through April's sun-showers pouring.

Quick thin and fat the bladder bags
Grew every fitful minute;
There wasn't one but you had thought
A devil yelled within it;
A hiss and spurt, and jerk and groan,
And then a blarney screaming,
Wild sounds as of a kelpie dance
Heard in a sick man's dreaming.

You've maybe heard the wedding tune
When in the bride comes pacing,
And galloping each after each
The merry notes are racing;
You've heard the harvest dancer's song
As midnight's growing ripper—
Double the noise, and you'll conceive
The tumult of the piper.

How every foot went up and down,
As in the knees were turning!
The swollen cheeks squeezed up the eyes—
You'd think the keys were burning,
So quick the whistling and the drone,
So quick the touch and go, sir,
As on they played, till out the moon
Seemed all at once to blow, sir.

With music-drunk, their giddy heads
Saw all the steeples reeling;
The floor, the wall, the stools spun round,
And like a wheel the ceiling;
A witch's dance, the high-backed chairs,
The drawers and oaken table;
The great round world was on the spin,
And everything un-stable.

The torrent leapt down sixty feet
To hear their "Maggie Lauder;"
The rows of fir trees in the glen,
To the tune of "Over the Border,"
Moved up in rank; and all the fish
Within the brook's sweet bendings
Sprang in the air to hear the jigs
That circled without endings.

The air grew dark with every witch
That had a horse to ride;
They ringed the moon with eldritch croon,
And yelled and screeched and cried;
Auld Nickie Ben was at their head,
Upon a he-goat straddling;
A witch's broomstick is a nag
That isn't long a-saddling.

The Brownies stole out from the barns,
And left their flail and shovel;
The leper, tearing rags to strips,
Laughed from his lonely hovel;
The fairies, like a diamond wheel,
Spun round their mushroom tables,
Calling their bonny nags the bats
From the rat-haunted gables.

'Twas Bob the weaver drookit first,
His tune began to flutter;
Then Watty dropped his tiring arm,
And curses 'gan to mutter;
'Twas quite a sig'it when Ranger Jim
Threw down his gold-laced beaver,
And cried, "The devil take the laird,
The baxter, and the weaver!"

A thousand reels they blew away,
Strathspeys and Tullochgorums,
Farewells and jigs and pibroch tunes,
With all their variorums.

'Twas not till Sol had quite burned out
That Rob the laird gave over;
Then Ranting Tom blew out his bags,
And struck up "Jock's in Clover."

He tied a ribbon crimson red
Unto his silver chanter,
And round and round the Pipers' Field
He strutted—O the ranter!
They led him home, and on his way,
The hills of Kintock over,
He played the golden moon adown
To the tune of "Jock's in Clover."

THE GUANA—AUSTRALIAN FEAST.

THERE are several varieties of this reptile in Australia, but that which is most common is from four to six feet in length, and from about a foot and a half to two feet across the broadest part of the back, with a rough dark skin enlivened by yellow spots. Although perfectly harmless, as far as the human race are concerned, this huge lizard is a terrible foe to the smaller quadrupeds—opossums, bandicoots, kangaroo-rats, &c.—on which it preys. It is very destructive also among hen-roosts, and often takes up its quarters in the vicinity of a farm-house, for the convenience of supping on the hens and their eggs.

The guana is much sought for and esteemed by the blacks as an article of food, and is frequently presented as a great delicacy to the young 'gins.' By the settlers it is not often eaten, owing to the natural feeling of dislike which is created by its form and habits. Those, however, who do not entertain these feelings, or are able to overcome them, find the flesh of the creature really excellent. It is not unlike that of a rabbit, to which, in flavor, it is fully equal, and eats best when stewed or curried.

The guana usually lives in trees, and, on the approach of man, it invariably makes off with great alacrity, scrambling rapidly up the nearest trunk; but it is easily brought down by a shot.

Captain Keppel tell us, that while out on a shooting excursion at Port Essington, he observed a native plucking the feathers off a goose: while so employed, his eye caught the tip-end of the tail of an iguana, an animal of the lizard kind about four feet long, which was creeping up the opposite side of a tree. He tossed the goose, without further preparation, on to the fire, and ascended the tree as easily as Jack would run up the well rattled-rigging of a man-of-war. He almost immediately returned with the poor animal struggling in his scientific grasp. It was the work of a minute to secure it to a stick of about the same length as itself to prevent its running away, when it was made to change places with the goose, which, being warm through, was considered to be sufficiently done. The whole goose he devoured, making no bones, but spitting out the feathers. Then came the iguana's turn, which, although less tender, was not the less relished. It appeared to require great muscular strength to detach the flesh from the skin. The operation being finished, he lay down to sleep. His wife having sprinkled him with dirt to keep the flies off, was proceeding to eat the skin of the iguana, when the arrival of some more geese offered her a more satisfactory repast.

The iguana is, I believe, the *Talagowa* of the natives of Ceylon—the *Monitor terrestre d' Egypte* of M. Cuvier. The Indian monitor (*Monitor dracana*, Gray) is found in great abundance in all the maritime provinces of Ceylon. The natives are partial to its flesh. Dr. Kelart states that he once tasted some excellent soup made from a tender guana, which was not unlike hare soup. At Trincomalee they are hunted down by dogs, and sold in the market for sixpence each. They feed on the smaller reptiles and insects, and measure, when large, four feet five inches. Despite its repulsive appearance, the iguana is eagerly hunted for food by the natives of Africa, Australia, America and Asia.

The eggs of the guana are another article deserving the attention of gourmands. One of these lizards sometimes contains as many as fourscore eggs. These are about the size of a pigeon's egg, with a very soft shell, which contains only a very small quantity of the albumen. The yoke, unlike that of other eggs, does not become hard and dry when boiled, but is soft and melting as marrow.



SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS GATHERING THE JUICE OF THE CAOUTCHOUC TREE.

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INDIAN RUBBER, OR CAOUTCHOUC.

GENERAL as is the use of that invaluable substance, Indian rubber, its origin is nevertheless very little understood. Caoutchouc, sometimes called gum-elastic, and also, from the fact of its removing pencil marks from paper, Indian rubber—is the coagulated sap of a great variety of trees growing within the tropics. The most prolific kind is that which bears the name of *Siphonia Cahuchu*. This tree affords the best commercial article, and grows in Central and South America. Besides the vast forests which cover immense regions in Brazil, New Granada, Guatemala, &c., the islands of the East Indian Archipelago produce abundant supplies, and hence the elastic gum was first brought into Europe, thus acquiring the name of Indian rubber. It was not until the discovery of its existence in America was made, that it received the name of caoutchouc, a French corruption of the native word *cauchu* or *caucho*, by which it is still known to the South Americans and the Spaniards. The article was introduced into Europe early in the last century; but its origin was not known until M. de la Condamine and his colleagues of the French Academy visited South America in 1736.

In order to obtain caoutchouc, the trees which produce it are pierced in the rainy season, upon which a thick juice of a yel-

lowish white color exudes, which becomes darker by exposure to the air. If this juice be kept in well-corked bottles, it may be preserved some time without undergoing much change, and it has been imported in this state; but however perfectly the atmosphere may be excluded, it will ultimately solidify. Heat coagulates the juice, and separates the caoutchouc; alcohol and acids produce the same effect. If exposed to the air in thin films it soon dries, losing from one-third to one-half its weight, and leaving caoutchouc of the usual appearance.

By the natives of South America it is applied in successive coats to the surface of clay models of bottles and of animals, and dried over fires, the smoke of which communicates to it a dark color. While the caoutchouc is still soft, various lines are drawn upon it with a blunt tool, which remain permanently impressed. When the whole has become dry, the clay is crushed and shaken out of the bottles.

The most remarkable quality of caoutchouc is its elasticity, which exceeds that of any known substance. Cold and quiescence render it hard and rigid; but warmth speedily restores its elasticity. If a slip of this substance be softened by immersion in hot water, it may be extended to seven or eight times its length, and will again contract to very near its original dimensions.

The great variety of purposes to which its elasticity and im-



THE CAOUTCHOUC TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

perviousness to water and air have occasioned its application, are too numerous and familiar to need to be particularized.

The filature of caoutchouc, for the manufacture of elastic fabrics, such as cloth, cord, tape, braces, &c., is an important and rapidly increasing branch of European and domestic industry. Several patents have been taken out with reference to this operation, but the main principle is the same in all of them; namely, that of reducing it to threads, either by means of a steel edge acting on the bottle caoutchouc in a compressed form, or on a wooden mandril or cylinder which is made to revolve rapidly. In this operation it is necessary to allow a stream of water to trickle over the blades, in order to prevent the collusion which would otherwise ensue. In this manner a thread is produced so small that five thousand yards weigh but one pound.

The natives of South America have long been in the habit of making water-proof boots of caoutchouc, and by infusing cloth in the milky juice of the *hevea*, have rendered it impervious to moisture. The great extent of its employment in various branches of manufacture is shown by the quantity exported from Para alone, which, in 1854, was over 3,680,000 of pounds. There were also exported from Para, in the same year, 116,465 pairs of caoutchouc shoes.

Caoutchouc, as an article of commerce, was first introduced into this country about thirty-eight years ago, in the very acceptable shape of overshoes. In 1828 Boston imported five hundred pairs of these shoes, and, in 1825, Mr. Thomas C. Wales of that city first offered to public notice the original Para overshoe, in its rough and unfinished state, just as it was manufactured by the natives of that country. This shoe was without any opposition in the market of the United States, from the year 1825 to the time when American perseverance and ingenuity presented to the public the "Goodyear patent shoe."

About the year 1832 the celebrated Roxbury India Rubber Company was founded, together with many others having the same object in view; but in consequence of certain difficulties experienced in its manufacture, nearly all of the companies failed, and large sums of money were consequently lost; and it was not until the year 1831, when the secret of vulcanizing India rubber was discovered by Goodyear, that the original native shoe was lowered in the public esteem.

At present Indian rubber, and the cognate substance, gutta-percha, bid fair to supersede many other articles hitherto used in manufactures. We need not enumerate the multitudinous uses to which the invaluable juice is put; there is not one of our readers who is unfamiliar with the substance in a thousand forms.

A WORLD WITHOUT GLASS.

THINK what would go with the manufacture of glass! All our sciences and half our civilization; the beauty of our homes, the the luxury of our lives, chemistry, physiology, electricity, astronomy, and every other guide and teacher of humanity, down to the pretty airs and graces, taught her by her mirrors, of our youngest and most fascinating coquette. We should be literally beggars in the world of mind if we lost the art of melting sand and flint together, and running out transparent slabs of common unregarded glass. We should get on better with the loss even of textile fabrics than with the loss of glass; but, indeed, these two represent the hands of civilization, without which but very little would be done in the world, and that little very badly. Civilization reduced to iron hooks would never learn to use them with grace or profit.

Every day glass is turned to some new account. Glass rooms for sea-flowers and fishes, wherein they can bloom and live far away from their great mother; glass homes for mountain ferns, where they may grow and flourish in the midst of London smoke and the eternal eclipse at Manchester; glass houses for rare exotics, and for rarer birds; glass cases for preserved curiosities of nature, which the air must not touch, and which man must inquisitively study; glass registers of heat and rain, of the power of sunshine and the depth of the fall; glass specula, whereby the moon may be mapped out, and the sun brought near-

er to the knowledge of man; whereby the nebulae are resolved into their perfect systems, and comets are dethroned from their place of flaming executioners and heavenly messengers of wrath, which they used to hold, to be received as the youngest children of science; whereby, too, life is yielding up its mysteries, one by one, and the wonderful secrets of nature are being plucked from her with such toil and difficulty; glass for the dainty lady's toilette, for the rough-armed workman's shop, for the philosopher's quiet study, and for the experimentalizer's hard-wrung successes; glass for the palace, and glass for the cottage; glass everywhere in this crowding, busy life of ours, which, without glass, would have very little order or organization in it.

What should we do without it? Conceive, for instance, a poor blundering creature, with round, prominent, helpless eyes, blinking and winking at the blurred objects which stand him instead of trees, and stones, and human beings; what would he be without glass—that is, without spectacles or *lorgnettes*? How he would stumble along through life, one endless mass of mortifying mistakes, the butt of all his friends, and his own tormentor! How men got on without spectacles, when spectacles were not, passes our present undertaking. It is to be supposed that there were short-sighted men in olden time. Don Quixote, we should say, was short-sighted; so were most of the gentlemen who found themselves—by enchantment, of course—compromised with damsels so fair to view in the dusk, and so hideous in the dawn. Nero, as we have seen, was confessedly short-sighted, but he had the help of what they chose to call an emerald lens, though we know it was only a bit of green glass, dignified by Latin magniloquence; others, also, must have been of the miserable race of myopes. And what would they not all have given for a pair of spectacles.

Then fancy, too, oiled paper against the windows, instead of those large delicious plates which seem to give a veritable lustre to the landscape; but oiled paper was once the only "glazing," known, and even that was not granted to serfs or villeins. In other countries they used, instead of paper, thin laminae of talc, which gave a shimmering, semi-opaque, dirty pauc, as bad a medium as dirty water would be, through which nothing was seen in fit perspective, and nothing in natural colors. Windows alone ought to make us daily and hourly grateful for the "behavior of flint" under amalgamation and a furnace. It would be impossible to enumerate half the blessings of glass. Let any one try to count them, and he will be surprised at their infinite ramifications. They run and spread themselves all through our life, and are mixed up with every action and every pleasure of our existence. Our religious rites and our state ceremonies, our balls and our fêtes, our health, the blessed healing in our hospitals, the adornment of our homes, the lamps in our streets, and the beacon on the rocks—all are connected, more or less, with these varied blessings of glass, without which we should be flung back to the most miserable barrenness and disorder.

We forget what we should be without these daily goods, which have become so much matters of course with us that we have ceased to think of their origin, or to contemplate their loss. But when we place ourselves apart, and in imagination fashion out our lives denuded of our old familiar wealth, we then understand its value better, and see more clearly what benefits science, art and industry have wrung from nature for the good of man.

THERE'S a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satiric smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.

DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house, drily remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

MILTON, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but I daresay you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

THE VIRTUES OF THE OYSTER.

From the earliest ages to the present, the oyster has enjoyed a reputation that has endured through revolutions and the overthrow of empires; time could not destroy it, for whatever is useful and beneficial to humanity will be always revered. We know that Franklin, who was only acquainted with the useful, preferred a turkey to an eagle, and assuredly no one could blame him for it. So much is decided, that the oyster is a species of food combining the most precious alimentary qualities. Its meat is soft, firm and delicate. It has sufficient flavor to please the taste, but not enough to excite to surfeit, or attain that frightful limit of the gastronome, "it is too much."

Through a quality peculiar to itself it favors the intestinal and gastric absorption, mixing easily with other food, and assimilating with the juices of the stomach it aids and favors the digestive functions. There is no alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, which does not produce indigestion under certain given circumstances, but oysters never. This is a homage due to them. They may be eaten to-day, to-morrow, for ever, in profusion; indigestion is not to be feared, and we may be certain that no doctor was ever called in through their fault. It is said that the celebrated Dr. Hecquet used to embrace cooks through sheer gratitude, but it could not have been on account of oysters. Of course we except cooked oysters; but this is only an exception which confirms the general rule, for where should we find the barbarian that would eat them? Besides their valuable digestive qualities, oysters supply a recipe not to be despised in the liquor they contain. It is produced by the sea water they have swallowed, but which, having been digested, has lost the peculiar bitterness of salt water. The oyster water is limpid, and slightly saline in taste. Far from being purgative, like sea water, it promotes digestion. Some physicians have endowed it with a multitude of extraordinary properties, none of which it possesses, however. It has been compared to the waters of Vichy and Plombières; but this is chimerical. They only thing certain is, that the water in the oysters keeps them fresh, prolongs their life for some time, until it is destroyed in our stomachs, or until the oyster has been transformed into a portion of ourselves.

As for the condiments to be eaten with oysters, tastes differ; true amateurs eat them as nature has made them, for they fear the loss of their exquisite flavor. Some persons, however, prefer a little pepper and lemon juice, which destroys any purgative effect they may possess, and which some highly-susceptible stomachs suffer from. It is a moot point whether milk promotes the digestibility of oysters; at any rate it does not require a beggar's stomach to digest the mollusc.

SOMETHING ABOUT LIGHTNING.

Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burst through the pine tree roof—here burst and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood-screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture;
Then broke the thunder—*—DROVING.*

THERE can be little question that many of the brilliant scientific, æsthetic and mechanical inventions which are deservedly considered as the glory of later civilization, were by no means so unknown to the philosophers of antiquity as our modern vanity sometimes lead us to imagine. Be this as it may, we have at least no unreasonable grounds for believing that some of the properties of that mighty agent, the electric fluid, were familiar in bygone ages to those remote and forgotten students whose costly dyes and spiced sepulchral secrets are lost to us for ever. It is stated by Pliny that the Etruscans had power to call down the lightning from heaven and direct it according to their pleasure. Numa may have possessed the same secret; and Tullus Hostilius, who is said to have been killed by lightning while performing magical ceremonies in his house, fell a victim, in all probability, to his own imprudence or want of skill in conducting the dangerous fluid—thus anticipating by nearly 1,400 years, those dangerous experiments which, in 1757, crowned the labors of the Abbé Chappe, by bringing the fire from hea-

ven into his chamber at Tobolsk, and in 1753 fatally terminated the career of Professor Richmann in his own dwelling at St. Petersburg.

Valuable as such a record would have been, it is to be lamented that the literature of Greece should touch so casually upon this subject, and upon the precautions employed by the ancients against lightning and tempest. Herodotus, in the ninety-fourth chapter of his Fourth Book, states that the Thracians menaced the thunder cloud with arrows, and combated the dread artillery of Heaven. We also know that the Greeks, as well as the Romans, regarded the subtle fluid as the sacred minister of the gods; but here our information terminates. With regard to the Romans, we are more fortunate, and both Pliny and Suetonius have much to tell us. Persons killed by lightning were supposed to have called down upon themselves the special indignation of Heaven, and were buried in unfrequented places, lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence. Indeed, we learn that in some instances they were suffered to lie where they fell, without receiving any interment whatever, so great and so profound was the horror in which they were held. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning was hedged in and avoided, under the belief that Jupiter had either set upon it the mark of his displeasure, or appropriated it as sacred to himself. Such enclosures were called *bidental*, and it was unlawful for any man to approach them.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder-storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated further than two yards into the earth. Acting upon this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of his palace whenever a tempest was feared; and it is recorded by Suetonius, that he always wore the skin of a seal round his body, as a protection against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing, needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electrical currents remain the same. With regard to seal-skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that in the neighborhood of the Mount Cevennes, in Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies are known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Laboissiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors.

THE FISH-MARKET AT CORFU—Let us cast a glance on those shiny baskets where congregate the cheaper piscatorium of the poor. "Strange things come up to look at us;" thick-bodied and spider-legged, frilled with spikes, and bearded with suckers, scrambling and squattering, goggling and fidgetting; imps of gluten, that sting and bite, and pinch and spit, and yet, despite of all, are bought and swallowed sauceless, after frying alive on the charcoal. Among them the least disreputable appears the cuttle-fish, one species of which peculiarly interested me on account of his human affinities. When trifled with, he defies you with ink; a bag of which he cherishes in his heart of hearts, and draws the stopper with a pop.

Soon after Whitfield landed in Boston, on his second visit to this country, he and Dr. Chauncey met in the street, and, touching their hats with courteous dignity bowed to each other. "So you have returned, Dr. Whitfield, have you?" He replied: "Yes, reverend sir, in the service of the Lord." "I am sorry to hear it," said Chauncey. "So is the Devil!" was the answer given, as the two divines, stepping aside at a distance from each other, touched their hats and passed on.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE slow degrees by which the language of Shakespeare has progressed from the rude strength of the days of Harold to that of Chaucer, can only be properly appreciated by taking some well-known composition, and tracing its changes age by age. As a literary curiosity we give the alterations made in the Lord's Prayer, prefixing to them a Gothic translation:

I. GOTHIC: A. D. 360.

Atta unsar, thu in himinam;
 Weihnai namo thein;
 Quimai thiudenassus theins;
 Wairthai wiljah theins sue in himina, jah ana airthai.
 Hlaif unsarana thana sinteinan gif uns himmadaga,
 Jah aflet uns thatci skulans sijaima, swaswe jah weis afletam
 thaim skulam unsaraim,
 Ja ni briggas uns in fraistubnjai,
 Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin,
 Unta theina ist thiudangardi jah mahts, jah wultus; in aiwins.
 Amen.

II. EARLY CLASSIC: ANGLO SAXON.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
 Si thin nama gehalgod;
 To-becume thin Rice;
 Gewordhe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa on Heofenum.
 Urne ge dagwamlican Hlaf syle us to-dag;
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas swa swa we forgyfadh urum Gylten-
 dum;
 And ne gelade thu us on Costnunge;
 Ac alys us of Yfe. Sothlice.

III. ANGLO SAXON: A. D. 875.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
 Si thin Nama gehalgod;
 To-becume thin Rice;
 Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa on Heofenum;
 Urne ge daghwamlican Hlaf syle us to dag;
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath urum Gylten-
 dum;
 And ne geladde thu on Cosnunge;
 Ac alyse us af Yfe.

IV. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 880.

Fader uren, thu arth in Heofnum,
 Si gehalgud Noma thin;
 To cymeth Ric thin;
 Sie Willo thin suae is in Heafne and in Eortha.
 Hlaf usenne of wistlic sel us to dag;
 And fergef us Scylda usna, sua, we fergefon Scyldgum usum;
 And ne inlad usih in Costunge;
 Uh gefrig usich from Yfe.

V. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 900.

Thu ure Fader, the eart on Heofenum,
 Si thin Nama gehalgod;
 Cume thin Rice;
 Si thin Willa on Eortha, swa swa on Heofenum;
 Syle us to Dag urne to dagwamlican Hlaf;
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath thaim the with
 us agyltath;
 And ne lad thu na us on Costnunge;
 Ac alys us fram Yfe. Sih it swa.

VI. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT 900; ANOTHER VERSION.

Fader unser se the is on Heofnum,
 Gihalhod bith Noma thin;
 To cymeth Rice thin;
 Sie Willa thin sie swa on Heafne and on Heorthis;
 Hlaf usenne daghwamlice sel us to Dage;
 And forgef us Synne use swa fastlice and ec we forgefias egh-
 welce Scyldde user;
 And ne usih on lad thu in Costnunge;
 Ah afrai usih from Yfe.

VII. ENGLISH OR SEMI-SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 1160.

Ure Fader, thu the on Heofene eart,
 Syo thin Name gehaleged;

To cume thin Rice,
 Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on Eorthe;
 Syle us to Daig urne daighwamliche Hlaf;
 And forgyf us ure Geltes, swa we forgyfath aelcen thare the with
 us agylteth;
 And ne lad thu un on Costnunge;
 Ac alys us fram Yfe.

VIII. ENGLISH: 1200—1300.

Oure Fader that art in Hevenes,
 Halewid be thin Name;
 Thy kingdom come;
 To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Erthe.
 Gyff to us this Day our Brede over other substance;
 And forgive to us our Dettis, as forgyuen to oure Dettours;
 And lede us not into Temptatioun;
 But Delyue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so be it.

IX. WICLIFF'S VERSION: 1370.

Our Fadyr, that art in Heavenes,
 Halloed be thy Name;
 Thy kingdom come to;
 Be thy Will done in Eerthe as in Hevene;
 Geue to us this Day our Bread, over other substance;
 And forgif to us our Dettis, as we forgyuen to our Dettours.
 And lede us not into Temptation;
 But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

X. A. D. 1430.

Oure Fadir, that art in Hevenis,
 Halewid be thi name;
 Thi kingdom come to thee;
 Be thy Will done in Eerth as in Hevene;
 Glue us this day oure Breed over othre substance;
 And forgive to us oure Dettis, as we forgyuen our Dettours.
 And lede us not into Temptation;
 But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

XI. A. D. 1526. TINDAL'S VERSION.

Our Father which art in Heaven,
 Halowed be thy name;
 Let thy kingdom come;
 Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth, as it is in heaven,
 Geve us this daye our dayly bred;
 And forgeve us our Dettis, as we forgyuen our Dettours;
 And leade us not into temptation;
 But deliver us from Evil.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glorye for
 ever.

DR. DAVID PORTER was a great oddity. A Napoleon head, joined by a short neck to a very portly body, which stood upon a pair of remarkably spindle legs, cased in small clothes and silk hose, it was the unstriking figure of as uncommon a mind. When fairly under way in the pulpit, his short, dense sentences, jerked out with a nod of the head and a stamp of the foot, or a rap of his cane, which he sometimes did not lay aside even in preaching, told like the hitting of bullets. In the lecture-room, he would not only traverse the platform, but at times descend to the floor, step over a bench to some open space, walk there a while, step over another bench, and get back to the desk from the opposite side, and all the while carrying on the address without a break. Dr. Porter was very absent-minded. Praying with his eyes open, as was his habit, at "neighboring meetings," he chanced to see a friend just arrived in the company, when, to the surprise of everybody, he crossed the room and extended his hand, exclaiming with a voice of pleasure, "Oh! how d'do!"—not seeming aware at all of the eccentric movement.

ROBERT HALL did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse and said, "What brought you here. Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What 'll never bring you here, sir, too much brain."

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

To the thoughtful man the study of national character is ever an engaging subject, and, indeed, the ways which people of different nationalities have of looking at the same thing opens a field for much curious comment. The inhabitants of Great Britain are generally selected to illustrate these points of character—contrast, and rightly, for it needs no logician to prove that the English, Scotch and Irish have each their own peculiar constitution of mind. This a great wit once exemplified by their different modes of answering a question. Ask an Englishman what you please, and he replies promptly but seriously, like a person who means business. Put the same interrogatory to a Scotchman, he deliberates, and answers warily, or meets you with a cross-question. But desire an Irishman to have the goodness to respond, and he immediately makes a joke. In the following anecdote the illustration is further carried out:

Three choice spirits, dining on a certain day at a tavern in London, fell to discoursing upon national character, and one proposed to test the wit's remark given above. Agreed. The spokesman of the party calls the waiter, and accosts him thus:

"Thomas what would you take to sit for a night outside St. Paul's?"

Thomas smartly, "A guinea, sir."

"Good, go and find us a Scotchman."

Thomas returning shortly afterwards with a Caledonian of his acquaintance, the question is repeated:

"Well, Sawney, and what would you take to sit all night outside St. Paul's?"

Sawney, after a pause, and in a slow up-and-down-hill tone, "Wha'at would ye gie?"

A porter from the Emerald Isle is similarly summoned, and similarly interrogated.

"Now, Paddy, my boy, what would you take?" and so forth.

Paddy, archly, "Faith, then, I'd take a bad cold!"

The truth of the illustration had been triumphantly vindicated.

WHEN will they get through sneering at the homœopathists we should like to know? The disciples of the infinitesimal dose system have been obliged to stand an infinite deal of ridicule, none more unbearable, we should judge, than this satirical receipt for making homœopathic soup:

Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window, so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an iron pot already on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water; boil the shadow over a slow fire for ten hours; and then give the patient one drop in a glass of water every day.

THE addition or omission of a cipher to one's bank account is apt to make a considerable difference in the sum total of assets, a circumstance which the victim of the following bit of "sharp practice"—England's most celebrated clown—was once made disagreeably aware of:

Grimaldi, father of the renowned Joe Grimaldi, was wont to tell a tale in illustration of Sheridan's ready wit, though he himself was "done" by it: "Oh," he would exclaim, "vat a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is! Shall I tell you?—*Oui*—yes I will—*Bien done*—I could no never see him at de theatre, so *je vais chez lui*—to his house in Hertford street, muffled in a great coat, and I said, 'Domestique!—you hear?' 'Yes,' 'Vell, den, tell your master dat M——, de Mayor of Stafford, be below!' Domestique fly, and on de instant I be shown into the drawing-room. In one more minute, Sheridan leaves his dinner party, enter de room hastily, stop suddenly, stare, and say, 'How dare you, Grim, play me such a trick!' Then putting himself into a passion, he go on, 'Go, sare! get you out of my house!' 'Begar,' say I, placing my back against the door, 'not till you pay me my forty pounds;' and den I point to de pen, ink and paper, on von small table in de corner, and say, 'dere! write me de check, and de mayor shall go *vitement*—*entendez-vous*? If not, morbleu, I will—' 'Oh!' interrupted this clevere man, 'if I must, Grim, I must,' and as if he were *tres pressé*—very hurry—he write de draft, and pushing it into my hand he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Vell, den, I do make haste to de bankers, and giving it to the clerks, I say, 'Four tens, if you please, sare.' 'Four tens!' he say, with much surprise; 'de draft be only four pounds!' Oh! vat a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is! But I say, 'If you please, sare, *donnez-moi donc* those four pounds!' And den he say, 'Call again to-morrow!' Next day I meet de manager in de street, and I say, 'Mistare Sheridan, have you forgot?' and den he laugh, and say, 'Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left out the 0!' Oh, vat a clevere fellow dat Sheridan is!"

PEOPLE "down South" haven't any great partiality to serving on a jury, if we may judge from an item in a bill drawn by a sheriff in Georgia against the county, which read as follows:

"To running down three jurymen with dogs, \$14.59."

EQUALLY ludicrous, we think, is a return lately made by a like functionary farther north, an extract from which runs thus:

"Then and there, by virtue, &c., I arrested the body of the within-named Quinlan, forty feet high on a white oak tree;" and one of the items of fees allowed the sheriff was, "Paid assistance to climb the tree and bring the prisoner down, &c."

THE subjoined letter tells in two pathetic paragraphs the sad story of a former singer at a coffee concert in Paris, who, acting upon the advice of a New York resident in that city, came over to America, where she was induced to believe she could make a fortune as a shop-girl when she had learned a little English. A stay of a year and a half in Gotham served to convince Pauvrette (that was the little woman's name) of the futility of her own attempts at amassing wealth, and to disgust her with the city and its inhabitants. In a letter written at the expiration of this time to her gentleman adviser in Paris, she comments rather severely upon the personal appearance of the New Yorkers, and the ways of the city generally. Hear her:

NEW YORK, No. — Grand st., de 15 July, 1852.

My dear Monsieur—It is now 8-teen muns dat i am here in dis barbarous cite. I cannot say you vat a villain place i find it. dare is no existence here for me. De peepel is savarge. De plupart of de habitants is dutchmans and Irishmans vit de little pox, and one does not comprehend you at ori. I placed myself in a magazine of artiffishal flour, but de dames Americains has no gout, and dux not no how to lib. Dare bonnets is monstrous, and dare robes is vorn down to dare feete, vich are always long and boony; da is neerla ori six feete high, dare ize is all gra and da ori year spektakels, and has no boosoms. Da has de air to be rich and kommilsfo, but da looks kommon ori de same, only de gentlemens has de good looks, but da ori eats tobac and drinks nottin but jewlips. De street vich appels itself Broadway is very narrow. It is not at ori like de jollie boulevards as you did racont to me, but is very oogly and malproper. De stores is in de most bad taste possible, only de hotels is very charmant. de saint neekolarse is more buteefool dan de tulleries in Paris, but de messieurs who lib dare poots dare enorme legs up on de vindos as if dare boots, vich is nevare clean, vare far to sell. De street is orl vane fool of de omnibus vich galop ori de long of it vid horses of de race. It makes vary hot now, and de poor workmen and de orses forls down ded on de pave like de dogs. Yesterda i found myself malade vid de heat tree times. you told me, sare, dat dare vas no poor peepel in dis contra, but o! I cannot tell you how mennen i hab see in de misere. Rooms and everyting is vary deer, and de vages of de femelles is nottin. One cannot live in his own furniture, but must go at a boredang house vare dare is no potage nor salade, and de cafe is not good for de peege. I am goin to de teahater too or tree times for to distract myself, but de pieces vos not spiritual at ori, and de decorations vas ori dat is in bad gout. I dare nevare shall go again wunse moer. dare is no bals in New York, and no arcades, and no passages, and no jardins, and no barrieres, and no cabinets d'aisance, and no nottin for de peepel. Ori de vorid is orkupide vid dare own affairs, dat vich i find vary sad and egoish. One dux not find, not moar, no cafe concerts, and in the sommaire evenings i no can imagine vot se messieurs and dames dux for to distract each odare. de Sundays here is horrible. Ori de worl goes to meeting, and is astonished dat i desire to pla de cards and dominoes, and fume de cigarattes. O, my deer sare, I suffare to return in Paris. I luv better die dare dan liv in dis frightful contre. I pra you, den, sare, be generous and envoy me a little money dat I may wunse moer see my dear moddare, and i will tank you tousan and tousan times.

I heve do honeur, monsieur, to salute you, respectueusement, vid de vatere running out of my ise. Adieu! PAUVRETTE.

AFTER such a feeling letter as the foregoing, this poetical lament, which we find enjoying a fugitive existence in the newspapers under the title of "Affecting," may not be out of place:

Up in Podunk where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots;
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All round the lots—

Lived the slickest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.

As I sat by her a courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checkered and clean.

Mingled was our hash together,
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in winter weather,
Happy as fat.

Long I stuck to her like teasles,
Summer and fall,
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all.

IN the dreary monotony of subjects chosen for lectures of the present day, the following topics are suggested by one interested (a lecture-goer, we make no doubt,) to the consideration of the purveyors of lyceum pabulum:

The boot trade of Siberia. Frogs, as an article of food, with some thoughts upon the digestive apparatus of a Frenchman. The analogy between Canadian French and the Chinese language. Cicero, regarded as the type of impertinence. Horse racing, considered as one of the fine arts. Parallel between Dr. Johnson and Senator Giddings. Characteristics of the poetry of James Gordon Bennett. The probable existence of oyster saloons among the Phœnicians. Ignorance of Brown's hock soda the true cause of the fall of the Roman empire. The absurdity of supposing that Siccus Dentatus ever paid borrowed money. Nero, viewed as a solo player on the violin. Spiritualism the prime cause of the insanity of Cassandra. The religious and political opinion of mermals. The primal settlement of Coney Island. Christy a plagiarist from Beethoven. The absurdity of supposing that Shakspeare's plays were not originally written in French. The probability that the true name of the Man in the Iron Mask was Smith. Musquitoes the benefactors of humanity. The early use of the razor indicative of future greatness. The affinity between Pharaoh and a faro bank. Neptune the founder of a codfish aristocracy. The paucity of sewing machines in the Elizabethan age. The resemblance of a lous d'or to a jackdaw.

We are strongly inclined to doubt that any one ever got the best of an Irishman at repartee. However small the loophole of escape may be, he is sure to slip out of it. A Patlander, who, though "caged" was certainly not "caught," here affords us an instance of this national *escape-ability*:

An Irishman, one Tommy C——, was a short time ago sentenced to a six months' imprisonment in the "stone jug" at Sligo, Ireland, for the illegal manufacture of "potheen." Tommy, on being put to work in the prison yard, singled out a stone about six inches in diameter, and this, he gently, though persistently, hammered upon until he was discharged from "durance vile." Just as he left the prison yard for the last time, however, the keeper came up to him, and, taking the hammer out of his hand, shattered the stone at one blow.

"There, Tommy," said he, "you have spent all your time on that single stone which I have broken up in one blow."

"Devil thank yez!" exclaimed Thomas, "arrah, and haven't I been these six months softenin' it for yez!"

The cleverest pun that can be made on the names of the two great authorities in phrenology, Spurzheim and Gall, is conveyed in the last of these "Lines by a Phrenologist to his Mistress":

Though largely developed's my organ of order,
And though I possess my destructiveness small,
On suicide, dearest, you'll force me to border;
If thus you are deaf to my vehement call.

For thee veneration is daily extending,
On a head that for want of it once was quite flat;
If thus with my passion I find you contending,
My organs will swell till they've knocked off my hat.

I know, of perceptions, I've none of the clearest,
For while I believe that by thee I'm beloved,
I'm told at my passion thou secretly sneerest;
But oh, may the truth to me never be proved!

I'll fly to Fowler, and a cast of my forehead
I'll send unto thee; then upon thee I'll call.

Rejection—alas! to the lover how horrid—
When 'tis passion that spurs him 'tis bitter as gall.

The following literary *morceau* is, we are assured, copied from the fly-leaf of an edition of Doctor Noah Webster's folio dictionary, where it was found in the handwriting of a distinguished American statesman, recently deceased, and entitled "A specimen of Webster's orthography, (in part.) selected from his various dictionaries, five in number, and no two alike:

"A group of neger wimmen, black as sut, were told to soe and hold their tungs; but insted of soeing, they left their thred, regardless of threts, and went to the theater, where they saw as grotesk an exhibition as you can imagin, to wit, a traveler, a plow, a porpess, a zeber, and a leperd, from an eastern iland; also, a ranedeer, a woodchuk, a racoon, a weesel, and a shammy; likewise an ax, a gillotin, a chimist with specimens of granit, and a huckster with his cags and fassets; and, above all, a specter rising from a sepulcher—a most redoutable fantom, full seven feet in highth—his color of ocher, a hazzard face, eyes without luster, a lether cap crowded with ribins and fethers, a so-ober cloke, an opake scepter in one hand, a marvelous saber or cimetar in the other; and with these accouterments he wanted his valor, and threatened to massacre every hypocrit and

libertin present: whereat the neger wimmen were frightened, and ran home. But for this hainous misbehavior their studdy superior, being at a loss to determin on the proper disciplin, in his suverran pleasure tied them up by the thumbs, and with the vigor requisit to punish such manœuvres, denied them their maiz and melasses."

The above specimen of "English undefiled" tells the story (in a nut-shell) of some of Webster's innovations.

THE current year promises to be as prolific in fabulous vegetables as any of its predecessors, if we take the following paragraph as a significant "straw":

A friend from California tells us one story which we don't know whether to believe or not. He says the beets grow so large in that country that they take a beet and jam it into a barrel, cut the green part off and send it to market.

FROM "what they live on in California" to "how they live" is a very natural step. We make it accordingly:

Conversing with a friend upon the general topics of the day, viz., "dull times and dry weather," says the *Mariposa Star*, he observed that people lived too extravagantly, and assured us that he had subsisted for several months upon seventy-five cents per week. He says he gets up in the morning and drinks a cup of strong coffee, loaf about town during the day, goes home in the evening, fills his pipe, lights it, and smokes till it makes him sick, and then goes to bed. He says he bought a pound of soda biscuit for the Christmas holidays, but thanks heaven that Christmas only comes once a-year.

It is pleasing to meet, says a contemporary, in these degenerate times, anything breathing the pure spirit of patriotism, and to listen sometimes to the lofty tone of the cultivated statesman. Hear one of them in the Missouri Legislature, who, in a recent speech—it matters little upon what—said:

"What do gentlemen want? Is corn so dear and hocke so sweet as to be purchased only at the price of having the State garrisoned by our enemies? Forbid it, Jeremiah! Do you want the institutions of your State reduced to the condition of affairs away down in Georgie, where a plantation consists of two overseers and one rigger? As the poet says, 'I'd rather be a long, mangy, strange, yaller dog, with a bobtail, and bay at the moon, than not to say, this is me own, me native State.' And I will defend the institutions so long as grass grows and water runs."

THEODORE HOOK's code of card-table signals, in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gurney," might be very effectually reduced to practice:

Never, says he, let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs; and, if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and I was answered,

"No, you never can win of them."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said my friend, "they have established a code."

"Dear me!" said I; "signals by looks?"

"No," said he; "by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, 'Dear begin.' Dear begins with D—so does diamond; and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, 'S, my love!' she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begins with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade."

"Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!"

Mrs. Smigsmag stomps down a heart; and a gentle "Come, my love!" on either side, produces a club.

Our ancestors would have said, one lie begets another, but we, in these more polished times, mildly phrase it, one "tall" story provokes the invention of another, and in the following scrap we have a case in point:

A story is going the rounds, of a man living out West who completes eight pairs of large sized boots every day. A New York editor says it would be considered small doings in his city. "There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the swamp, who, as fast as he finishes a gaiter, throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time! and don't half try!"

ABSTRACT moralizing is all very well when it is not put to the test in a way which conflicts with the moralizer's own personal interests. Read this and take heed, ye who are "troubled that way":

"I love to see people industrious," remarked Mr. Plane, the carpenter giving a finishing knock at a clapboard nail he was driving, as though he were putting it as a period to his sentence. "So do I," said Dr. Spooner, "but perhaps we would not agree with regard to our definition of the word industry. I do not believe that

industry is slavish devotion to work, that never allows itself a moment's respite from toil, that from early morn to night devotes itself, might and main, hammer and tongs, speaking after the manner of men, to one pursuit—that is not my idea of industry. The industry that I believe in is the industry of the universe, revealed in natural growth, that goes not with a rush, for forced growth is unhealthy, but in the beautiful harmony of the trees and flowers, that fill their season with the fruits of their industry. We are fretted to death with this erroneous idea of work, that we are made to believe is the be-all and end-all of life, and some are as mad as March hares about it. There is an old saying that it is better to wear out than rust out; but, between you and I, I think I shall allow myself to rust a little." "I think I shall," said the carpenter, laying down his hammer. "I like your theory, sir, and as you are so kind, I shall leave clapping your barn for this afternoon, and go fishing." "Ah," replied the doctor, "that alters the case materially, and if the work is not done by to-morrow night, you will receive no dimes therefor. In this particular case, a little extra industry is a great virtue." The doctor turned away, and the carpenter, with an expressive wink at his journeymen, resumed his hammer, and the work was done.

The reader is requested not to let his feelings run away with him until he comes to the end of the ensuing ultra-sentimental poem, entitled "The Biter Bit," and ascribed to the pen of Bon Gaultier, otherwise Theodore Martin:

The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is ringing in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother, I hear the marriage bell,
It booms along the upland—oh! it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And closely to his side she clings, she does, the demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood;
And the boughs, that, wont to murmur back the word that won
my ear,
Wave their silver branches over him as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he
pressed,

By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again,
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother, that I looked for rank and gold,
He said I did not love him, he said my words were cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game,
And it may be that I did, mother, but who hasn't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother, I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me—and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore,
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And if you'd please, my mother dear, your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!

A story of the thinnest horse on record now comes uppermost in the small tumult of jocularities lying on the table before us:

Jones's hotel ("Woodlawn") on the Bloomingdale road is ornamented with a hostler whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path, on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from this phantom steed, the equestrian said, turning to the hostler, "here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped, like one surprised beyond expression:

"Bless my soul!" says he, "I ax your pardon, sir; but your animal was a standin' on a line with that ere hitching-post, and I didn't see him!"

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

CLEAR AND CONCISE.—A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State house yard should be "surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure for ever."

"But," said Judge Breckenridge, who was present, "I put him down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled, 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

CAUSE FOR JURILANCY.—A drunken fellow meeting a man coming out of an undertaker's shop with a small coffin under his arm, a short time since, asked him what he had got there.

"A new coffin," he replied.

"Well," said the balmey chap, "can't you afford to treat on it?"

POETRY IN A NEW USE.—Mr. Howard Paul, of "Patchwork" celebrity, by way of a delicate hint to railway porters, has labelled his travelling luggage thus—

Take it up tenderly—

Lift it with care.—Hood.

SPOONER ON THE SNOW.—"This snow storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. Spooner, during the late storm.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can easily see the drift of."

A LAMB-ENTABLE PUN.—A gentleman, having some business with Charles Lamb, opened the little low pew-door of the inclosure of the India House, which contained his desk. Being determined to introduce himself, the gentleman walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said with a respectful bow, "Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?"

"Y-e-s," said Lamb, slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers, "y-e-s, they call me Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep."

ESQUIMAUX HOSPITALITY.—Dr. Kane relates that one day, worn out by fatigue, he turned into an Esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, his good natured hostess covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow, which, Dr. Spooner says, was a living illustration of the kindness of woman.

EVERY DAY ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To ask the publisher of a new newspaper how many copies he sells per week.

To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is.

To lose money on horseracing, and then lose your temper.

To get tipsy, and complain of a headache next morning.

To attempt to borrow money at a loan society by giving a responsible person for security.

To eat a hearty dinner of fish and call it fasting.

Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is not bed time.

To render a man a service voluntarily and expect him to be grateful for it.

Fancying a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it.

Listening to an advertising collector detailing the advantages to be derived from patronising his proprietor's paper.

PATIENCE.—The most striking picture of patience we remember to have seen is that of the apple-women at the corners of some of the large thoroughfares. Their whole stock in trade rarely exceeds a dozen apples, a few sticks of candy, and perhaps a half-neck of chest-nuts. There they sit, generally smoking a pipe, while they watch their little store, waiting for a penny customer. Probably the whole day's sale rarely exceeds two shillings, and hardly half of this can be profit. Yet they never appear restless; they are at their posts, rain or shine, early and late, never showing the least signs of impatience, but enjoying apparently a philosophical rumination amid the rank smell of tobacco and the fumes of the pipe. "Patience on a monument"—it's no comparison at all; we shall always affirm in future by apple-women.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.—A very rich and handsome married woman, in an eastern city, recently eloped with a lover who is described as "an old bald-headed, gray-bearded, pock-marked, blubber-lipped man, with one shoulder up and the other down, looks about as much like a wrung-out dish-rag as like most anything else."

CUTTING, RATHER.—A Loco-Foco editor in Kentucky intimates that he is not quite sure that he knows himself. It matters very little if he doesn't. Bulwer and Moore were once dining with Theodore Hook. Says Bulwer to Moore, "we're going to get so gloriously drunk to-night that we won't know ourselves."

"You wouldn't know much if you did," retorted Hook.

SEAT D HIM.—A tall fellow persisted in standing at the performances, much to the annoyance of an audience, and was repeatedly requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out: "Let him alone, honey; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!" He immediately squatted himself.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FUN.—There's nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, and I do like it in others. Oh, we need it—we need all the counter-weights we can muster, to balance the sad realities of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?



Mr. Flat, a young man of fine parts but remarkably straight hair.



Receives an invitation to attend a party with his sweetheart.



Knowing her preference for curly locks, determines to surprise and gratify her.



Finds a difficulty in adjusting his hat to suit him.



Is asked for a lock of his hair, to poison the rats; is disgusted.



Frightens his best beloved out of her senses.



Mr. Flat, as he appeared after a thorough combing.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR MAY.



WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

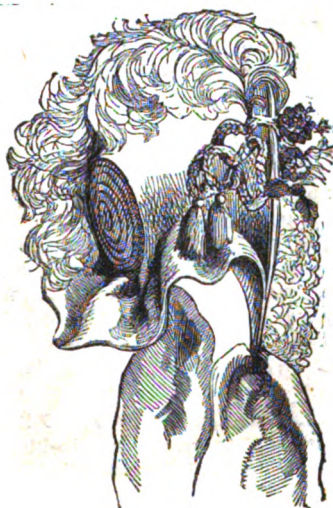
It is a curious fact, and one for which it seems difficult to account, except on the supposition that the mighty preparations making for war throughout the European Continent have sensibly diminished the number of workmen employed in the production of articles of dress—it is, we say, a curious fact that the title of this article, "What to Buy, and Where to Buy it," is a

question that has suggested itself very forcibly to the minds of the buyers employed in France and elsewhere in purchasing for the leading New York houses. Possibly, indeed, manufacturers, remembering the recent crisis, have thought that the demands of the season would be less than they actually are—forgetting the very short memories with which we of the Western World are gifted in such matters; and calculating on our having, at last, learnt the better part of valor. It may be so; or it may be that the sabre and the bayonet are taking the places of the loom and the shuttle; but certain it is that a very great and still increasing difficulty is experienced in procuring any assortment of the best class of dry goods for the New York market. So much is this the case that we know of more than one instance of an entire consignment of a certain style of goods being bought, before they had reached New York at all; whilst in cases where a small stock of some choice design had been sent on, the orders for a further supply could not be completed. "What to Buy" has therefore become a positive conundrum, difficult, if not impossible, to solve.

As a matter of course, this excitement reacts on the ultimate purchaser. Every one who knows anything of our sex is aware



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that we value most highly that which is most difficult of attainment; and from the moment that impediments are thrown in the way of our achieving any matter—whether in itself trivial or of vital importance, that moment we resolve that for us the word “impossible” shall not exist. This spirit of—obstinacy, we believe our detractors call it—but we would designate it more truly, as well as more flatteringly, as firmness or resolution, is likely, in the present instance, to lead to very satisfactory results to the dry goods stores; since the known limited supply makes it incumbent on every one who can do so to purchase at once whatever is likely to be needed for summer wear. A prudent resolve; for the choicest goods will certainly have disappeared without any power to replace them, before many more weeks have elapsed.

Our own wanderings in search of the beautiful, during the past month, have led us, we fear, into more transgressions of the tenth commandment than we were ever guilty of in the same space of time before.

First there was A. T. STEWART'S to be visited, and such *moirés*! such *brocades*! such *laces*! as we saw there. There was a *moiré* antique of that lovely and delicate peach blossom tint, always so becoming, and just now so very fashionable, *brocaded, à la*, in white, which shimmered and glistened as we have seen the magnolia blossoms do in a tropical moonlight night. It was a positive feast for the eyes, that robe. And only fifty dollars! Others there were, in the same *genre*, and equally handsome; although in none did we think the combination of tints so perfect.

A plain *moiré* of a delicate Pomona green, and lustrous fabric, also had great charms for us. Its soft rich texture gave promise of durability as well as beauty. In no material is it worse economy to buy cheap goods than in this fashionable style of silk, which, when good, wears so well, and when common cracks and breaks after the first week. A good and wide *moiré* cannot be got, except under extraordinary circumstances, for less than five to six dollars a yard; and it is well that intending purchasers should be aware of the fact. Of course, at this vast establishment we saw a great variety of other styles of dress; many of the silks, especially, being extremely moderate in price. But it was a contemplation of the laces, especially, which so enchanted our somewhat critical taste. There were some *pelerines*, in *point de Venise*. What a charming contrast to the toy-work of tulle and illusion which generally takes their place! Bouquets of carnations, tulips and roses, set within a border, over which a wreath of geranium leaves fell in life-like grace. To say that each flower and leaf had its own distinctive peculiarities is saying little. You could distinguish even the crushed or imperfect petal, and see where

The worm 't the bud
Preyed on its damask cheek!

The design of another, yet finer, richer, and more closely covered, was composed of the delicate and modest lily of the valley, and its magnificent and royal sister, the equally pure and spotless *fleur-de-lys* of France, with the morning-glory and the incomparable queen of flowers, the rose. What a combination of charms! How rare the skill that can produce such life-like groups without any aid from pencil or coloring.

The bridal laces here are also especially worthy of notice; and certainly among the things to be bought by those who need, and can afford them. A bridal set consists, usually, of flounces, lace for bertha and sleeves, handkerchief, and a large half shawl, with rounded point. This shawl is the most fashionable bridal veil; and has the additional merit of being always afterwards a most elegant article of dress. It is worn with the point coming over the forehead, so that it falls over the figure, gracefully shading it, and gradually increasing in width to the bottom. Some of these sets were composed of Brussels appliqué and *point de Venise* intermixed. The value about fifteen hundred dollars.

At the house of EDWARD LAMBERT & Co., 835 Broadway, corner of Worth street, we were greatly pleased with the peculiarly chaste and tasteful style that distinguishes their stock. Among their novelties was a *chiné bayadère à la*, sold by the yard, which enables the wearer to maintain that proper increase in

the width of the lower skirt so essential to the appearance of the figure, yet so impossible in the majority of the skirts made on purpose. The design of this silk is very beautiful, and obtainable in violet, blue, green, brown, in fact, all the leading tints, with white. This is a specialité of this house, as are many other of its most beautiful productions. Among them we must particularize a *bayadère* two-flounced dress—the design had first a golden bronze *chiné* stripe; then a border of delicate *chintz* spots, on a narrow striped ground. The golden bronze border was repeated. Then a broad white stripe, with rich bouquets, in *chintz* colors; then the double bronze with the intermediate spots. The silk of this dress was of so rich a texture that the stripes really glistened as if golden threads were interwoven in it. We have seldom seen anything more tasteful; and, indeed, the style, generally, of the goods of this firm are such as would distinguish the wearers for being well-dressed gentlewomen. Their *organdies*, *grenadine barèges*, *grenadines* and tissues, are all good in quality and design, and moderate in price.

USDELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co., 471 Broadway, have imported this season, in addition to their usual excellent stock, some charming novelties for travelling dresses; French *chiné* poplins, which promises to be the most popular and fashionable articles for the purpose. We saw there, also, some *grenadines*, *barèges* in soft mode, gray, and ashes-of-roses tints, with white *brocaded* patterns in a lozenge style on the double skirts. Very delicate and beautiful we thought them. They are certainly among the many goods of this firm that “will not keep.” They are far too pretty to remain on hand.

The well-known house of GEORGE A. HEARN, 425 Broadway, exhibits some *grenadines* with double skirts and most gorgeous floral designs, distinguished, as far as our researches go, by the extraordinary brilliancy of the coloring. Pyramids of flowers of every clime under the sun appeared the favorite designs for the skirts, and the life-like beauty of the tints was beyond praise. We noted here, also, some *chiné* striped *bayadère*, and shot *bayadère* in *chintz* patterns, which were novel and pretty.

LORD & TAYLOR, the Stewarts of Grand street, are as usual displaying an immense variety of summer fabrics, and attracting patronage no less from their very moderate prices than from the quality of their goods.

In the mantle department BULPIN, 415 Broadway, is making charming and extensive additions daily to the stock which we, last month, described at some length. We have selected two of his very pretty designs for illustrations, and think our readers will be particularly pleased with some rich circulars in guipure lace. Of course, besides these very rich goods, at prices moderate as compared with the quality, there are also great varieties of spring and summer cloth mantles and shawl mantelets, in all the leading fashionable tints; charming silk Chesterfields, *sacques* and mantles, summer dusters and shawls in every leading style. Every one will find something here to suit her person and her purse; and we should certainly mention Bulpin's as one of the best places in which to buy.

BENSON & WILSON, 310 Canal street, display some very tasteful summer mantles, at a considerable reduction on the usual Broadway prices. A *sacque* composed of lace and tulle, richly trimmed with fringe and moss-trimming, particularly pleased us. The shape was one that could not fail to set well, nicely defining the delicate contour of the waist; a double trimming of lace was headed by a deep *bouillonné* of tulle. The large *pagoda* sleeves were trimmed to correspond. The mourning mantles of this house are also very pretty and cheap.

At GEORGE BRODIE'S, 300 Canal street and 499 Broadway, we were shown an immense display of outdoor garments. The Duchess mantle, of pusher hand-wrought lace, almost equal to real, with a thirty inch deep flounce and pointed cape, is only from fifty to seventy-five dollars. Many of the trimmings were very novel and peculiar to this firm—among them a box-quilling of silk and velvet, very rich, though, to our fancy, somewhat heavy, was worthy of note. The fashion so prevalent during the winter, of having the lower part of the cloak perfectly plain, and the upper, about the shoulders, much trimmed, prevails a good deal in the silk mantles of this house. It may be becoming

to some figures; but, as a rule, is hardly either consistent or elegant for summer fabrics.

The most elegant black lace shawl we have seen during the month was at 429 Broadway, E. WILLIAMS & Co. A magnificent chantilly, beautiful in design, and very fine in workmanship. It was well worth a hundred dollars more than the very moderate price asked for it, two hundred and fifty dollars. Very beautiful embroidered and lace sets of charming patterns are to be found here. With the best French embroidered sets of collars and cuffs, a handkerchief, *en suite*, is sold. This makes it very complete. Much of the fine embroidery on linen cambric is combined with point stitches, which add so greatly to the richness and beauty of the effect.

In the important article of hats and bonnets, the establishment of Mr. GENIN holds a, we might almost say *the*, prominent place; and we have availed ourselves largely of the facilities afforded by his immense stock for our illustrations this month. What we do not illustrate, however, we may venture to admire, in the form of a gentleman's hat, novel in style, in the mode of ventilation, by means of a piece of perforated felt on the crown, having the appearance of an ornamental button; and in the trimmings of bronzed leather. In honor of his new and now complete establishment, Mr. GENIN calls this the 507 hat.

Mdme. HARRIS has been making some charming black lace hats. One was trimmed with a bouquet of rich French marigolds, in beautiful feather flowers. The deep amber tints of the inner leaves, deepening into golden brown, looked peculiarly well with the rich black lace. Another very graceful creation of Mdme. HARRIS was a marvellously fine leghorn, decidedly Marie Stuart in shape. A bouquet of spring field flowers, peonies, daisies and cornflowers decorated the outside. A bandeau of ribbon, twisted and coming in a flat point over the forehead, had a small bouquet of the same flowers on the point, so that they would just lie on the head, and would have to be pinned there. Rich white strings.

Mrs. JACKSON's mourning bonnets are noticeable from the very rich and beautiful ribbons with which she trims them. Very frequently she uses, even No. 80. Nothing makes a bonnet look more *distingué* than this very beautiful style of trimming. The Princess Royal hat, of white crape, with delicate lavender and white plaid ribbon, and sprays of westeria ornamenting the crown and the interior, is a perfect gem.

Miss H. A. D'ORSZY, 683 Broadway, has been making some very pretty bonnets in rich black lace. One that we noticed was bouillonnée on a foundation of black Paris net. A ribbon to match the brides, was run in the edge of the curtain, over which was a fall of black lace. Another almost covered the crown. A bouquet of wild rosebuds, mignonette, narcissus, forget-me-not—almost a *parterre*, in fact, although the delicacy of the flowers prevented any appearance of heaviness, was placed on one side, and carried over the front of the bonnet, half hidden by another fall of lace. The interior trimmed to match, with very rich violet and plaid strings.

For indoor head-dresses, and especially the new netted coiffures, the establishment of S. M. PEYSER, Broadway, corner of Broome, will be found excellent.

LICHTENSTEIN, 387 Broadway, is doing his best, by constant importations of all that is newest and richest in ribbons and ribbon trimmings, to cater for the wants of the community in that line. As the summer fabrics are coming into wear, suitable ribbons, in gauze, are being brought out at this emporium. In a single design of fringed and tufted gauze ribbon trimming we counted, as a curiosity, upwards of forty combinations of color; and as in each pattern and every width there appears to be an equal assortment, we may certainly comfort ourselves with the thought that there will be no difficulty in matching any dress whatever with a suitable trimming.

The firm of S. & J. GOULDING are transporting themselves (May 1st) to 325 Broadway, below Worth. This will be a great convenience to their extensive connection, and will doubtless add to their popularity. Their choice of ribbons, laces, &c., is becoming daily more extensive.

At Mrs. STEWART'S, 326 Canal street (she ought to be a florist instead of a dealer in artificial flowers only), we enjoyed for some time the delicate and delicious perfume of violets, without be-

ing aware that the scent was but another artificial charm added to some most natural-looking flowers. Literally, the manufacturer had "shed a perfume o'er the violet;" and for once this operation was neither silly nor disagreeable.

How much beyond this will art increase our luxuries? Shall we really end by enjoying in a bouquet of artificial flowers the delicate scents, as well as the beautiful forms, of the works of the Creator? Flower workers are surely attaining that highest point of art—that of concealing it.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We noticed, in our last number, that the most recent importations from Paris indicated a change in the dimensions of bonnets, as well as in their general form. The fashion is becoming, for this season at least, established; and the absurdly small bonnets, which have afforded such scope for the pens and pencils of caricaturists during the last two or three years, are now, by the decision of "competent authorities," banished from the *beau monde*.

We are glad of this change, and trust that it will be long before it again becomes the custom for American ladies to wear their bonnets on the back of the neck.

Straws are, as usual at this season, much in vogue, particularly the rough and ready. Many are trimmed entirely with a fancy ornament in straw. A row of straw rosettes ornaments the front; and a thick cord with tassels, *à l'Impératrice*, is twisted round the crown. We prefer ribbons, however, and think some of the styles exceedingly pretty. These coarse straws usually have the ribbon disposed in cockades or fan-like frills, not according to the old style, in bows with ends. The capes are always of straw. Fine straws have taffetas capes, finished with straw beading; and rich white ribbon, with black lace forms the most *distingué* garniture. Spring flowers are used for the interior; and it may be worth notice that they should be either all cultivated or all wild flowers, together. The bandeau *Impératrice* has a bouquet just above one temple, the rest of the bandeau being covered by *coques* of ribbon. Generally, however, the flowers are placed over the centre. The ribbons worn on bonnets are generally very wide and extremely rich.

For dress bonnets, crape and crape lisse are much in favor, either drawn or plain. Black lace is also popular. Leghorns are always fashionable. They are trimmed either with rich feathers or field flowers.

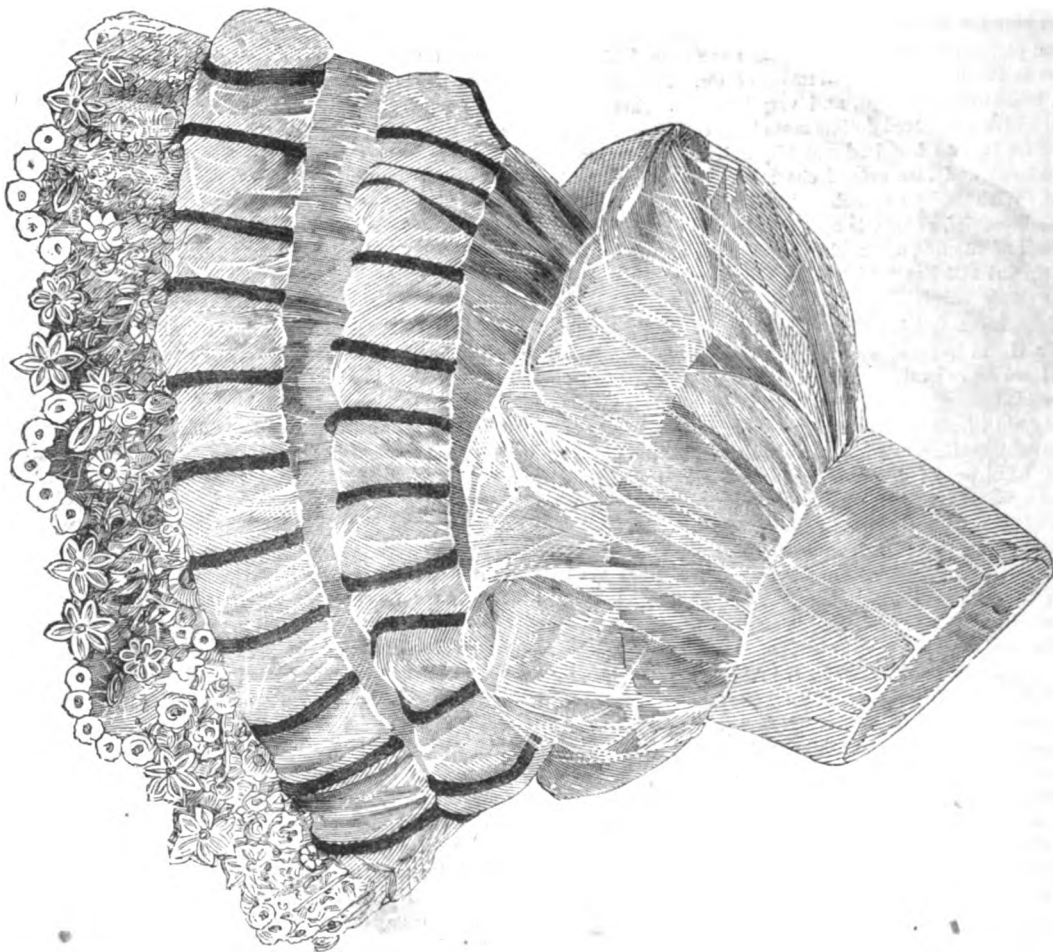
Black and white are, more than ever, the leading tints in ribbons, dresses and shawls. They combine in *chinoisé* patterns, in fully one-half the whole stock of robes, whether of silk, grenadine or organdy. It must be allowed that the effect is always good, and especially so when very bright hues form the pattern and they make the ground. Peach blossom and Pomona green are also very stylish. The former is almost equally becoming to blonde and brunette; and by some recent chemical discoveries it has been made *fast*. This will contribute, no doubt, to its general popularity, as the one drawback to its general use has always been the fleeting nature of its tints.

The double-skirts which have, of late, so much detracted from the graceful outlines of the figure, by the scantiness of the lower skirt, are now being gradually displaced by double flounced dresses, of which the upper is frequently set in the waist. The lower flounce coming about eight inches below the other, is now made fuller. This is a decided advantage.

Circular and shawl mantles, and Chesterfield sacques, seem the favorite out-door garments. Shawls are comparatively little worn.

For morning head-dresses many ladies are wearing crochet silk nets, with netted borders. The centre is covered with beads. We shall give, next month, a suitable design. Coiffures, netted and trimmed with beads, are also fashionable. They are in the half-handkerchief form, with long brides to fasten under the chin. The border is generally of some bright color. The cap itself black or brown. There are some charming specimens of these coiffures at PEYSER'S, 487 Broadway, corner of Broome.

Parasols are of course a considerable item in the list of sum-



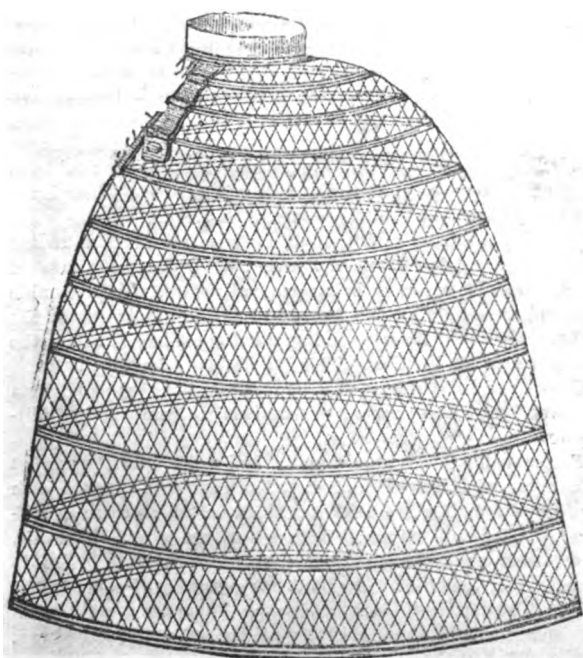
LACE SLEEVE. PAGE 471.

mer purchases. For the carriage, we find at GENIN's the Empress Imperial—a charming novelty, which is either a fan or a good sized parasol, at pleasure; and the Empress, which is either a sun-shade or a fan of East Indian form, with a handle. A very elegant one we noticed had a white marabout fringe,

contrasting with the rich rose-colored silk, of which it was composed.

CLYDE & BLACK, also, 401 Broadway, have an extensive and excellent stock of parasols and sun-shades, got up with much taste and at very moderate prices. We notice that black lace is much used both as frilled borders for the parasol and for the centres. Mode, ashes-of-roses, violet, and the shades of brown are the favorite tints.

The rage for ribbon-trimmings seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise: and the demand causing, as usual, increased energy in the department, great novelties in quilled ribbons are being introduced. LICHTENSTEIN, especially, 387 Broadway, has brought out a diamond quilling which is exceedingly pretty. By it any ribbon may be formed into one of the



NETTED BISHOP SKIRT. CLARKSON. PAGE 471.



MOSQUITO CANOPY. PAGE 472.

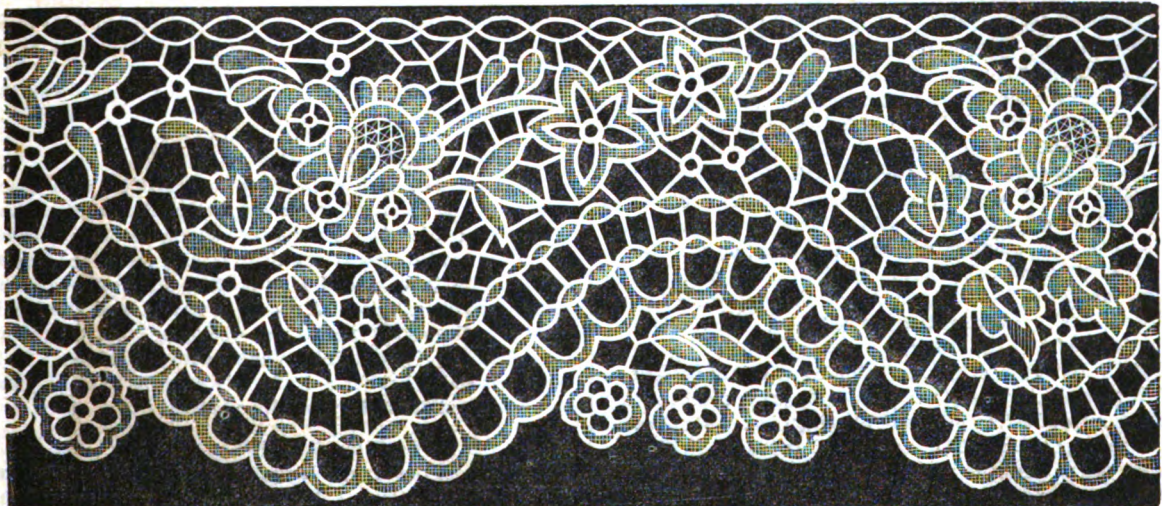


LACE FICHU. PAGE 471.

prettiest trimmings ever seen, at the cost, for machining, of something like a cent a yard. Thus you can choose any cheap bonnet ribbon, the colors of which will suit your dress, and have it converted into a beautiful garniture in a few minutes. The immense saving of time and labor, to those with whom they represent money, and the elegant effect, insure this unique fluting a popularity equal to that of the dahlia. Chintz ribbons are particularly suited to it.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

MAY, like the characters of some men and women we meet, is remarkable only for its apparently smooth surface, its treacherous depths, its variableness and intangibility. With the summer sky and mid day heat we have chilly nights and mornings, and winds cold and sharp enough to penetrate every nerve and muscle, and make you more thoroughly ill and uncomfort-



EMBROIDERED BORDER IN IRISH GUIPURE. PAGE 471.

able than the most downright, thoroughgoing winter frost. May is certainly one of the most deceitful and detestable months in the year; and shivering even at the thought of all its coming disagreeables we do not wonder at the popular belief of bad fortune to those who marry in this month, and of a stormy and trying destiny to those who are unlucky enough to be born under its influence.

As to the style prevalent, we may be assured that none but the very imprudent will venture to change their warm garments for summer fabrics until May is fairly over; and consequently there will be little perceptible difference in style. Black and dark silks will continue to be worn for out-door costume, probably even later. Straw bonnets are, however, replacing those of velvet, which have been worn in the winter months; and furs are disappearing.

Hooped skirts are worn more than ever; since, at least, double the number of hoops, that last year were thought ample, are now put in the skeletons. From twenty to thirty are now a common number to form one of these cages. Douglas & Sherwood have brought out a new skeleton with the latter number, made, of course, of the most pliable and finely-tempered steel. Some of those in the market are made of sad rubbish; and it is, therefore, desirable to have a guarantee of the quality of your purchase, which can only be obtained by seeing that it has the trade mark of this or some other leading firm. We do not, however, think this many-hooped skeleton skirt will long remain popular; or that it will meet with the general approbation accorded to Douglas & Sherwood's Matinee skirt; the best ever made for summer wear.

OSBORNE & VINCENT are also bringing out a very good skirt, which is smooth in front, and makes a very large bustle. It has no sewing in it.

In sleeves and collars, the embroidered medallions, set in Valenciennes, continue as fashionable as ever. The sleeves are much puffed and ornamented, and ribbon is a leading feature in them. Dress handkerchiefs are almost always rounded at the corners. Many are ornamented simply with alternate rows of Valenciennes and embroidery; but the most costly are of point de Venise or point de gaze.

Bandeaux of chenille and bourdon, or braided velvet embroidered with beads, and terminating with a tassel at each end, are much used for the hair, by unmarried or young ladies. The hair is worked in curls or *crêpé*, and braided low on the back of the head.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

1st Fig. Dinner dress, organdy robe, with two flounces, the upper one being put on just below the waist. The body is half high, opening *en cœur* in front, and finished like a very short jacket at the waist. Pagoda sleeves below the elbow, with three puffings between it and the shoulder. Embroidered made-sleeves, with a double frill, very full and handsome.

2d Fig. Visiting toilette, grenadine robe, with two flounces, design *à la*, in pyramids of flowers, alternating with silk stripes. The floral pattern is so arranged that it continues between the pyramids, forming a rich border to the flounces. Surplice body with plain back; rounded at the waist, where it is finished with a ribbon belt. Full pagoda sleeve with a small cap, both trimmed with Clotilde ribbon to match. Shawl to correspond. Leghorn bonnet, with a bouquet of flowers and fruit on one side, falling partly over the brim, on the other a quilling of straw-colored ribbon. The hair being much puffed fills the interior of the brim, except at the top, where a spray of roses and foliage is placed on the bandeau. Blonde barbes, and very broad (No. 80) strings.

3d Fig. Little girl's dress, a challie robe, chintz pattern on a white ground. It is made with a double skirt, each trimmed with two rows of dahlia ribbon. An embroidered muslin frill edges the upper skirt. The body is high, with a shawl bertha in front, which, with the sleeves, is finished to match the upper skirt. The same embroidery finishes the pantalettes. Gaiters of fawn-colored *drap de soie*. Leghorn flat, very large in the brim, trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

INFANT'S EMBROIDERED CLOAK. PAGE 473.

WE enrich our columns this month with an engraving of one of the most beautiful out-door garments for an infant that we have ever seen. The material is fine white cashmere, covered with rich and exquisite embroidery, worked in the establishment of Mr. GENIN. Our engraving will convey some idea of this exquisite garment; and we shall endeavor to do still further justice to its beauties with the pen. In form, it is a large circular mantle, with very deep cape and small collar. The edges are scalloped, and trimmed with rich crimped fringe. The design displayed some beautifully worked peacocks, the plumage of which affords scope for the highest artistic skill of the embroideress. The heads and long graceful necks of the birds have the silk laid on, thus retaining the brilliancy and lustre of the material. In other parts, French knots, chain, and the ordinary embroidery stitch are used. Festoons of morning glories, with their buds and foliage form a part of the pattern; with pyramidal diamond patterns, with *pois*, or large soft spots, in each. In the upper part of the cloak, diamonds of French knots, with a spot in each, divided by lines of chain stitch, form the pattern. Of course the lining is rich and suitable for so elaborately ornamented a garment, being composed of white silk; and massive tassels, with thick white silk cord, fasten it at the neck.

HEAD-DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 473.

A light frame, somewhat in the form of a *cache-peigne*, or a small bonnet crown, is covered with Paris net, and over it with white tulle. Down the centre is a large and beautiful thistle leaf; in velvet of the natural tint; a bow of green velvet ribbon, with long ends, is placed on one side, over the ear; on the other a bunch of thistle leaves with a flower, the corolla of which is represented by marabout feathers. Long tabs of illusion float from each side over the shoulders.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 465.

A very fine Leghorn, with a rich white ostrich plume crossing the top, and falling gracefully on one side, where it is mingled with marabouts. The bandeau, *à l'Impératrice*, has a bunch of spring flowers on one side; on the other, a wreath of bows of apple-green taffetas ribbon, quilled in a fan shape. Broad white taffetas strings.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 465.

This is of white crape, with a scarf of lavender silk along the front, where it is drawn at intervals. A deep lace of French blonde falls over the crown; the sides and bandeau are decorated with oleanders.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 472.

The material of this bonnet is of white crape, with folds and a bow of the same, over the top. A bunch of natural grass forms a graceful and feathery ornament at the side, and shows in charming contrast the pure white of the bonnet itself. The bandeau is of violets and foxgloves; and rich blonde, over the crown, completes the trimming.

GIRLS' HAT. GENIN. PAGE 472.

A Leghorn flat, with a drooping brim, edged with fancy straw. On one side the brim is caught up, over the ear, and fastened with a handsome plume of ostrich feathers; a broad white ribbon, with blue satin stripes, passing round the crown, and finished with bows and long floating ends, completes the garniture of the exterior. A rosette of flowers and illusion is placed over the ear on one side; on the other, that caught up by the feathers, ribbon is intermingled with the flowers. It is really a charming hat for a little lady of seven or eight years old, and cannot fail to be generally admired.

LADY'S CHEMISE. GENIN. PAGE 473.

Judging from the expensive style of ornament of the ladies' under-garments at Genin's Bazaar, we must conclude that the remembrance of the panic which, less than two years ago, convulsed the entire continent, has not only faded away, but that

its effects have also ceased to be felt. Never was there a more rapid resuscitation in commerce; and the result is evident in the great demand for those expensive articles of apparel with which, in times of pecuniary pressure, ladies find it very possible to dispense. We are glad that it is so; not for the sake of the wearer, although it is well that she is enabled to indulge in her feminine and legitimate taste for delicacy and beauty of toilette; but because of the impetus thereby given to trade; of the many in humble life, especially of our own sex, whose homes are cheered by abundance of profitable labor, in times of general prosperity.

The chemise, of which we give an illustration, is made of linen cambric, the front piece being loose, so that it will fall over the corset. It is composed of alternate puffings of cambric, and bands of embroidery, the latter edged all round with Valenciennes lace. The top of the chemise, and the sleeves, which are open to the shoulder, are trimmed to correspond. As usual, the pantalettes are made to match with the chemise, and the two garments form what is considered as a set.

8. BURNOUS MANTLE. BULFIN. PAGE 472.

This elegant summer garment is of rich black lace, with a deep lace flounce. It is large and deep enough to almost cover the dress; and worn over any of the light tinted materials which will be fashionable during the hot weather, it will have a most graceful and charming effect. A pointed cape falling over the shoulders, and nearly down to the waist behind, gives it the appearance of a Burnous, whence its name. It is made in various qualities; those of hand-wrought pusher lace are very elegant, and handsome enough for the most fastidious.

9. CHESTERFIELD SACQUE. BULFIN. PAGE 472.

A sacque of black glacé silk, trimmed with moss trimming and fringe, with the invariable quilling. The shape is both pretty and comfortable; and in cloth as well as silk promises to be universally popular.

01. FULL LENGTH FIGURE. E. LAMBERT & CO. PAGE 480.

We are indebted to the firm of E. Lambert & Co., 635 Broadway, corner of Worth street, for this charming morning toilette, one of their own importations. An organdie robe, en tablier, and with two flounces. The pattern a small plaid, in peach blossom and white. The sides of the front and the flounces have a broad peach band between two composed of narrow bayadere stripes, set at intervals with chintz medallions. A deep volant, to match, surmounted by a single large puff forms the sleeve. Body full front, over a closely fitting lining, the fulness set in a broad strap on the shoulder. Back slightly full at the waist, which is without points, and finished with a ribbon belt. The medallion bands go up the front as garniture. White crape capote, with roses in the interior, and a wreath of ivy leaves outside. White lace voilette.

FICHU AND SLEEVE. PAGES 468, 469.

As we have noticed elsewhere, there seems a decided feeling this season in favor of substituting tasteful fichus and canezous of tulle, lace, and illusion, for the muslin and lace basques worn by ladies over low-dress bodies in former years. Certainly the fashion will be pretty and becoming to most of the wearers. We give here a pattern of one which can be readily made at home. You cut a foundation of coarse and somewhat stiff bobbinet, either black or white, in shape like a habit-shirt, but pointed before and behind, and coming just to the waist. The joins should be on the shoulders, and, being covered, will be quite invisible; the edges, therefore, should be turned on the right side. Put on a frill of lace or blonde all round the outer edge, and sufficiently full to set well; then a puffing of illusion, trimmed with loops of ribbon. Two more rows of alternate lace and puffing should quite cover the foundation. Finish with bows down the front.

The sleeve, a large pagoda, corresponds. A deep frill is added to the upper sleeves, and on this two puffings and the lace are put. A row of lace may be placed between the puffings, if desired; it would match better with the fichu. The upper sleeve has also a large plain puffing.

CUFFS AND GLOVE TRIMMINGS.—PAGES 476, 480.

Among the many pretty appendages to the toilette of a lady which are likely to be fashionable during the coming season, nothing is more elegant or more useful in its way than the cuff or glove trimming. We therefore give some designs, by the aid of which a pretty and very durable kind may be made with very little trouble.

The ornament is formed of two parts; a small cuff, and a frill or full part above it. The cuff itself may be made of silk or velvet; but the latter is unquestionably the best material for the purpose. A stiff muslin and inner silk lining serve to give it substance. It should be trimmed with beads or bugles. We give, besides two finished wristlets, an engraving of a full-sized cuff, with a very handsome bead trimming. This cuff is pointed, while the others are not. The upper part of the wristlet is a frill of ribbon, ornamented with beads. It is joined up before being put on the cuff, which is open, and may be fastened either by buttons of silk or by the patent self-holding buttons of which we spoke last month, and which are admirably suited to the purpose. Black lace or narrow ribbon ruching may be added, according to the fancy.

As a medium between the fur cuffs we are all discarding and the bracelet suitable for summer wear, these pretty wristlets will be found at once ornamental and comfortable.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

CROWN AND SECTION OF A GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGING CAP. PAGE 477.

MATERIALS.—Rich velvet of black or any good dark color, with gold or silver braid.

The design being marked on the velvet, it only has to be neatly braided, the ends being always drawn to the wrong side. The cap consists of the crown and five pieces for the head. These are afterwards joined, and a line of braid run along each. The lining is made in the same number of pieces, and put in seam to seam with the outer part. It is usual to strengthen these caps by an interior lining of common ticking. A cord to match the braid finishes it round the head and crown, and a handsome bullion tassel is sewed on the top of the latter. Silk braid may be used instead of gold or silver, if preferred.

EMBROIDERED BORDER IN IRISH GUIPURE. PAGE 469.

MATERIALS.—Fine clear muslin, Evans's Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 24, and Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70.

We give the design of the full size; the pattern may therefore be traced from it, to mark on the muslin. All the parts which are black in the engraving have the muslin cut away in the finished work, so that the pattern only and the bars are left. After tracing out the design, by running very closely and neatly, make all the bars which form the ground, by taking the thread across and working back over it in buttonhole stitch. Where several bars diverge from an eyelet hole, the latter must be traced round two or three times, the muslin pierced, and the hole buttonholed over; but the stitches for the bars are not taken in, but over the muslin. The outer edge of the design is also overcast; but the remainder of the pattern merely sewed over. Sharp lace scissors must be used for cutting out the muslin. The fancy stitch in each rose (open English lace) is worked with the Boar's Head; the rest with Embroidery Cotton. The design would be beautiful and effective for sleeves.

NETTED BISHOP SKIRT.

One of the best skirts we have seen is the Netted Bishop Skirts for sale by R. Clarkson, 61 Warren street, and all the retail stores.

The general outline is very good, and the network is so constructed that when pressed out of shape, as it must be when the wearer is walking with another person, the opposite side retains its form—a desideratum which is not to be found in any other skirt.

It will also be found free from the annoyance of the stitches



9. [CHESTERFIELD SACQUE AND BURNOUS MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 471. 8.

or fastenings giving way; the springs being supported by the network which forms the body of the skirt.

MOSQUITO CANOPY.

Mr. Clarkson also manufactures a very much improved

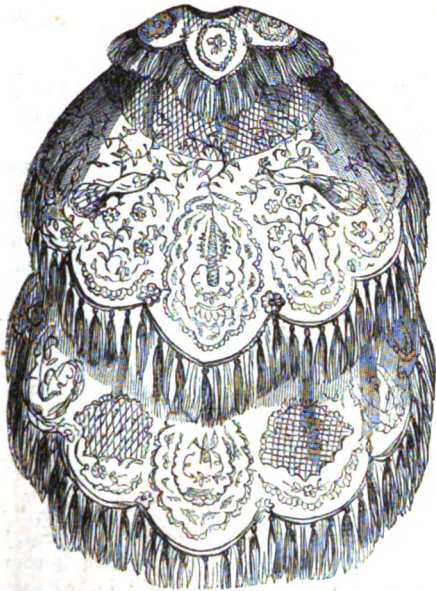
"Mosquito Canopy," which is of a more graceful appearance than those hitherto sold. They are of a very simple construction, and being also very elastic, can be easily attached to any bedstead.



5. BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 470.



6. GILL'S HAT. GENIN. PAGE 470.



1. INFANT'S EMBROIDERED CLOAK. GENIN. PAGE 470.

The frames are enamelled white or gilded, and are made with joints, so as to be portable: by means of these joints they can be packed in a parcel not much larger than a closed umbrella. They have an advantage over those made with rings in the ceiling, in being more airy, and also by their capability of being moved to any part of the room.

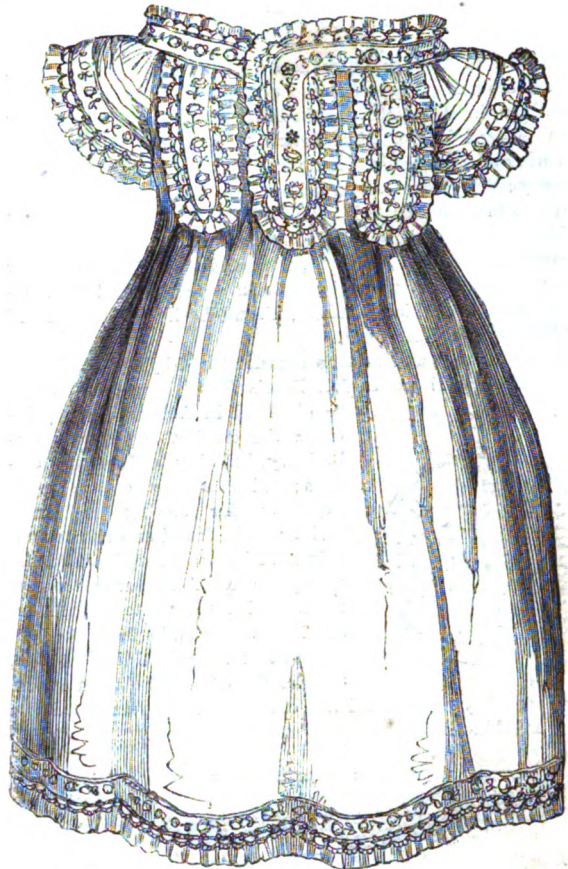
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. S.—IT, near Ottawa —Sent by express, April 9. We chose the matinée skirt, with its patent detachable fastenings and adjustable bustle, as being the favorite of the season, and one of Douglas & Sherwood's most beautiful skirts.

Miss ELLEN M.—Orné balls are suited to three different pur-



2. HEAD DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 470.



7. LADY'S CHEMISE. GENIN. PAGE 470.

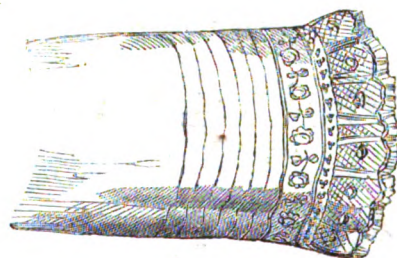
poses; they are for knitting, crochet or canvas work: each ball is suited only for one of these uses. The canvas is manufactured expressly for them. The price of the balls varies from \$2 75 to \$5 75, according to the size. No. 13 is the lowest number.

E. A., Chicago.—Purse twist is used for the nets. A very coarse kind, in large skeins, can be obtained in black and brown. This is employed for the centre; the border may be finer, and in crimson, blue or any bright hue: Beads, not bugles, for the trimming, as the latter cut the silk.

Mrs. H.—In our fashion department you will find an engraving of a very pretty and fashionable variety of sleeve.

AMANDA.—The rubans dahlia are so called because the fluting is supposed to resemble the petals of the dahlia flower. It is in various widths and every color. The new fluted ribbons are charming, particularly in chintz patterns, for the new grenadine robes.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.—A blueish pink, most delicate and beautiful, and almost universally becoming. Did you never notice the lovely tint of the blossom of the peach-tree? That is the shade so called.



CHEMISE SLEEVE.

NOTICE.

We beg to announce to our readers that the Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* will execute commissions for distant subscribers, in all articles for the toilette and work-table, at the prices charged by the retail houses themselves. The skill in coloring, and knowledge of materials and styles acquired during several years engagement in this department, in this country, as well as in London and Paris, will be employed for the benefit of those who intrust her with commissions.

Remittances should be made, if possible, by a draft on New York; if not practicable, by bills in a registered letter, addressed to the Fashion Editress, Frank Leslie's Magazine, 13 Frankfort street, New York.

All the threads and cottons manufactured by the celebrated firm of Walter Evans & Co., Boar's Head Manufacturers, of Derby, England, may now be obtained in America. They include the crochet and sewing, embroidery, knitting and tatting cottons; also a new cotton made expressly for sewing machines, which will be found superior to anything hitherto manufactured for this purpose. All these cottons are marked with the name of the firm, of which we append a facsimile.

Agent for the United States,
Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street.

We earnestly recommend this cotton to every family using a sewing machine.



OUR COUSIN FROM TOWN.

"How tiresome—how extremely disagreeable!" complained my brother Arthur, as he tossed on the table Miss Ponsonby's note, containing her acceptance of my father's invitation to her, to come and spend a few weeks with his family in their quiet country home.

We all looked spitefully enough at the innocent little sheet of paper, with its delicate handwriting, and its neatly sealed and faintly perfumed envelope. We were a family of rough, unpolished, motherless boys and girls. We girls, indeed, were even less civilised than our brothers; for while we had run wild under the *quasi* control of a weak-minded governess whom we entirely ruled, they had been duly sent to a public school, where some degree of discipline had been flogged and knocked into them by their tutors and schoolfellows. Arthur, especially, the eldest, the cleverest, the handsomest and the dearest, was just returned from his first term at Harvard, and we were all proud of his improvement in appearance, and charmed by his gentlemanlike courtesy and ease of manner, though we scarcely understood it. We only knew he was very different to Hugh and Stephen, and that already those wild, reckless fellows were becoming a thought less wild, under the influence of their elder brother's precepts and example.

But even Arthur disliked the idea of Miss Ponsonby's visit, and we, sanctioned by his opinion, scrupled not to express our feelings unreservedly.

"A regular bore, a nuisance!" cried Hugh, savagely cutting away at the stick he was carving, and sending the chips right and left as he did so; "what on earth are we to do with a fine New York lady?"

"We shall have to be proper and 'lady-like,' as Miss Fisher says," said Lydia, in dismay; "and how—oh! there now, Hugh, one of your abominable chips has flown into my eye. You've no business to hack away at that stick in the drawing-room. Arthur, has he? I'll slap your face if you make faces at me, sir."

This last, of course, to Hugh, who was too vividly expressing his feelings by contortions of his features. Arthur, as usual, had to exert his influence to prevent a quarrel, and when that was achieved we began to grumble again.

"We were going to have such fun!" sighed I, "now Arthur

is here, and all. We should have been so happy this autumn. Bother!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" exclaimed Stephen, in sudden glee; "we'll sicken her of being here; we'll send her off of her own accord, the second day; we'll make the place too hot to hold her, and she'll beat a retreat."

"Hurrah!" cried Hugh, "I'll do my part. I'll take her through bramble-bushes that shall tear her smart frocks, and spoil her grand fashionable bonnets. I'll let her accidentally slip into ditches which shall ruin her satin shoes, and frighten her out of her fine ladyish senses besides. Oh, I promise I'll lead her a pretty life while she is here."

"Hush, boys!" remonstrated Arthur, looking up from his book, "you must remember this lady is to be our guest, and has claims to all courtesy and consideration from us. It's no use to talk in that wild way. We are gentlemen—don't forget that."

This final argument was always irresistible to the two boys, rude and savage as they seemed. With Lydia and myself he employed other reasoning.

"Though we don't like this visitor, girls," said he, "we are not such Goths as to let her see it. You will, of course, jointly do the honors, and I have no doubt you will acquit yourselves admirably; for," added he, seeing we still looked somewhat dubious, "I should not like my sisters to be laughed at by our New York cousin. I should not like her to think that you do not know how to behave with propriety in your father's house."

This speech had its due effect, and we prepared to receive our visitor, if not with heartfelt cordiality, at least with a decent show of it. Nevertheless, the arrival of the day which was to bring her among us was dreaded as an actual calamity.

On that day, however, Lydia and I attired ourselves with unusual care. We had so much regard for appearances that we did not wish to be looked upon as absolute slatterns by our cousin from town. So Lydia mended the rent in her skirt, which had yawned there for the last three weeks, and I condescended to pin a fresh tucker round my neck, and a pair of not more than half dirty cuffs on my wrists.

Miss Fisher, our meek and much tyrannized-over governess, was sitting in the drawing-room, which she had, with considerable labor, cleared from the litter that usually strewed its floor, its tables and chairs. Lydia's drawings and my music were neatly disposed on separate shelves, and as many books as our rough usage had left presentable, were formally ranged round the card basket on the centre-table, after the ordinary fashion. Often before had poor Miss Fisher made similar orderly arrangements, which we had invariably overturned five minutes after, but on this occasion we suffered them to remain. Hugh and Stephen gathered round Arthur, who was drawing mathematical mysteries at a side table, and Lydia and I, with unnatural demureness, seated ourselves on each side of Miss Fisher. At her earnest request we even submitted to get some needlework. Lydia routed out a half hemmed pocket-handkerchief from the depths of the workbag, and I applied myself to the intricacies of a knitted collar, which I had been slowly blundering through at rare intervals for some years.

Thus were we employed when the roll of wheels on the carriage sweep leading to the house announced the return of our father from the railway station, where he had been to meet our expected guest. Lydia ran to the window and peeped out, heedless of Miss Fisher's imploring appeals to her sense of propriety. I sat still feeling that I was sixteen years of age, the eldest girl, and about to enact the part of hostess.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lydia, in a kind of a subdued scream—"what a heap of handboxes and baskets. One, two, three—oh, there she is. My goodness what a grand lady! She's coming in—now for it!"

And she fled back to her seat just as my father opened the door and led in the young lady.

"Caroline, my dear, these are your cousins, Elizabeth and Lydia. Girls, this is your cousin, Caroline Ponsonby. Bid her welcome to Abbott's Grange!"

And my father, who was a man of few words, left us to make acquaintance.

Miss Ponsonby was a very stylish young lady, indeed. Her silk dress was flounced to her waist, and rustled whenever she moved, and she wore little jingling chains at her waist and on her wrists; her large Cashmere shawl was clasped by a magnificent cameo, and her bonnet was laden with all sorts of fashionable frippery. A mingled odor of otto of roses and musk was faintly perceptible as she entered the room.

No wonder Lydia and I, recklessly indifferent as we were to the obligations of the toilette—to whom pomades were unknown, and *pitchouli* and *bouquet de la reine* utterly incomprehensible—no wonder we were completely dumbfounded at the apparition of our visitor—long expected and long dreaded as she had been.

Miss Ponsonby, however, possessed all that ease and graceful self-possession which is only acquired by habitude to society. She took my hand and shook it with a cordiality that set all the little chains and lockets at her wrists jingling furiously. Then turning to my brothers:

"My cousin Arthur, I presume," said she, smiling—"and Hugh—and Stephen? My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations, you see."

By this time I had collected myself sufficiently to offer to conduct our guest to her apartment. So I showed the way, followed by the rustling, jingling, perfumed Miss Ponsonby, who, in her turn was followed by Lydia, grimacing, opening wide her eyes, and elevating her eyebrows, in testimony of her emotions. Arrived at the "best chamber," Miss Ponsonby swept across the room to the window, which commanded an extensive view.

"What a magnificent prospect!" said she, with real heartiness, "and how pleasant the country is! You seem to have quite an extensive domain, too, attached to the house. Charming!"

Having listened to these words Lydia and I, very shily and awkwardly, took our departure from the room. Once outside the door we rushed back to the drawing-room.

"Oh, what a time we have to look forward to?" exclaimed Lydia—"did ever any one see such a finikin, affected, fine lady in this world?"

"So very fine," cried Stephen mimicking her—"My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations. There's a flow of language for you! We must hunt up our Lexicons while our fair cousin abides with us."

"Lexicons, indeed!" growled Hugh—"I neither intend to say anything to her, or to trouble myself to listen to what she says. I only hope she will like us as little as we like her, and then she won't stay long."

"Haden't you better provide some special diet for our friend?" sneered Stephen, taking up the theme, "surely she will never touch the homely beef and mutton that it is our habit to partake of. Nightingale's eggs stewed with rose-leaves, I should think, would form her most substantial repast. Or, Lydia, you will surely have no objection to boil your love-birds for your sweet cousin's delectation. Consider, my dear, the duties of hospitality."

"Yes," joined in Arthur, very gravely, "we must all consider that. And it isn't hospitable, Stephen, to make fun of a guest, let me assure you."

Arthur's displeasure curbed, though it could not altogether crush, Stephen's sarcasm and Hugh's grumbling. The two boys retired to a remote corner, from whence occasional bursts of laughter issuing, apprised us of the subject of their whispered conversation.

Miss Ponsonby made her graceful entrance into the room just as the tea-equippage appeared. Now that her shawl was removed, we could see how elegantly her dress fitted, how tastefully it was ornamented, and with what care the tiny lace collar and cuffs were suited to the rest of her attire. What a contrast she presented to Lydia and myself as she sat between us at the tea-table! Her hair smooth and silky, while ours hung in dishevelled curls about our faces; her hands fair and delicate and covered with rings, while ours were red and rough as a housemaid's. The thought passed across my mind that the contrast was perhaps not wholly favorable to us; but I would never have dared to give utterance to such an idea.

The conversation was neither very general nor very lively, until my father appeared, and then it was entirely confined to him and Miss Ponsonby. They talked of New York, the theatres, the exhibitions—of places and of people we knew nothing about; and we felt all the spite of the uninitiated towards the more privileged accordingly. When tea was over, and my father, after his usual custom, had departed to his study to smoke and read the paper, we all gathered together round one window, leaving our visitor sitting in solitary state at the table.

She, however, soon accommodated herself to her position: fetched a book from a side-table, and immediately, to all appearance, was lost in study. We cast furtive and unkindly glances at her, and communicated our dislike to one another under our breath. Thus things lasted till candles came in; and then Arthur magnanimously set an example of attention to our guest, by asking her if she played and sang? She answered yes, smilingly; and willingly consented to let us hear her. So she rose, and went to the piano, and played a number of brilliant things, which we did not understand, and therefore did not like; and then she sang one or two Italian songs, which made a similar impression on our untutored minds. Lydia and I were resolute in refusing to play after our accomplished cousin; we sat in grim silence, doing nothing, but looking very cross, which we felt, for it was our habit to dance among ourselves in the evening, and we were all wroth with the intruder, who hindered us from our customary enjoyments. Arthur alone made any effort to amuse Miss Ponsonby; he proposed a game at chess, and they played till supper-time, and in the course of their play made great progress in acquaintance.

After the young lady had retired for the night, we all gathered round Arthur to know what he thought of her.

"Oh!" said he, yawning, "she is a very fine girl, and talks well. Rather too stylish for us quiet folks, perhaps; but still—"

"I wonder how long she is arranging her dress of a morning?" speculated Lydia, "and settling her chains and trace-lets. Why, it must occupy half the night to take them off. And what with brushing her hair—oh dear!"

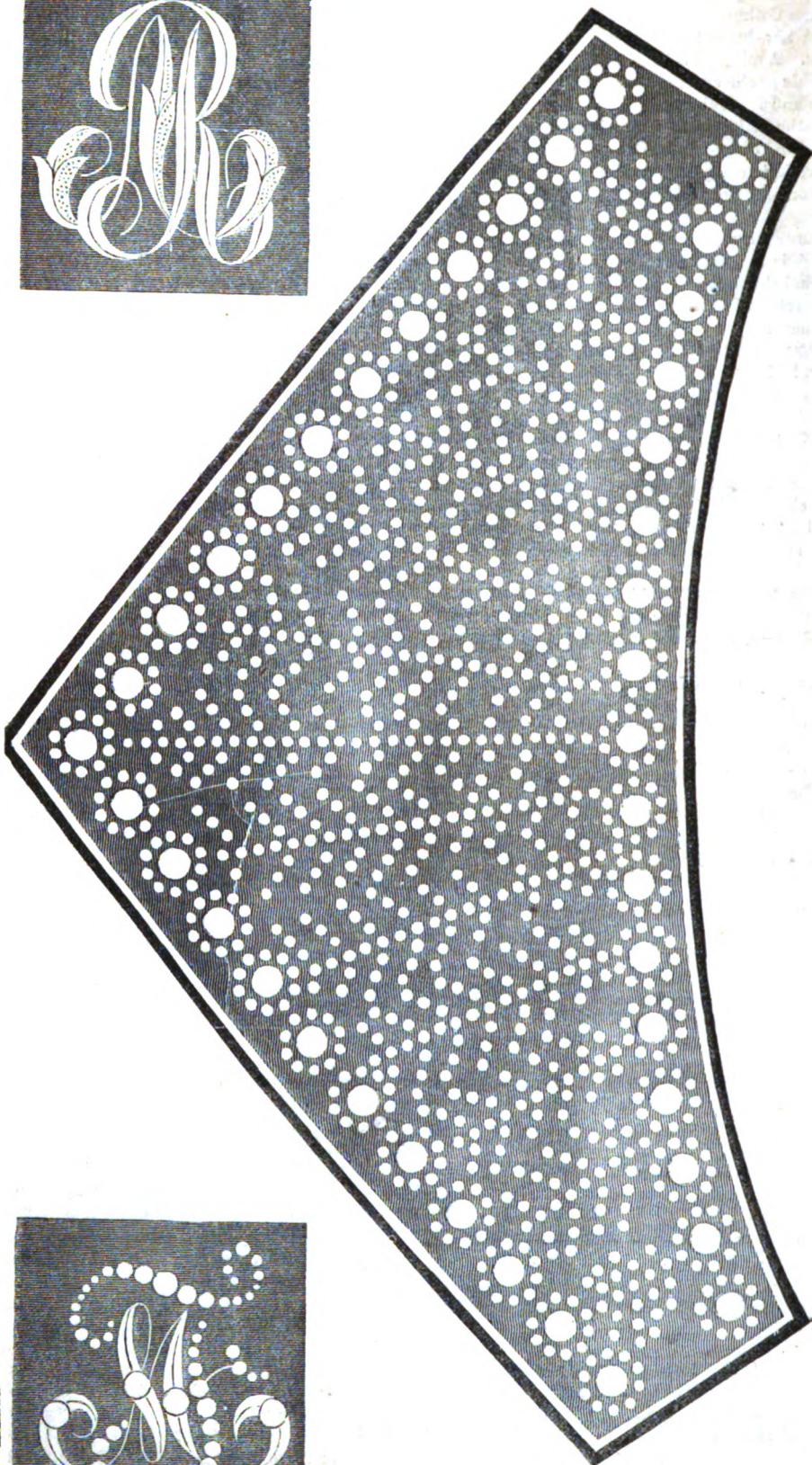
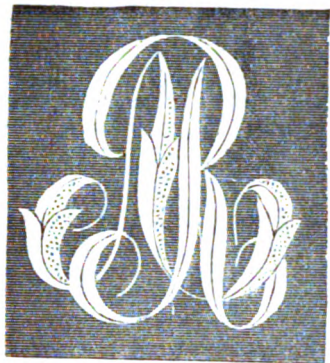
"Lydia doesn't consider smooth hair compatible with any womanly virtues," laughed Arthur; "and she repudiates brush and comb."

"Oh, I hate vanity!" cried she abruptly, but coloring too.

And I noticed thenceforward a gradual improvement in the appearance of Lydia's abundant brown tresses. Possibly the example of our elegant cousin effected some good in both of us. We could not but catch some infection of her neatness and care in dress; moreover, we were all obliged to own she was not ill-natured, and was ever willing to assist us with her advice, or even her helping hands, in any matter of costume. This ready kindness was also evinced in other ways. Miss Ponsonby was always pleased to play or sing, to teach us stitches in embroidery, new waltzes on the piano, or new mysteries in crochet. As for her "choice language," I am inclined to think it was accidental, and not a matter of habit with her. We were obliged privately to acknowledge that her fine ladyism, even after all, resolved itself into always having clean hands and face, smooth hair, tasteful dress and quiet manners.

Nevertheless, in spite of these concessions, we did not "get on together" very rapidly. We still furtively quizzed her fashionable dresses, and gentle, refined manners. We still thought her good for nothing but to sit still and look pretty, and do fancy work. Except Arthur—who with his gentleman-like feeling paid her the more attention because we were inclined to neglect her—except Arthur, we all eschewed her society whenever we decently could, and still looked upon her presence among us as the "bore," the tiresome, disagreeable necessity, we had originally considered it.

So two or three weeks passed, and I think it occurred to none of us that our cousin Caroline might have feelings below the surface of her quiet, pleasant bearing, and that there might be more in her than we saw, or chose to see. I believe I was the first not to make the discovery (I was too obtuse in those days ever to be in danger of such a thing), but to have the fact forced on me. One evening, tea waited; my father was in a



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hurry, and Miss Ponsonby had not responded to the summons. I was despatched to her room, which, with my usual *gauche* precipitance, I entered without any warning given, or permission asked. To my dismay, my cousin was sitting by the window, crying. She looked up at the noise of my sudden approach, and my loud announcement of "Tea!" and colored deeply, more with indignation than shame, I think. I had the grace to mutter some apology, and the feeling, too, to wish to know what grieved her.

"Is anything the matter, cousin?" said I, timidly,

"Pray take no notice," she replied, hastily rising, and beginning to arrange her hair. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting—I did not hear the bell. I will be down stairs immediately."

And simply by looking at me she forced me from the room. When she appeared in the parlor she seemed much as usual, though I was able to detect the red mark round her eyes, and the nervous flutter of her fingers—those white, ringed fingers we had so often laughed at, Lydia and I.

I felt sorry for her, and ashamed of myself, that by my own behavior I had placed such a barrier of indifference between us, that now, when all my romance was interested, my better feelings aroused, and I really desired to draw near to her, I was unable to do so.

That evening after tea we three girls and Arthur went for a walk through the woods to Chester Creek—that great piece of water whereon our boating in summer and our

skating in winter depended. I remember, as Lydia and I walked behind Miss Ponsonby and Arthur, my sister's allusions in the usual scornful style to our visitor's silk dress, pretty mantle and delicate bonnet, did not chime with my mood so harmoniously as usual. I was glad to remember this fact afterwards. When we came to the "creek," which was really a lake, as deep and as broad as most lakes, we two girls, of course, wanted a row. There were two boats always there, and we had soon unlocked the boat-house and unmoored one of the little "tubs," as Arthur called them. I don't know why Arthur took it into his head to go off with one boat, while we stood on the bank watching him. Some freak of vanity, I have since thought, made him eager to show off his real skill and united grace and strength in rowing, for our cousin to see more advantageously than she would have done when in the boat. And we looked on, while he rapidly skimmed across to the opposite bank, and then came back. But half-way—something seemed wrong—he drew up his oars—shouted to us: "Bring the other boat! there's a leak in this, and she's scuttling. Make haste!"

The other boat! In our observance of him we had forgotten the other boat, which, released from its fastening, was quietly floating away, and was already far beyond our reach. Lydia and I shrieked dismally:

"It's gone—it's gone! He'll be drowned! He can't swim!"

Where was Miss Ponsonby! [She had sprung from the raised platform of the boat-house and was making her way along the muddy bank, by which the escaped boat was quietly gliding. On she went, and now, being abreast of the boat, she waded in to the water, regardless of shrieking, helpless Lydia—of that pretty dress and mantle—up to her waist, caught hold, climbed in, and had the oars in the water sooner than I can relate it all.

"Hold up!" she cried then to Arthur, in the treacherous, fast-sinking "tub." We hardly breathed, I think, till he had hold of the oar she held out to him—and was safe. Then we sat down and cried.

As for Arthur and Caroline—when I looked up they were standing close by—Arthur supporting her, for she had hurt herself in the adventure, and was now as pale as if she were going to faint.

"Can't you give any help, girls?" cried Arthur, almost angrily. "You see—you see—good heavens! she is injured!—she is terribly injured!"



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"No, no, no, no!" was all she could say, in a faint voice. Then we saw her arm was bleeding from a great cut. In the midst of my fright I was amazed to see the passionate way in which Arthur pressed his lips to the wound, saying, in a low, fervent voice:

"For me—for me! I think I never prized my life before, Caroline?"

Yes, I heard—and so did she. The color came into her face again, and she disengaged herself from all our supporting arms, declaring she was quite well, quite ready to walk home.

I hardly know how we walked home. Lydia was crying half the time, being thoroughly subdued by fright and agitation. As for me, I looked at my cousin, who, leaning on Arthur's arm, walked feebly in her ruined silk dress, from which we had wrung the water as well as we could. And I sighed with a new consciousness as, ever and anon, I caught some word's in Arthur's passionate voice, and then Caroline's low, sweet tones in reply.

It was my first glimpse into the Enchanted Land. New and mysterious as it all was to me, I intuitively comprehended, and I moralised within myself somewhat after this fashion:

"Well, only to think! I'll never judge from appearances again. Who would have supposed that our fine lady cousin would have turned out a heroine after all, just like a girl in a book? and that Arthur would fall in love with her? and that she would be our sister at last?"

Any other catastrophe never struck me as being within the nature of things. Even when, on arriving at home, Caroline escaped at once to her own room, and Arthur strode off into the shrubbery, dark as it was, still I was not undeceived. I was rather surprised when my offer to assist Miss Ponsonby in changing her wet garments was refused in a subdued and tearful voice. But I thought: "People have different ways of taking things. I dare say she is very happy, though she is crying about it."

But I was roughly aroused to the real state of affairs. Arthur reappeared, and called me to join him in his evening ramble. Glad enough I was to do it, though I could hardly keep up with his impetuous steps. He plunged in *medias res*, and undeceived me at once.

"Lizzy, it's all over; she's refused me. I'm miserable for life. But no matter; she mustn't suffer, she mustn't be distressed; she's an angel, Lizzy!"

"No, not if she makes you miserable," said I, promptly, and bitterly, and decisively.

"Psha! it isn't her fault: she never encouraged or thought of such a thing—I know that. I know I'm a fool ever to have allowed myself to think of her; but—but for all that I shall love her as long as I live."

"Of course you will," I rejoined, in eager faith; "and it's very hard that she—O Arthur! after all, how I wish she had never come to Abbott's Grange!"

"I shall never wish that," said he, after a few minutes' pause; and even now, looking back over all the intervening years, I can recall the manly, uplift look of my brother's face as he said so. "I am the better for having known her. I would live the last three weeks again gladly, even to paying their price as I do now."

We were both silent for a little while after this; then he resumed, hurriedly—

"All this while I am forgetting what I called you for, Lizzy. You must contrive to keep a great deal with her, so that my absence may be unnoticed. No one but us three need ever know—and she is so sensitive. In another week I shall be going back to college, and then it will be all right."

He said the cheerful words very drearily, though. I burst out, impetuously—

"Arthur, she can't help liking you. Perhaps some day—Ah! don't give it up; don't go and be hopeless about it."

"No, my dear little sister, it's no use. She loves another man, and has been engaged to him for seven years."

"Seven years! I was aghast. I could not help remembering that seven years ago, Arthur, a little fellow in a cap and jacket, was playing leap-frog and marbles with all a school-

boy's gusto. However I said nothing; for evidently the recollection had no place in Arthur's thoughts. He went on:

"He has been abroad a long time. She expects him back shortly; then they will be married. She told me: she said I had a right to know. She behaved beautifully; she is everything that is most pure, most gentle, most angelic. In spite of all my wretchedness, I know that."

So he went on, till we were summoned indoors. Poor Arthur! he was thoroughly earnest and thoroughly generous in his love for Caroline Ponsonby. If the misery he so freely spoke of were less than absolutely real, and rather a luxurious novelty than anything else, I did not detect it then, and I was not quite able to forgive our cousin for having caused it.

My father met us as we entered the house. He had a letter in his hand, which he held out to me.

"It's for your cousin," he said. "Take it to her. She is not well, I hear; but I'm mistaken if this doesn't prove a panacea even for being half drowned. You hair-brained scapegraces!"

He shook his head at us, but with his merriest smile. I ran up stairs with the letter.

Caroline looked miserable enough, even my sisterly jealousy was compelled to own. But my father was right. At sight of the letter her face brightened, and when she had read two or three lines, she fairly burst into tears and buried her face in the wonderful missive.

"He is in New York; he will be here to-morrow," she said, in the first impulse of her relieved heart. I suppose I looked grim, for, after a little while, she drew me towards her, holding fast hold of my hands and looking straight into my face.

"Don't be unjust," she said, with resolved frankness; "and don't draw back and keep aloof from me as you have done. Partly it was my fault, doubtless; but remember, cousin, you were at home, and I was among strangers; and though I yearned to give you my confidence, I could not force it on you. My uncle knew. I wish he had told you."

She stopped, pained by my apparently unsympathising silence I suppose.

"Arthur will—Arthur won't—Arthur is too brave," said I, incoherently.

"Arthur being ten years younger than I am," she remarked gently, "may be reasonably expected to forget all that had best be forgotten. Yet for his generous kindness, his friendliness to me when friendliness was so needed, I shall always be grateful, and always grieve that it cost him even a passing sorrow."

"A passing sorrow!" repeated I, indignant again on the other side.

However, since then I have been compelled to acknowledge I was mistaken in more things than one concerning our cousin from town. Even so early as next morning, when there dashed up a carriage to Abbott's Grange, and there entered a brown-bearded, brown-complexioned man, who looked to me quite as old as my father, and who, it seemed, was that "other man" of whom Arthur had spoken to me. Even then I began to allow that perhaps there were incongruities in my brother's first love that might prove fatal to eternal constancy, and perpetual misery thereant, humiliating as was the conclusion.

Yes, and now, when the annual family gathering is held at Abbott's Grange, and happy Caroline, with her husband and children, sits talking with her old friend my brother Arthur, also happy with his wife and bairns—he married, I think, his fifth love; and when I remember how true and energetic her friendship has always been; how many times it has helped him, as it has cheered and comforted us all—I am compelled to acknowledge that first impressions are not infallible even at sixteen, and that early youth, with all its enthusiasm and generosity, is too apt sometimes to blend a good deal of injustice.

VEXATIONS.—All the little vexations of life have their use as a part of our moral discipline. They afford the best trial of character. Many a man who could bow with resignation, if told that he was to die, is thrown off his guard and out of temper by the slightest opposition to his opinions or his projects.

MOVE THE MUSCLE—THE GREAT NECESSITY OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR OUR BOYS.

THE *New York Evening Post* quotes the following passage from an address delivered by Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, before the Alumni of Columbia College, delivered on the 27th of October, and just published in a pamphlet. Mr. Sedgwick is sound on the muscle question:

"From the time that the boy, whose fortune it is to be educated, is immured in school till the period when he is again to be immured in the lawyer's office, the counting-room, and from that time again until he enters upon the profession of his life, no systematic attention whatever is paid to the subject of physical education. All the health—all the exercise that he gets—he gets by nature or chance. No regular opportunity is provided for it, no authoritative encouragement is given to it, no stimulus, no prize; all the ambition, all the zeal, all the ardor of his young, ignorant and unreflecting nature is concentrated on the vigil and the midnight lamp. Severe labor, long terms, short vacations, crowded rooms, late hours, bad air—what is the natural result?"

"What can be the result? Well has it been said that the mind perishes as the body dwindles. Not for the pale crowd of sickly dyspeptics whom our colleges annually turn out are the great prizes of life. There have indeed been Pascals, and Byrons, and Channings, who, despite frail and miserable health, have achieved immortal things; but these are only exceptions which prove a great general rule.

"It is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott with his manly form; it is Brougham with his superhuman powers of physical endurance; it is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondacks or on the Miramichi; it is Napoleon, sleeping four hours and on horseback twenty; it is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength. These are the men who make the names which the world will not let die. Miserable is the philosophy and the practice which fails to recognize the importance of the animal part of our complicated structure.

"What is there in our system to raise or develop such men? How is it possible for them to be produced by it? I mean our system of education. Among the classes which do not so much boast of their intellectual training, the physical man is indeed infinitely better cared for. If you seek among our people for bodily strength, look at the great turn-outs of our firemen; look at our crack volunteer regiments exchanging national courtesies with our sister States. Among them you shall indeed find that sturdy vigor, that bodily strength and agility, without which all mental culture is but a preparation for disappointment and mortification."

We fully concur in the sentiments above expressed, and recommend our readers to peruse *Fitzgerald's Gymnastic Book* at once, and commence a reform not only in the schools but in the family.

THE following rich joke is related of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, who was a Swedenborgian: He was once crossing the Potomac, at Alexandria, in a ferry boat, and during his passage the ferryman heard him muttering to himself and talking with the air of one who was carrying on a conversation with others; curiosity prompted the man to ask an explanation of his singular proceedings; whereupon Lord Fairfax, with great politeness and serenity, replied that he was "conversing with Peter and Paul." Upon reaching the bank, he offered the ferryman the amount demanded of a single passenger, but that worthy demurred. As Peter and Paul had been in the boat, he said it was no more than right that his Lordship should pay for his friends, inasmuch as circumstances did not permit him, the ferryman, to demand of those gentlemen what they owed him. To this facetious view Fairfax readily assented; no doubt it pleased his eccentric taste, of which a species of grim humor was a marked characteristic. He paid for Peter and Paul his friends.

THE love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

At Cambridge, General Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up and said "Roxbury." "No, sar!" was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No, sar!" returned the colored soldier. "Charleston," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge." Washington said Cambridge, and went by, and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

THE CONFESSORIAL.—"Susan, stand up and let me see what you have learned. What does c-h-a-i-r spell?" "I don't know, ma'am." "Why you ignorant critter! What do you sit on?" "O, ma'am, I don't like to tell." "What on earth is the matter with the gal! Tell—what is it?" "I don't like to tell; it was Bill Brass's knee, but he never kissed me but three times." "Airthquakes and apple sauce!" exclaimed the mistress, and fainted.

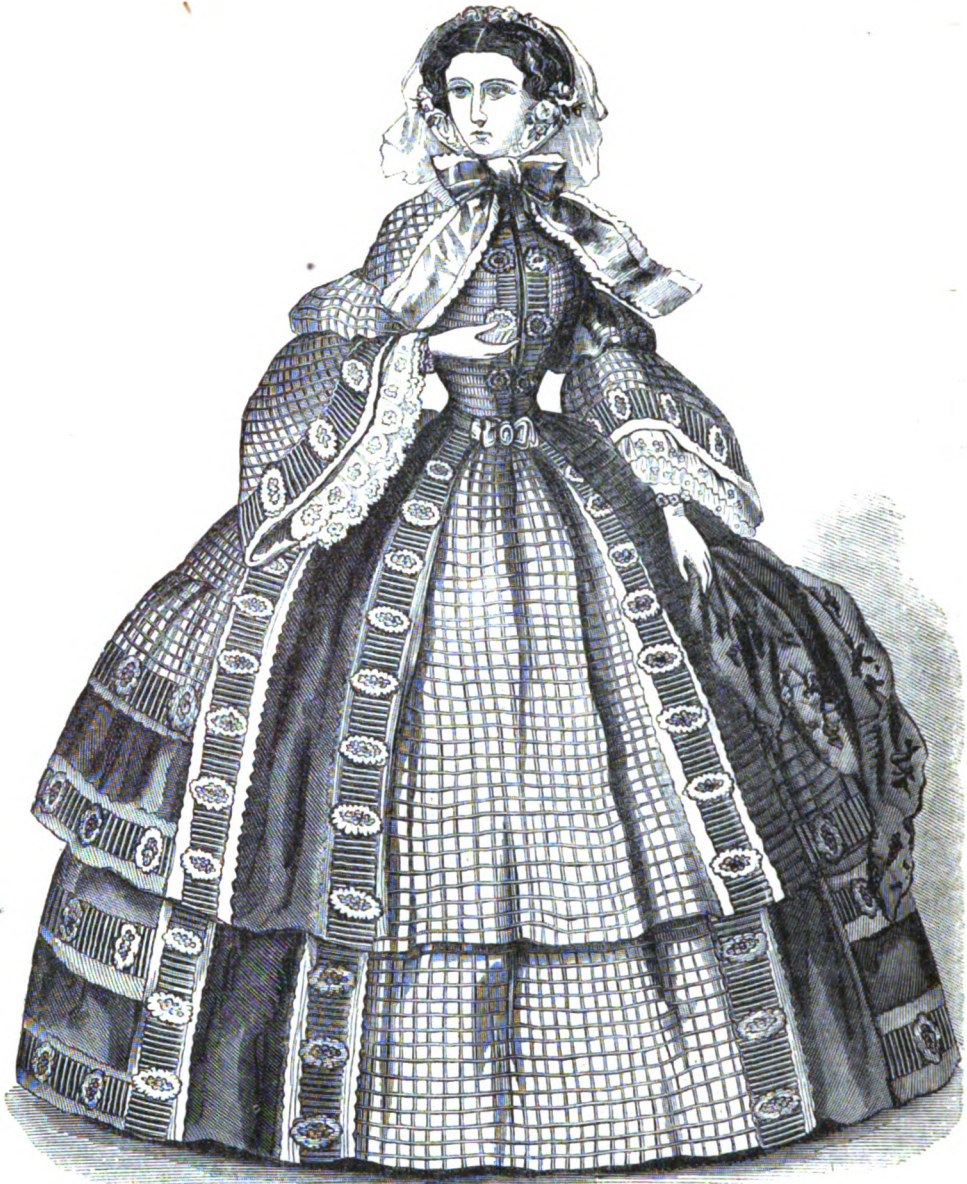
A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Courier tells how Daniel Webster offered himself to the woman of his choice. Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot; don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, and said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

It is said that Napoleon, when he was asked by Dr. O'Meara if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do so, answered in the following anagram: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Whether this is true or not, we should like to see a more ingenious and extended anagram, which, the reader will observe reads the same backward or forward.

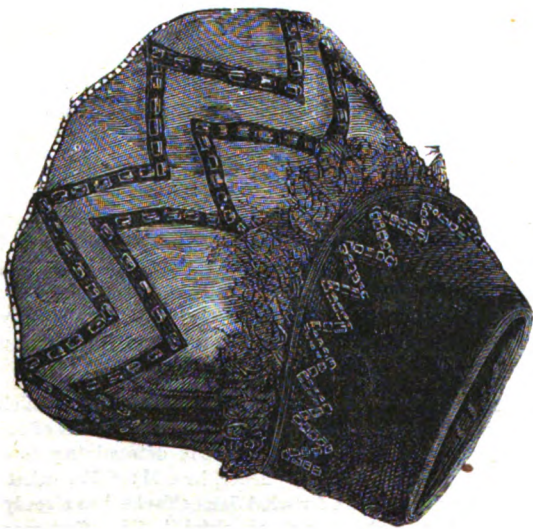
THE celebrated divine Robert Hall and Rev. Matthew Wilkes were on one occasion guests in the same house; and, after the services, were seated in the parlor, surrounded, of course, by numerous friends. Mr. Hall, full of wit and pleasantry, and as cheerful as the painful disease from which he suffered would permit him to be, entertained the ladies, and was the life of the party. Presently up spoke old Wilkes, "I am surprised, Mr. Hall, after the very serious discourse you gave us this afternoon to see you display so much levity as you do this evening." "My dear sir," said Robert Hall, "there is just this difference between you and me, you have your nonsense in the pulpit, and I have mine in the parlor." Matthew was quiet the rest of the evening.

A VERY PRETTY SENTIMENT.—(For which we expect no end of pretty presents.)—Between a man's love and a woman's love there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman love is a gift—with man it is only a loan. The loan is for the moment, or for that particular evening, or it may be for six months, or perhaps as long as six years; but with woman the gift is one that lasts all her life.—*Punch*.

A GENTLEMAN in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked; and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.



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THE LOST BABY.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

PART I.

SOME few years ago there stood, not far from the river, to the east of London, an old, many-shaped, detached house, which was occupied by a middle-aged, commonplace, pompous gentleman, of the name of Gudgeons. He was secretary to some public company (I believe a great gas or water company); and a man who believed in no one—not even in the chairman and board of directors—so much as himself. He knew everything—

at least, so he thought; he was prepared for every emergency—at least, so he believed. His life was insured in the oldest and safest office; his property was insured in another office, equally old and equally safe; he dealt with the best butcher, the best grocer, and the best baker; he knew the exact position of the nearest fire-engine and the nearest fire-escape; and he knew the names and addresses of the best physicians for different kinds of disease. He was always supplied with a chest of the very best medicine from Apothecaries' Hall, and a cellar of the best wine from the leading wine-merchant. His plate and property were securely locked up every night in a large iron safe in his own bedchamber; his fire-arms were always well loaded, within



THE YOUNG MUDLARKS BRINGING HOME A "BABBY."

reach, and in a place of safety; and the entrances to his dwelling were provided with an ample supply of the best scientific alarms. What had Mr. Gudgeons to fear from accident, disease or crime? What, indeed?

Mr. Gudgeon's family consisted of his wife, a nice quiet woman, of no very great ability, and three children—a girl-baby, aged eleven months, and two boys, aged respectively seven and eight years. In governing this family he had his own peculiar notions upon education. History he considered to be a great mistake, especially when it went further back than forty or fifty years. No man ought to encumber his brains with anything except the times and society in which he lived. The battle of Waterloo was the last decisive contest of the world; beyond that it was fruitless to go: and there the schoolmaster of the two Master Gudgeons was particularly requested to stop. Besides regulating the instruction of his boys by day, he imparted additional information to them at night. Blue-books were brought home from the office, and Master Tom, the youngest, and Master Harry, the eldest, were examined, even at that early age, upon their knowledge of population, imports, exports, banking, joint-stock companies, and the statistics of crime.

"Papa," asked the eldest boy, on one occasion during these distasteful catechisms, "who was the Duke of Monmouth?"

"Yes, papa," rejoined the youngest, emboldened by the example of his brother, "and who was Perkin Warbeck?"

The first question was bad enough, but the second was infinitely worse. Mr. Gudgeons was not prepared with any precise information concerning either of these historical personages; and the boys were therefore reprovved for their idle curiosity, and sent to bed.

If Mr. Gudgeons had his prejudices concerning remote history, his dislike for fiction amounted almost to positive horror. "Novels, sir," he was fond of saying over his dinner-table—"Pooh! rubbish! trash! Who writes them? Chairmen of public companies don't. Directors of public companies don't. Secretaries of public companies don't."

It was impossible, however, to keep Master Tom and Master Harry from the bane of knowing "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sindbad the Sailor;" and as the books containing the stories of these interesting individuals were carefully excluded from the house, the two boys were driven to gratify their natural appetite for the wonderful upon much more questionable food.

Mr. Gudgeons was one evening unexpectedly passing the door of the room set aside as a nursery, when he heard a voice reading aloud, which he recognised as belonging to the nurse-maid, Sarah Finch. Curiosity prompted Mr. Gudgeons to listen, and further, to look through a crevice in the door, when he discovered his two sons seated open-mouthed by the side of the servant, engrossed by the interest of the narrative she was reading.

"'Never,' ejaculated the count in a voice of thunder," said Sarah Finch, reading from the book; "'never! and raising his dagger, he was about to plunge it into the bosom of the unfortunate countess, when the old hag of the forest seemed to dart through the wall, and before the guilty count could recover himself he was lying on the floor, while the countess and the old woman had disappeared together.'"

Mr. Gudgeons retired at once to his best drawing-room, where Mrs. Gudgeons was seated, and rang the bell for Sarah Finch and the two boys. In a few moments they came, but not without a foreboding as to the cause of their summons.

"Well!" said Mr. Gudgeons to Sarah Finch, with all his dignity and authority thrown into an attempt at sarcasm, "so the count cried 'Never!' in a voice of thunder, did he? He raised his dagger to plunge it into the countess, when the old hag of the forest appeared through the floor, did she?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Sarah Finch, "I was only reading to amuse the young gentlemen."

"And do you suppose," continued Mr. Gudgeons, "that the young gentlemen—that my sons—can be amused with such a string of absurdities as that? Do I ever ejaculate 'never,' in a voice of thunder? Do I ever raise a dagger to plunge it into your mistress? and does any old hag of any old forest ever

come through any floor or wall? Absurd rubbish! Where's the book?"

The book was sent for, and found to be an old novel called "The Lonely One of the Heath," printed very badly upon very yellow sugar-paper, much worn and plastered with dirt at the edges, and bound in two thick slices of dirty shoe-leather.

"Now, Sarah Finch," said Mr. Gudgeons, with much solemnity, taking the book, "I shall destroy this idiotic volume of trash; and if I find you again indulging in such books, or bringing them under the notice of my children, I shall be compelled to discharge you upon the spot, with a very indifferent character. You can go. Thomas and Henry, retire to bed."

Sarah Finch returned to the nursery, vexed at the loss of her book, and the two boys went to bed.

The nursery of Mr. Gudgeon's house was a room on a level with the drawing-rooms, but apart from the rest of the building. Below it was another apartment, used as a store and lumber department; and both the rooms evidently belonged to a house of much older date than the mansion to which they appeared to be rather inharmoniously attached. The store-room was so loaded with old furniture, and disfigured with modern shelves, which had been erected to contain the preserves and other articles, that little remained of its original aspect to strike the eye, except a tone much more gloomy than the rest of the house. The nursery having been very little altered, or re-decorated, retained its original features—a dark oaken wainscoting; a lofty, murky ceiling, and plastered-over rafters; a fireplace in which a tall man could stand upright, with much carving in oak all round the sides and along the mantel-shelf, almost black with smoke and age; dark, polished oaken flooring boards, very narrow, smooth and closely bound together; and a large arched window in a recess, looking out on the garden. There was an old beech-tree about ten yards from this window, in the garden, whose broad, thick trunk added to the sombre appearance of this room and the store-room below. The mossy branches of this tree spread outwards in all directions, some passing over the roof of the main mansion, others over the roof of the ancient out-building. The nursery was very scantily furnished, for it was the play-room of the children by day, as it was the bed-chamber of Sarah Finch, the nurse, by night. Her bed stood in an arched cupboard recess, on the right as you entered the door, which was near the wall on the garden side. At the other corner, still on the right of the entrance-door, and against the main mansion, was another arched recess, which contained nothing but two cotton dresses belonging to Sarah Finch. This recess had doors which closed it in, but the doors of the recess where the bed stood had been taken away, their place being supplied with curtains.

Sarah Finch was an ordinary young woman, about thirty, inclined to be fat, considered trustworthy and steady, not attached to any follower, properly vaccinated, with no tendency to lunacy or scrofula, fond of children, born near Cambridge, father dead, mother living; had been in two other situations, where she had lived respectably and respectively six years and three years; and she had already been in Mr. Gudgeons' family near four years. These were the particulars contained in Mr. Gudgeons' book of servants' characters, each fact being duly entered in a separate column, and the whole signed "Sarah Finch," in a handwriting not unlike that of poor Guido Fawkes when he was taken from the rack.

Sarah Finch's hour for retiring to rest was half-past ten, when Mrs. Gudgeons came to see if the candle was properly extinguished; and at half-past ten she retired, as usual, on this particular night. Her duties had been slightly increased during the last fortnight by the task of weaning young Miss Elizabeth, or, as she was called, Bessy Gudgeons, aged eleven months. This broke Sarah Finch's rest, which she did not much like, but it gave her some kind of companion by way of reward. Of course she had complained to her master (her mistress had little voice in the management of the house) about the large, gloomy character of her sleeping apartment, and, of course, her complaints had been treated with the contempt they deserved. Her request to have the cook, or the waiting-maid, sent down to sleep with her was not complied with, because the recess was only large enough to contain a bed for one

and the whole apartment was required during the day as a play-room for the boys. Any nervous timidity she may have exhibited was very quickly put down by a gentleman of such a practical and unimaginative turn of mind as Mr. Gudgeons.

Miss Bessy Gudgeons, considering her age, bore her weaning process very amiably. She slept in a small iron cot, which was squeezed into the recess by the side of Sarah Finch's bed, and, after being fed with a bottle before retiring to rest (about seven o'clock in the evening), nothing more was heard of her by her nurse until about two o'clock in the morning, when she required to be fed again. Sarah Finch was a sound sleeper, and a good sharp cry was necessary to wake her.

It was daylight the next morning when Sarah Finch awoke—daylight on a November morning, about seven o'clock. Rubbing her eyes, she looked into the little iron bedstead for the child, and not seeing it very clearly, she rubbed them again, to discover that it was not there. She put her hand under her own pillow in an instant, and found the bottle of food, wrapped up in flannel to keep it warm: it was untouched. Leaping from the bed, she looked underneath it, round the recess, over the room, in the other recess, and finally she ran to the door to find it still locked, as she had locked it last night after Mrs. Gudgeons had left.

Sarah Finch was not strong-minded, nor particularly superstitious; and under the painful and mysterious circumstances in which she was placed, she behaved with very praiseworthy coolness. She hurriedly put on some clothing in a very fantastic manner, and proceeded nervously and anxiously to the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Gudgeons. She knocked sharply at the door, and was answered by Mr. Gudgeons, who was a tolerably early riser, and who appeared with his face half covered with shaving lather.

"Now, then," said Mr. Gudgeons, "what is the matter?"

"Is the baby here, sir?" asked Sarah Finch, breathlessly.

"Certainly not!" returned Mr. and Mrs. Gudgeons, simultaneously.

"Then it's gone, sir, as sure as I stand here!" said the distressed nurse; "stolen out of the room at night, mum! Oh, I told you so, sir! I never liked the room; I knew they would. Oh, good gracious!" Here Sarah Finch took the liberty of fainting before her master, just as he and Mrs. Gudgeons were about to overwhelm her with a variety of anxious questions.

The house was soon alarmed, and, leaving Sarah Finch in the care of the waiting-maid, Mr. Gudgeons went at once to the nursery, where his wife had gone before him.

"Am I asked to believe," said Mr. Gudgeons, after examining the fastenings of the windows and looking round the room, "that thieves break into my house without disturbing my alarms, and only steal a baby?"

"Babies can't go without hands," said Mrs. Gudgeons, sobbing. "If I could only see the poor little dear in its little coffin, I should know it was happy."

"Yes, mum," said the cook, who had come into the room, "just as it took such notice too, mum. Don't take on so, mum, I beg."

Mr. Gudgeons was a man of decision, and did not waste much time in idle grief. "James," he said to the gardener and general man-servant, who had joined the cook, "I leave Sarah Finch in your custody. Jane," this was to the cook, "fetch a cab."

The cab was fetched, and Mr. Gudgeons got into it. He believed in excellence only when it was well advertised. If his wife's leg had been broken, he would have driven to Sir Lambert Daniel, the celebrated surgeon; if it had been a case of family cholera, he would have driven to Dr. Calomel, the great physician; if a serious accident had happened to his horse, he would have driven to Mr. Spavin, the renowned veterinary practitioner; and, as his baby had been stolen, he drove to the well-known Secret Investigation office of Messrs. Meadows and Winks.

PART II.

It was rather an early hour to go to any office upon business; but the profession of Messrs. Meadows and Winks was a pecu-

liar profession, and there was a principal in attendance at every hour of the day and night.

When a man goes to a firm of two or more members, for the first time, he generally asks for the partner whose name may head the list, and without knowing what that person's measure of ability may be, or even if there is really such an individual in existence, he feels excessively disappointed when informed he is not within, and is not expected in town for several weeks. This was particularly the case with Mr. Gudgeons, who always liked to have everything of the best, or what was duly advertised as such. When told by a stout, florid man in heavy boots and a large shooting-coat, that Mr. Meadows had only just started for Copenhagen, Australia, New Orleans, and a few such places, after a runaway clerk from Liverpool, Mr. Gudgeon's vexation vented itself in loud expressions of dissatisfaction.

"It's not enough," he said, "that I, who never had my pocket picked, am suddenly to become the victim of the most absurd robbery that ever happened to a respectable member of society; but the very best man in London to discover the crime has just gone to the North Pole after an ordinary runaway felon."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Winks, for that member of the detective firm it was who had answered Mr. Gudgeons, "you needn't put yourself about so. I daresay there's nothing about the case but what I can tackle."

"Your name, sir, is—?" inquired Mr. Gudgeons.

"Winks, of Meadows and Winks," returned the junior partner, stopping further questions.

"Very well," said Mr. Gudgeons, "step into this cab, and come along with me."

Mr. Winks put on his hat, took up a thick stick, and then went to a speaking-tube in a corner of the room.

"If that murder, or that forgery comes in this morning," said Mr. Winks, up the pipe, "I'm gone with a gent for a few hours. Now, sir," turning to Mr. Gudgeons, "I'm at your service."

This looked business-like and unromantic, and so far Mr. Gudgeons was satisfied; but he was not favorably disposed to junior partners, though his peculiar position compelled him to accept Mr. Winks's assistance. He stated the case to that gentleman in the cab, and in about half an hour they were standing in the nursery of Mr. Gudgeons' family mansion. Everything was much the same as Mr. Gudgeons had left it, except that the women, especially Mrs. Gudgeons, appeared with very red eyes, and were rather favorably disposed to a supernatural explanation of the mystery. The two boys had perfectly agreed between themselves as to the present condition and prospects of their lost sister. They never for a moment suspected Sarah Finch. They had had their doubts about one Robinson Crusoe, until they considered how he was shut up on an inaccessible island; they had even suspected Sindbad the Sailor, until they recollected he had got quite enough trouble on his own hands without encumbering himself with a stolen baby; and at last they settled upon the old hag of the forest, who was remarkably fond of children, having none of her own. Their youthful imaginations pictured the lost little one lying in a golden cavern, upon a bed of scented leaves, feeding upon large peaches, without a fear of indigestion, listening to the most wonderful musical-box ever heard in this world; and, above all, far away from odious lessons upon population, and the statistics of crime.

This was the very natural result of the mysterious robbery which annoyed Mr. Gudgeons the most. He had the proper feelings of a father—at least it is to be presumed so, as his children wanted for nothing which money could purchase; but he also had his theories and opinions to preserve. He hated the romantic—he did not believe in the wonderful; and just as he had begun to flatter himself upon having thoroughly grounded his boys in his own way of thinking, the whole fabric of his pet education was swept away by an occurrence which defied the ordinary rules of explanation.

Mr. Winks did not appear to be a person of any very great powers of mind; in fact, his greatest successes (and he had had them, as well as Mr. Meadows) were effected by remaining per-

flectly passive ; and his reputation (and he had got one, as well as Mr. Meadows) was acquired by opening his ears and holding his tongue. He was the representative of a system, very simple in its operation, though sometimes very useful in its results. He waited until somebody came to his office with something to say, and in general he had not to wait very long. The information he bought he sold again at a premium ; and there was little in the working of his trade more wonderful than this.

The unusual character of the robbery he had been called in to investigate rather puzzled Mr. Winks, though he was too discreet to betray himself. In conversation he openly treated the supposed mystery as a thing of every-day occurrence ; though, privately, he could not refer it to any class of crime with which his professional experience had made him familiar. He looked round the room, and found no signs of violence, no trace of burglars or burglary. The window (well provided with Mr. Gudgeons' favorite alarms) had not been touched ; the lock of the door had not been tampered with ; there were no signs throughout the house of forcible entrance ; and although there was little in the room of any value, nothing had disappeared, except the baby. Baby-stealing, when carried on by women—chiefly beggars—in the streets, fell naturally into its appointed place, and did not disturb the harmony of the great criminal system ; but, in its present form, it was a sudden and meteoric appearance ; and Mr. Winks, for the present, got out of the difficulty he was in by a very obvious and a very commonplace mode of investigation.

"I should like to see the nurse," said Mr. Winks.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gudgeons, and he ordered Sarah Finch.

Sarah made her appearance, looking very wild and nervous ; both bad symptoms in the mind of Mr. Winks.

"Have you any followers, Sarah Finch?" asked Mr. Winks.

"None, sir," replied the distressed nurse.

"Never had any?" still inquired Mr. Winks.

"Never, sir," still answered the nurse.

"Don't know anything of a sailor named Tarboy?"

"No, sir."

"Don't know anything of a discharged postman, named John Knox?"

"No ; of course not."

"Don't know anything of a ticket-of-leave man, No. 4236—dressed in a grenadier's uniform?"

"Certainly not," replied Sarah Finch, becoming gradually more spirited as she was losing her temper. These men were pure fabrications of the inventive Mr. Winks, but in putting such questions he was impressing Mr. Gudgeons with a sense of his stores of information, and acting upon the time-honored traditions of his art.

"Where were you born?" asked Mr. Winks, continuing his examination.

"Not a hundred miles from Cambridge," returned the badgered nurse, now fully aroused, and partially sulky.

"Are your parents still living?"

"Mr. Winks," said Mr. Gudgeon, at this point, feeling that the course the examination was taking reflected upon his own management of his household, "I'm happy to say my establishment is not conducted without some order and method, and I have a full record of answers to all these questions you are now putting to that wretched woman."

This last expression of her master was extremely distasteful to the excited Sarah Finch.

"Wretched woman, sir, you may well say," she said, "to have to live in a house, and sleep in a room like this. You don't suppose I've eaten the poor dear baby, do you? Give me my long character, and let me go."

"Sarah Finch," returned Mr. Gudgeons, with much dignity and solemnity, "leave the room. You will consider yourself in custody until this affair is explained."

Sarah did as she was ordered, sobbing aloud, for her bursts of spirit were very fitful, and they soon burned out.

Mr. Winks looked very solemn, stroked his chin, and shook his head, all of which might mean nothing at all, or might mean a great deal.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Gudgeons, rather loudly, getting impatient, for with all his weakness he was not a man to be trifled with. "What next?"

Mr. Winks saw the necessity of earning his money, and he pushed on.

"There's a tree outside that window," said Mr. Winks.

"Good," returned Mr. Gudgeons, concisely.

"Its distance from the wall is—what?"

"Ten yards," replied Mr. Gudgeons.

"It passes over the roof of this out-building?" continued Mr. Winks, who had made a survey.

"It does," replied Mr. Gudgeons, "and the nearest branch that would bear a man's weight, or even a boy's, is about fifteen yards in a slightly slanting direction from the roof."

"Exactly," said Mr. Winks ; "the garden wall which divides you from the road and a field, is lofty and well protected with broken glass ; there are no footsteps traceable in the garden ; but still a rope slung round the nearest branch of that tree would furnish access to the roof ; and that once gained, there is an easy road to the room down the broad old chimney."

"Good," returned Mr. Gudgeons.

"That is the only possible road," continued Mr. Winks, "by which a professional burglar could enter ; but, as a man of the world, you must know that professional burglars don't risk their lives and liberty to steal a baby."

"Exactly my opinion," replied Mr. Gudgeons.

"Very well, then," returned Mr. Winks ; suspicion points strongly to the members of your own household, especially to Sarah Finch."

"Where's her motive for such conduct?" said Mr. Gudgeons.

"Have you had any words with her lately?" asked Mr. Winks.

"A few, last night," replied Mr. Gudgeons, "about a trashy book she was reading to my two boys."

"Not sufficient for the act, but there's no accounting for many of these things. Do you feel disposed to give her into formal custody?"

"No," returned Mr. Gudgeons, promptly ; "I certainly do not. My object in applying to you was to avoid publicity. My servants are forbidden to speak of this affair abroad. The child's lost ; and it must be found ; but I don't want to be advertised as the football with whom every thief or madman is at liberty to play. I don't want my house made a nine-days' wonder—there's nothing wonderful in it—nor a hundred people calling upon me under pretence of condolence, but, in reality, only to satisfy their curiosity."

"There's only one course, then left open," said Mr. Winks.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Gudgeons.

"I must advertise, in my own way, and wait."

PART III.

THE most dreary, dismal spots upon earth, either in summer or in winter, but especially on a gloomy, drizzling November day, are those bits of hopelessly waste ground in a thoroughly low locality, in the heart or the outskirts of the metropolis. Whether they are open and unprotected, or walled in with a few boards, and even placarded as "to let," they are all so marvellously alike, considering the materials of which they are composed, that the faithful picture of one may stand as the model of them all. They are the resting places of rubbish ; the cemeteries of things which still retain some shadowy spirit of humanity, although they are now worthless, even to the rag-picker or the tramp. There is always that wretched, mouldy upper-leather of a shoe, whose sole has parted from it for ever in the weary pilgrimage of life ; there are always those old, weird, rotten, battered saucepans, that look like hats—and those equally miserable, discarded, tattered hats, that look like the old saucepans ; there is always that piece of an old straw bonnet, surrounded by a number of large thick oyster shells, pieces of white gleaming china, and pieces of blue willow-pattern plates ; there are always a few dustheaps, fragments of ginger-beer bottles and broken glass, lumps of rain-rotted placards, a little rank grass, the sole of a child's boot, and a dead dog and cat. The effect is dismal : for we see nothing amongst the worn-out, useless, discarded fragments but what has, at one

time, been the faithful servant, or the chosen companion of man.

Along the border of a waste of this kind, not far from the river, and in a crowded part of the metropolis, was a line of low houses—almost huts—inhabited by a population of a half-savage, dangerous nature. Their existence was a disgrace; their course of living was rather guessed at than known; their bodies were strong, though the food they ate was coarse, the water they drank was foul, and the air they breathed was worse than impure; they were ignorant in book-knowledge, had never heard of Lord Brougham and the "Penny Magazine," but their intellects were keen, and they made their influence felt. Social reformers talked a good deal about them—and that was all. At a time of general disease, a bricklayer-missionary was sent by a public board with a pail of whitewash to purify their homes: and his ear sometimes detected the clink of gold, in places where the children seemed to be hungering for bread.

There was no equality—even here. Some were ambitious, flew high, fell, or became distinguished amongst their fellows. Others plodded on in mean, obscure paths, all chosen for the same reason—living without work; all leading to the same end—the jail.

In one of these houses or huts, at this time, there lived a man named Dick Muzzle, who was no better than his neighbors, and no worse. His original name was Dick Turpin Muzzle, given him by his parents in admiration of the immortal highwayman; but, as Dick did not come up to the expectations of his family and his friends, the "Turpin" got by degrees obliterated from his name, and he was simply known, at last, as Dick Muzzle.

Dick being of weak heart, though of strong body, had for a long time occupied a position equally suspended between the criminal and the sporting world. Sometimes he trained dogs, for fighting and other amusing purposes; at others he stole dogs for sale and other profitable purposes. By degrees, however, the sporting world altered, and proved unkind. Dick's fashionable patrons (and he once had many, who went from the dogpit to the boudoir or drawing-room) dropped off, one by one, perhaps under an improved tone of public humanity, perhaps in search of another hobby; and Dick, at last, was thrown for subsistence upon an undivided profession. If any compiler of a London Directory had asked Dick's calling now, he would have been answered, "dog-fancier," which means a person who fancies every dog of any value that ever comes in his way.

Dick Muzzle, notwithstanding his great social abasement, had found a woman willing to become his lawful wedded wife; and the fruit of this marriage was two boys, who were now respectively about seven and eight years of age.

The home of these children had always been the streets and the pieces of waste land before their father's house. They were thin and ill-clad; they were dirty and untaught; but they were active as deer; their eyes were sharp and bright as rats' eyes; they had strong wills for such children, nerve, courage, and keen watchfulness, and knowledge of the world—such a world as they saw every day of their lives. Night or day, they went where they liked, did what they liked; not one questioned them, no one restrained them. Sometimes they tumbled by the sides of omnibuses, rolling round like wheels, coming on their bare feet with a loud smack, and scanning the faces of the outside passengers in an instant from end to end with the actions of monkeys and the eyes of weasels. Sometimes they held horses; sometimes they raked in the river mud at low water for what they could find; sometimes they fought like terriers for money thrown to them by passengers over one of the bridges. They were known in the neighborhood as Old Mudlark and Young Mudlark, although there was very little difference between them, either in size, activity or intelligence.

They had occasionally assisted their father in his business, but not to any extent, as they possessed too much life to settle down so early in the tame pursuit of dog-stealing. They knew the breed, nature and value of dogs, and they knew what a good dog meant in the home of their childhood. It meant meat, potatoes, beer, gin, and generally a comfortable state of things; no dog meant no meat, no potatoes, no beer, no gin, and generally a very uncomfortable state of things. Therefore

they saw the importance of dogs; and this was logic, though they had not learned it in the schools.

For some few days past, it had been no dog in Dick Muzzle's establishment, and things were looking rather gloomy. There were two old bull-terriers up stairs, but they were kept as decoys, and they were wholly unsaleable, if their master had even attempted to part with them. There was no other property available for realization in Dick's house, as a glance round the place would show to any observer. There were only two rooms—one above, one below. The street door opened into the sitting-room, disclosing an old turn-up bedstead, four Windsor chairs, a deal table, a ragged mat, a few other necessary articles of no value, and a smoky picture of the cockpit at Westminster. The upper room was reached through a trapdoor in the corner, by a pair of moveable steps, and when reached it only showed a very dirty, wretched sleeping apartment. There were several dogs'-houses, and the two bull-terriers in this room; and the trapdoor closed down, so that you could stand upon it with perfect safety.

Dick Muzzle came down stairs about nine o'clock in the morning of the sixth day on which there had been no dog, and sat moodily smoking his pipe over an empty grate, with both his feet on the fender, and his elbows upon his knees. He did not notice that both the brothers mudlark were out; and if he had, he would not have known whether they had been away all night, or had started early in the morning. The general habits of the house were not those of a well-regulated family.

Dick Muzzle had been sitting smoking and ruminating in this position perhaps about half an hour, when the head of his youngest born—young mudlark—was thrust in watchfully at the door, and withdrawn again in an instant, with animal rapidity. There was meaning in this, as was soon shown; for in another few minutes the same young outcast bounded into the room with bare feet, and the agility of an acrobat.

"Come hout, yer warmin'," said Dick Muzzle, who was not in humor to be trifled with. Young mudlark made no reply, except by turning a Catherine wheel handspring across the room, and before the father could make up his mind what this conduct deserved, the eldest of the two young mudlarks made his appearance at the door, with a bundle done up in a small thick blanket.

"Halloo," said the father, "what game d'ye call this?"

"A babby," replied the eldest mudlark, with some pride, while the youngest performed the most extravagant antics in his unbounded delight.

"A what?" said the father, putting down his pipe and opening his eyes in astonishment.

"A babby," repeated the eldest born, nursing up his burthen. Mrs. Muzzle had by this time come down the steps from the bed-room loft, and had joined the family group.

"Where'd you get it?" she asked, taking the bundle from her son.

"Found it, o' coorse," said both the mudlarks, in chorus.

"Where'd you get it?" repeated the father loudly.

"Prig'd it from a p'ram later, then," returned the elder, sulkily.

"How d'ye mean?" said the father, not understanding the term.

"From a young un's shay, then," replied the eldest mudlark, in explanation.

"Oh!" said Dick Muzzle, drawing a breath of relief.

There was a short pause in the conversation at this point, during which Mrs. Muzzle, who was a mother herself, opened the blanket, and found a genteel, healthy, sleeping female child, about a twelvemonth old.

"What am I to do wi' a babby?" asked Dick Muzzle, vacantly, his intellect not being very quick to perceive the profit of any new source of crime that was brought before him.

"You know, fast enough," said the eldest mudlark, sharply; "a babby's better nor a dog, ain't it? A gent gives five pund for 'is dog; a coorse he'll guv more for his babby, won't he?"

This business-like statement altered Dick Muzzle's manner at once, and he could not conceal his admiration for the talent of his firstborn.

"Eh?" he said, turning to Mrs. Muzzle, with a gratified twinkle in his eye, and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the eldest mudlark, "he ain't a bad sort, is he? He knows a thing or two?"

The infant that had found its way, thus far without injury, into the bosom of the Muzzle family, was the lost baby—Miss Elizabeth, or Bessy Gudgeons. The story about the perambulator was of course false; but as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Muzzle seemed to doubt it, the two outcast boys preserved their secret. In whatever way they had got at the child, their motive for stealing it was clearly conveyed in their own words. The home of their childhood was suffering under adversity for want of a good dog. A good dog they had not found, but they had discovered a respectable baby, and a respectable baby, they reasoned, must be equal to several good dogs. This again, was logic, though they had not learned it in the schools.

There is some little pride lingering in the hearts of even the very lowest specimens of humanity; and Mrs. Muzzle's boast was that she herself was a mother. Social reformers, looking at her two boys, might, perhaps, have thought it would have been better for society, if she had not been quite so productive. The maternal instinct, however, in this case, had its beneficial use, for it procured a large degree of careful attention for little Bessy Gudgeons. When the child woke up, it was very hungry, and it ate some coarse bread and water, made into a rude pup, with a relish that would have astonished Sarah Finch; and the finishing touch was put to the process of its weaning, in a way that poor Mrs. Gudgeons had never dreamed of. A comfortable bed was made for the child (chiefly of straw) in a large dog's-house up-stairs, which had once been the habitation, and was now sacred to the memory of "Black-nosed Billy," the most celebrated fighting-dog of his day. Mrs. Muzzle considered it a perfect palace of a cradle—there is no accounting for taste. The two old bull-terriers whined and whistled with satisfaction when they saw the preparations being made for a new companion; and little Bessy Gudgeons seemed to be very well satisfied with her quarters, and also with her new nurse.

While Mrs. Muzzle was busy, Dick Muzzle was not idle; and the first thing he did was to send the youngest mudlark for the "doctor." This did not mean that any one was ill, but only that the services of a particular man in that particular criminal community were required. Criminals are like a good many other classes of society: they have talent, but they want capital. Their gains are precarious, and they have a tendency to outlive their means, in which position they pledge the proceeds of the next robbery before they are actually realised.

The doctor for whom Dick Muzzle had sent was a capitalist in the confined sense of the term, and a man who could read and write, and cipher. His acquirements were in active demand in every negotiation requiring any share of literary knowledge, and his money was quite as much in demand, for small loans, based upon securities of a not very marketable nature. I ought to apologise for representing a man of any literary acquirements as the possessor of capital; but I am writing of a highly curious stratum of society.

The doctor's transactions with Dick Muzzle were very simple. When a good dog was found, the doctor was called in to advance a small sum in proportion to the value of the animal. This he invariably did at a high rate of interest, reserving to himself the right of superintending its restitution to its rightful owner, and of receiving the reward, and paying himself very handsomely out of the money for his pains. The modern system of usury could not have been better understood by the doctor, if he had been a lawyer and a money-lender, practising in the most refined circles.

The doctor was called in to look at the baby, and the two young mudlarks were sharply on the watch, for they believed in the doctor much more than they did in their own father. They saw him always well dressed, always handling money, never in trouble, never taken into custody, like some of their neighbors, and the boys never lost an opportunity of listening to what he said, in the hope of discovering the secret of his prosperity. The doctor had assisted at too many varieties of crime to be astonished at being asked to lend money upon a stolen baby. He examined the child with an experienced eye,

and soon perfectly satisfied himself of its grade and quality. The few questions he put to the two boys (who consistently maintained their story about the perambulator) confirmed his impression. He spoke confidentially to Dick Muzzle at the door, and the quick eye of the eldest mudlark detected the glitter of several sovereigns passing from the doctor's hand to his father's. The quick ear of the eldest mudlark also heard the doctor say something about "properly managing the child so as to produce a hundred pounds;" and it made a deep impression upon his youthful and imaginative mind.

The bargain was sealed, and the infant daughter of Mr. Gudgeons—Mr. Gudgeons, who had money in the funds, a good banker's balance, and unencumbered landed property besides—was mortgaged in a low hovel by an operation between two individuals, one being a professional dog-stealer, and the other being the dog-stealer's patron, adviser and friend.

PART IV.

WHEN Mr. Winks returned to his office, he at once caused it to be intimated, through the channels at his command, that he was prepared to purchase a baby. He also drew up an advertisement, couched in vague and mysterious terms, and inserted in curious, out-of-the-way publications, wherein he stated that, for a female child, with two teeth and a fair complexion, whose age did not exceed eleven months or one year, he could give a certain number of sterling pounds.

Mr. Winks was an old-established family man, but still he wanted another baby!

Many applications were made to Mr. Winks in the course of the next day, which he waited at home to receive, and at last he became possessed of the right communication. A respectable man called upon him, all alone, saw him all alone, and said he thought he could provide him with a baby exactly like the one he required. An appointment was made for the following afternoon: the time, four o'clock; the place, the "good dry skittle-ground" of the Beau Brummell public-house, Mire street, Deadman's Fields.

Mr. Winks immediately acquainted Mr. Gudgeons with this arrangement, according to orders; for the latter gentleman still had his doubts about trusting entirely to a junior partner, and he insisted upon taking an active part at every important step in this very troublesome and peculiar business. Mr. Winks would have preferred conducting this negotiation himself, but Mr. Gudgeons, as usual, had determined to have his own way, and Mr. Winks was compelled to humor him.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day (the second from the one on which the child had disappeared), Mr. Gudgeons, well supplied with metallic currency for a ready-money transaction, proceeded, in company with Mr. Winks, to buy back his lost child from the hands of the dangerous classes.

It was a pity that Mr. Gudgeons had thrust himself forward in this matter, for he was, of all men, the least adapted to treat it with the unprejudiced coolness it required. He could not be made to understand why he was to appear as the purchaser of an infant, and not as a fierce, foaming, injured father loudly demanding the restitution of his stolen child.

"A gang of ruffians—a pack of scoundrels!" he shouted in the cab, as they reached their place of destination. "There, sir! I tell you what I'd do if I was a magistrate; I'd transport every man who dared to live in such a blackguard neighborhood!"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Winks, calmly, "you must really command your temper, or you will spoil all."

They got out of the cab at the Beau Brummell, a low, dingy public-house, not far from Dick Muzzle's dwelling, and they were received by a respectable-looking man, who seemed prepared for their arrival. This was the doctor, and the same person who had called upon Mr. Winks on the day before.

The place was repulsive in looks, and even dangerous, with an ill-stocked bar, and a strong smell of beer and sawdust; but still Mr. Gudgeons felt no fear, and insisted, much against Mr. Winks's wish, upon going himself through the interview with the man or men in the skittle-ground. This expressed determination a little altered the plans of the doctor. If Mr. Winks

had conducted the negotiation in person for the return of the stolen baby, the doctor would have appeared as the representative of Dick Muzzle; but as Mr. Gudgeons was about to take Mr. Winks's position, Mr. Winks would require looking after during the interview by a competent person; and this very necessary task the doctor undertook to perform, while Dick Muzzle met the decisive Mr. Gudgeons.

The skittle-ground was, of course, at the back of the house, and approached by two back-ways or alleys, which came up to its single door almost at a right angle with each other. At the entrance to both these courts a man was standing, as if by accident, while the doctor took up his post with Mr. Winks, guarding the approach from the house. When Mr. Gudgeons entered the skittle-ground—a kind of place he had never been in before in his life—Dick Muzzle affected to be earnestly employed in solving some intricate problem with two pins, a ball and two pieces of deadwood.

"Now, then," said Mr. Gudgeons, very testily; "my time's valuable."

"Oh," said Dick Muzzle, looking up from the ground, though he had before examined Mr. Gudgeons, "you're the gent as wants to buy a babby!"

"Go on," replied Mr. Gudgeons, commanding his temper with much difficulty.

"What might be yer notions, now, about the price of a hinfant?" inquired Dick Muzzle, looking artfully at Mr. Gudgeons.

If Mr. Gudgeons had consulted his own taste, he would have said, "A horsewhip;" but he restrained himself, by a great effort, in obedience to Mr. Winks's instructions, and replied:

"Ten pounds."

"Ten pund!" said Dick Muzzle, with a smile of contempt, "why, I'd gi' more for a dog—a mongrel! If I'd got a nice female hinfant, wi' light 'air an' blue eyes, about a year old—mind, I never sed I 'ad—I should want a tidy sight more for it nor ten pund—ah, nor yet fifty!"

"You rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Gudgeons, now fully enraged, and advancing with a threatening air towards Dick Muzzle, "do you dare to trifle with my feelings as a father?"

"Come," returned Dick Muzzle, putting himself in a defensive attitude; "it's no huse your quarrelin' wi' me, 'cos two can play at that game. I don't know anythin' habout fathers, nor yet mothers. You come to me to buy a hinfant—werry well; p'r'aps I've got one to sell, p'r'aps I ain't."

This oration was stopped by the appearance of Mrs. Muzzle, who beckoned her husband to the door of the skittle-ground.

"It's gone," she said, in a quick, nervous, whispering tone.

"What's gone?" asked Dick Muzzle, who required full particulars of everything.

"The baby, the child," replied Mrs. Muzzle; "the two boys must 'av' run away wi' it agen, while my back was turned."

"Come," said Mr. Gudgeons, interrupting this conversation, "I can't be trifled with in this manner. Give me the child, and name your price."

"I ain't got no child," returned Dick Muzzle, rather bewildered by what his wife had told him; "I never sed I 'ad."

This was too much for Mr. Gudgeons, and he immediately sought the advice of Mr. Winks outside. It was getting dusk, and it was necessary to act at once. Mr. Winks never expected that Mr. Gudgeons, without assistance, would bring the negotiation to a successful close; but, when Dick Muzzle persisted in declaring that he had no baby to sell, and never said he had, and the doctor (who had been informed of the disappearance of the child), when appealed to merely shook his head; even Mr. Winks was fairly puzzled, though he did not think proper to admit it. Mr. Gudgeon threw no additional light upon the mystery, by relating the appearance of the woman, Mrs. Muzzle (who came and went along one of the back alleys), and Mr. Winks decided that there was nothing in this sudden change of tactics but a desire to extort a higher price for the child.

"You know me," said Mr. Winks to the doctor and Dick Muzzle, "and you know my office. My friend is determined to buy a baby, and he won't give more for it than fifty pounds.

It's now five o'clock, and we shall both return to my office, where we shall wait until ten o'clock; if no one fetches us to buy a baby for fifty pounds by that hour, we shall have to go elsewhere—you understand."

Mr. Gudgeons had, by this time, become a good deal more passive, though he could not yet understand why everybody was not given into custody, and he got into the cab with Mr. Winks, and they both drove rapidly away. Dick Muzzle and the doctor also went their way together; the former denouncing the two unruly mudlarks in no very recordable terms; the latter bewailing the loss of the five pounds which he had advanced upon the security of the missing baby.

PART V.

The eldest of the two mudlarks had become an altered outcast, from the moment he had heard the doctor say that little Bessy Gudgeons, if properly managed, would produce from her parents the almost fabulous sum of a hundred pounds. He had never supposed a baby could be worth that amount to anybody, knowing how little his parents would give for him and his brother if they were lost. The money seemed so tempting—so inexhaustible—so much more capable than a score of good dogs, of producing stores of meat, potatoes, beer and gin, that the eldest mudlark confided in his brother, and together they resolved to attempt to procure the reward.

What was meant by the phrase "if properly managed," they could not clearly understand, but they never doubted their power of making a bargain with the anxious parents, for restoring the lost child. The money, whatever they got, would be their own, without their having to share it with the doctor, or anybody else. They had stolen the child, therefore the child was theirs; why should the artful, comfortable doctor have any share in it? why should they not have it all? This was logic, though they had not learned it in the schools.

For the best part of three days they had exerted themselves, without success, to find the exact position of Mr. Gudgeons' house. They had a rather peculiar chart to guide them, which they could not very easily trace. They saw so many dwellings, each one of which might be the right one, that they were rather embarrassed in their choice. As a chance of obtaining a hundred pounds was not a thing to throw away upon a mistake, they determined upon what appeared the only safe method, that of retracing their steps over the same road they had come the other night, or rather morning, with the child. Having decided upon this plan, they watched their opportunity, when their mother was out, took the child—which had been left in their charge, and which was quietly sleeping in the house of the late "black-nosed Billy"—wrapped it up in its little blanket as before, and with some food which they judged would be acceptable to all upon the journey, they went their way unobserved.

A curious and a most unexpected way it was. Round the dreary waste ground, along some wretched streets and alleys, over a broad road and up another street, which, from having new and lofty but tenanted houses at the beginning, gradually dwindled into a lane of boardings, plastered with staring placards, ending at last in a long, broad, open, misty waste of land, bounded by distant factories, and having many far-ends of streets running into it upon arches from the sides. It was now nearly dark, but the two mudlarks knew every inch of the ground, and with sure, quick feet, and unshaken nerves, they pushed on their way with the still sleeping child.

Desert as the place seemed, it was more familiar to the young outcasts than their own home, and they felt an animal gratification as they bounded over the hillocks, and along the edges of deep pits, safe from any pursuit, if their flight had even been traced. They stopped at last under some arches near the extremity of one of those unformed, barely-outlined side-streets, that showed little prospect of being warmed into life for half a century to come. Here, feeling along the wall until he came to a loose brick, the youngest mudlark, who was not carrying the baby, drew out an old bulls'-eyed lantern, containing an oil-wick, which he lighted with a match from a box he carried in his cap. Passing again out of this arch, they kept along the line, with the face of their lantern closed, until they came to

the tenth arch from the one where they first stopped. Entering this archway, they went to its furthest end, when taking the guard from their lantern, they removed some more loose bricks from the bottom of the wall, until an opening was made large enough for a thin boy to creep underneath.

When they had first discovered this opening in their wanderings, it was as they made it now; the closing-in with loose bricks had been a precaution suggested to keep it private, if possible, to themselves. The youngest mudlark first worked his way through this hole, legs foremost, dropping into a place which just allowed his small weasel-face to peep through the hole. The sleeping baby was pushed through to him, like a baking into an oven, and the eldest mudlark quickly followed with the lantern, closing up the hole with the bricks, which had all been placed within his reach. Leaving the baby in the arms of his brother, he kept the lantern and went on first to light and direct the way.

There was nothing wonderful—as Mr. Gudgeons would have said, if he had been there—in the place they were exploring, and had often explored before. It was no magician's cave; no passage leading to an enchanted castle—as Mr. Gudgeons would have been delighted to find, if he had been there—but simply a new, dry, unused branch sewer, leading into one of the great mains that run down to the river. The two mudlarks had often been up these mains from the river entrance at low water, searching for any treasures, in the shape of spoons and forks, that careless kitchen-maids might have washed down the pipes. They were more familiar with the ebb and flow of the tide, the floodings, the passages, the small veins and chief arteries of this great underground system than with the world above. This was the hidden chart they had been trying to trace back in their three days' endeavors on the surface to find Mr. Gudgeons's house.

Along this dark and perilous route they had brought the unconscious infant on the morning of its disappearance from its father's comfortable dwelling; and they were now retracing their steps with the same burden; their minds full of the designs and hopes of children; their thin, weak bodies governed by the hearts and nerves of premature men.

Their course was not without many windings and passages to be selected, and it was some time before they came to the tunnel of the great main which they had to cross. The child still slept—the motion favoring its rest—and their attention was not therefore drawn from their route. Although they were on a high level from the river—although the sewer they were at present traversing had never been used, and was at some distance above the height which the water generally reached in the great main, the two mudlarks noticed the very unusual circumstance of wet being under their feet. At last they reached the great main, which they knew they were approaching by the increased coldness and current of the air, and the loud gurgling sound of running water. When the eldest mudlark came to the opening, he motioned his brother back, while he glanced up and down the huge, slimy tunnel, throwing his light on the top and down the opposite side, displaying the damp glistening walls, and measuring with his eye the depth of water at the bottom.

The survey was satisfactory, for placing the lamp on the edge of the brickwork, he went down on his chest and allowed himself to slip gradually over, and drop into the water—nearly two feet deep—beneath. The baby was only got down by the youngest mudlark leaning through into the tunnel, and dropping it into the outstretched arms of his brother. The motion shook it, although the eldest mudlark, standing almost to his waist in water, carried round his arms with it as it fell, to break the jerk of its fall. It gave a few restless, whining cries, but was soon hushed once more into silence. The youngest mudlark then dropped into the main sewer in the same way as his brother, and the lantern was pulled down by a string which hung attached to it, and dexterously caught, without shaking out a drop of its oil.

Here then, they were at last, in the broad, dark, echoing main sewer, up to their waists in mud and water; two children and an infant, the latter happily unconscious of its peculiar position; the former fortunately being little men of the world,

the world beneath their feet. The two young Masters Gudgeons—as near as possible the same age as the two young mudlarks—would have been sorely put to it in the same situation; and yet in the eyes of social reformers, the two former boys would represent education; the two latter, dark, stunted ignorance. Heart, courage, decision, will, nerves, self-reliance, go for naught; the two mudlarks are ignorant, for they have learned nothing in the schools.

Wading along the side of the tunnel for some distance up the sewer, with the moisture dropping on their heads, and on the blanket in which the child was warmly bound, the two mudlarks at last stopped at a known mark on the wall, at which point they crossed over the thick stream. The water in the middle of the sewer was deeper than at the sides, though not quite so thick, and the infant had to be carried on the head of the eldest mudlark, like a basket of fruit. When they had effected the passage of this black river, they kept on their way for some distance up the other side, until they came to a broad opening, high up in the wall.

At this juncture the hitherto amiable and passive Bessy Gudgeons began to cry, and her nurse—the youngest mudlark, after rocking her to and fro in a very wild and excited fashion, suggested an oyster-shell to amuse her, as he had seen a host of infants amused for hours together upon the dismal waste in Deadman's Fields. The eldest mudlark thought food was the best thing, and his judgment seemed to be right, for after stuffing her mouth with a piece of the bread they had brought with them, chewed into a pulpy ball, much larger than a full-sized walnut, the young lady for a time was pacified.

Poor Mr. Gudgeons at this moment was impatiently pacing the office of Mr. Winks, in a highly fretful state of mind, listening for the messenger from Dick Muzzle, who, Mr. Winks predicted, would arrive long before the hour fixed on as the limit. If he could have seen the present position of his stolen child, there can be little doubt that his impatience would have developed into violent madness; and even the clever Mr. Winks would scarcely have known what course to take to effect the rescue of the lost little one.

The opening in the wall before which the two mudlarks had stopped was the outlet of an old sewer, that had been disused for some years, the present active channels being constructed in another direction. To reach this opening, which was a necessary part of their journey, they went through a performance similar to that which had enabled them to gain the entrance to the new sewer on the other side, on the morning when they came through with the child. The young mudlark, who held the infant, took up a firm position near the wall, and the eldest stepped first upon the calf of his leg, then on to his left hip, then on to his shoulders. The child was then conveyed carefully to the upper mudlark, and when they felt themselves secure the whole human fabric stood upright, like acrobats in the circus, with little Bessy Gudgeons at the top, eldest mudlark in the centre, youngest mudlark at the base. This concrete attitude enabled them to reach the opening of the old sewer with ease; and the child was first safely deposited at the side, like a bundle upon an out-of-the-way shelf, then the upper mudlark left his brother's shoulders, leaned on the edge of the sewer, grasping a hole made in the floor of the brickwork with both hands, while his legs hung over into the main tunnel; and finally, the lower mudlark seized these legs with his hands, ran up the wall like a cat, grasping his brother in his progress, until he reached the top, and they were all safely landed in the branch passage. Here again they noticed, as in the new sewer on the other side, a quantity of wet and mud, which they could not account for, the tunnel being generally dry.

Their road now was more broken and uneven, and more winding and angular in its course. The child, having tasted of food which was extremely unpalatable, went to sleep again, perhaps in disgust at its treatment. The eldest mudlark, who still went on first with the lantern, threw the light from time to time, upon the roof and walls, revealing how old the brickwork was, and how, in many places, it had fallen down, leaving nothing at the sides but bare earth and clay. When they had pursued this old tunnel for some distance, they came upon a sudden and abrupt descent, which was not a constructed in-



RECOVERY OF THE LOST BABY.

cline, but a pit caused by an underground landslip. To their right, very high up, was a large gaping mouth of a main tunnel (now also disused) leading direct on a dead level to the river, which flowed at no great distance. So far, the two mudlarks had explored no underground world that was not, or might not have been, familiar to any other mudlarks of industry and perseverance. But the two young outcasts had got a secret, and they were not far from the place where the secret was carefully concealed.

Nearly opposite the gaping mouth of the old main tunnel, at the foot of the earthen wall, for brickwork it could no longer be called, was a small depressed oval hole, neatly filled up by the two mudlarks with old rubbish and clay. When first made, it was no doubt a rat-hole, and it had probably been gradually washed out, larger and larger, by the action of the water when it passed in and out of the old river sewer. This hole had been discovered, almost in its present state, by the eldest mudlark, when raking with his brother in the sewers, early on the very night on which young Bessy Gudgeons disappeared; and it was intimately connected with her mysterious abduction. The eldest mudlark, always of an animal, inquisitive turn of mind, had, on that occasion, stooped down, putting his lantern through first and his head afterwards. He was not afraid of rats, however large and fierce, for he had seen too many of them from childhood upwards. He used to play with them like kittens, in the days of his father's prosperity, when "black-nosed Billy," the celebrated dog, was alive and fighting, and rats were supplied in scores by Dick Muzzle, for matches amongst the nobility and gentry. The light of the lantern, instead of revealing an ordinary rat-hole, showed the eldest mudlark a passage running, in two slanting directions, right and left, and it was not long before he wriggled himself through, his brother very quickly following him. First they went to the left, but were soon stopped by a barrier of earth, which had evidently blocked up that outlet by falling in during some road making, or other similar operation, in the world above. Quickly retracing their steps, they came to the point of starting, and then struck off in the other direction. Here they went for some short distance down a slight incline, and then up another slight and long incline, until they arrived at a dry earthen vault, the

floor of which was a soft gravelly sand. On one side only of this vault there was a brick wall seemingly very thick, and having a small arched doorway, the door of which had broken from its rusty hinges, worn with age, and had fallen on the floor of the vault. Under this archway was a winding flight of narrow brick steps, running up the centre of the wall, and ending on a small square platform, two sides of which were still the wall, and the other side (on the right of the steps as you ascended) was a thick oaken partition, containing an iron handle and secured with a heavy iron bar.

There was the mystery explained of the stolen child. The two mudlarks, on their former visit, had removed this bar with some little difficulty, and taking hold of the iron handle, they had found it governing a sliding panel, which moved easily and silently under the slightest touch. They had entered a large cupboard recess, and going through two doors they found a large dark room (no other than Mr. Gudgeons' nursery), and by the light of the moon, which came through the old arched window, they discovered it was furnished almost as scantily as their own humble home. Looking behind the curtains of the other recess (it was in the dead of night), they found Sarah Finch in a very heavy slumber, and the infant sleeping almost as soundly in the little iron cot by her side. It was the eldest mudlark who gazed more particularly upon this picture, and the idea (which he afterwards developed to his father) came suddenly across his mind, that a baby must be a good deal more valuable to its possessor than a dog. It is true he had seen babies knocked and thrown about in Deadman's Fields, and dogs, too, for the matter of that; but this house was in another neighborhood, wherever it happened to stand, and the eldest mudlark, without further hesitation, stole the baby in its blanket. The young burglars at that instant, fancying they heard a noise outside the room door, glided softly and quickly with their bare feet to their secret passage in the recess, closed the panel after them, and put up the bar, with great exertion, retracing their steps in the same direction as they came.

This ancient appendage of Mr. Gudgeons' family mansion had once been an honored part of another spacious mansion, standing alone in the fields during those fine old troublesome times (entirely ignored by Mr. Gudgeons) when Charles I. was

either king or recently had been. Down that narrow secret staircase in the wall, under that vault, and along that falling and rising passage, many an anxious wife or mother had conveyed some hunted Cavalier husband or son, what time the furious Roundheads were battering at the outer gate. Now this historically romantic passage, which in those days came up in a peaceful orchard, far away across the fields, had had its ancient outlet rudely destroyed by clumsy navigators forming a public road; while rats had been busy in paving the way for mudlarks, to turn its venerable channel into the commonest of our common sewers. The Roundheads and the Cavaliers had long been lying side by side in their graves; but their places were supplied by two youthful, muddy, book-ignorant, half-animal outcasts, winding down the old passage with a stolen baby, into the regions of dirt and filth. Our forefathers leave us legacies; and thus do their children use them!

The design of the two mudlarks in coming back over this ground had now taken shape and form. They had food, and a light, if it should be found necessary to stop through the night. The eldest, leaving the child in the care of his brother in the vault, hoped to get through the panel, and thence unobserved through the house, learning by this means, without dangerous inquiries, the exact dwelling from which they had taken the infant. Then his plan was to come back and knock at the door (which he hoped to do before the family retired to bed), make an offer to the anxious parents to become the revealer of a secret, and the restorer of the lost baby, and earn by this means a handsome reward, punctually paid in advance. In the event of foul play, which he did not apprehend, young as he was, he had fully arranged the plan of escape. Only one person was to be admitted to the nursery, and the door locked. The child was then to be brought up at a given signal, and placed through the panel in the recess cupboard, the doors of which were to be closed, with him inside. Then at another signal the doors were to be opened by the person admitted into the nursery, by which time both he and his brother would have made their way along the passage with the reward, and would have got through the old rat-hole into the old network of sewers, where no one would ever follow them, except outcasts like themselves.

This was the scheme—at once childlike, elaborate, and courageous.

It was now about nine o'clock at night, and they were safe with the child in the dry vault under Mr. Gudgeons' dwelling. Mr. Gudgeons and Mr. Winks were still seated in Mr. Winks's office; the latter gentleman getting nervous, the former gentleman thoroughly out of temper.

PART VI.

MR. GUDGEONS' family mansion, since the peculiar robbery, was not like the same dwelling. Mr. Gudgeons was restless, forgetful of his pet domestic system, and constantly hovering about Mr. Winks's office. Mrs. Gudgeons had been taken nervously ill, and had been ordered by the family doctor to seek a change of scene. She had gone to stay with her mother. Sarah Finch was told to consider herself in custody, and she did so. She imprisoned herself in the servant's bedroom up-stairs, and she would not come down even to take her meals. She was heard to say that bread and water were quite good enough for such as she, who had lost their character, and their master's and mistress's confidence.

The nursery was avoided by every one in the house, except the two Masters Gudgeons and James Ross, the gardener and general man-servant. If Mr. Gudgeons could have heard one-half of the wonderful stories current in his household concerning this room he would have committed arson, and burned the whole establishment to the ground.

If any two boys ever disgraced themselves and their father's teaching, they were undoubtedly the two Masters Gudgeons. The loss of their sister, after the first decent burst of affliction was over, had increased their appetite for the marvellous to such an extent that their conduct was fearful to behold.

Nothing was too strong for them in the shape of romance; and they had inspired such rebellious confidence in the minds of the servants, that whole generations of them had no-

vels, written by walking nightmares, and illustrated by maniacs drawing from models on the rack, were brought boldly forth from clothes chests where they had long been hidden, and read by flickering candles, bought out of the servants' own wages. Old hags of the forest, and unscrupulous counts with voices of thunder, had long fallen into deserved contempt; and the fiction stomach of the two boys especially was so cloyed with the wonderful and supernatural, that nothing short of a pickled vampyre seemed capable of exciting their diseased palates.

On this particular evening about eight o'clock (while Mr. Gudgeons was fuming in Mr. Winks's office, and the two mudlarks were slinking up the sewers), James Ross, the man-servant, had brought home a book, lent him by a gentleman's coachman in the neighborhood, and recommended to him as "a regular stunner."

"You see, Master Harry," said James to the eldest of his young masters, "it ain't got any o' them ghosts and demons in it, which we've heard so much on lately; although it seems to 'ave; but heverythin' comes hout right at last, and turns hout to be a hold man who's bin playin' hup a nice game in a castle wi' trap doors, an' that kind o' thing."

Master Harry (to whom the book was presented, as being generally the established reader to the group) did not seem at first to relish the description of the plot, but after a little time and persuasion he was prevailed upon to taste it. A fresh table was set up, and they drew round the fire (they were in a kind of butler's-pantry, a room on a level with the kitchen). Master Harry reading aloud, while Master Tom and James Ross listened.

The book was certainly not a literary production of which a nation might be proud; but its vices were vices of taste; its virtues were virtues of morality. The right man was always in the right place; the wrong man—nowhere. There was an army of characters who came and went as they thought proper; there was incident piled on incident, without any tracts or sermons being artfully conveyed in the chapters; and there was an ingeniously-constructed castle that figured very prominently in the book as full of mechanical tricks as a china-shop in a pantomime. Its title was "The Bleeding Baron of Barnet." Master Harry warmed up considerably as he progressed with the story, and at last pronounced it to be "jolly and glorious."

They had been reading and listening, perhaps, for nearly an hour, when they came upon a passage that caused the eldest Master Gudgeons to pause: it was an elaborate and vivid description of a sliding panel in the wall of an old oaken closet.

"Now, then!" said Young Tom Gudgeons, impatiently—"what are you stopping for?"

"That's it," said Master Harry, throwing down the book, and starting up, full of the value of a great discovery.

"What's the matter, Master Harry?" inquired James.

"That's it!" again shouted the eldest Master Gudgeons. "A sliding panel; that's how little Bessy was stolen; it's in the nursery!"

James could not believe that anything was ever built in a common house like it was in a romantic castle; and he endeavored to persuade his young master against harboring such an idea. But Master Harry had some little dash of the obstinacy—call it decision—of his father, and he would not read another line until a full examination had been made of the walls, and particularly of the old recesses in the nursery.

James was obedient, and not cowardly, and, getting a light and a stick, he went to the mysterious room, closely followed by the two boys.

At the exact moment when they were entering the nursery, the eldest mudlark, having made several attempts to get through the house, without success, had got the secret panel open for the fourth time. He was about to step into the recess, and through the closed doors into the room, when he heard voices, and saw a light gleaming through the crevice. He had only just time to retire on the secret staircase, and hurriedly close the panel, when James Ross and the two Master Gudgeons stood before the deceptive wall. If the eldest mudlark had remained behind the panel after he had closed it, he might have discovered a thin ray of light thrown across the secret staircase landing, which would have shown his quick eye that

something was wrong. But as he could not put up the iron bar by himself, without a struggle and a noise, and as the smothered cries of the stolen infant (who had been rather fractious for the last half hour) reached his sharp ears up the staircase, he went rapidly down into the vault. The two young mudlarks had made a fatal mistake in their victualling department: they had brought bread for the child, and bread and cold potatoes for themselves, but they had entirely omitted the very necessary article of drink. No water was to be got where they were—the eldest mudlark had searched the nursery above without finding any; and the child, they felt, must be crying for drink, as they began to be very thirsty themselves.

In closing the panel above thus hurriedly, an old cotton dress belonging to the suspected Sarah Finch, which was hanging against the wall of the recess, had this time been caught in the secret door, leaving a thin line open all up the wainscoting, through which the ray of light from James Ross's candle was thrown on the landing at the secret side. This unusual crevice very quickly attracted the observation of the searchers, and a slanting push against the wainscot with a heavy pressure of the man-servant's strong hand, sent the secret door gliding to the very root of its hiding-place.

The delight of the two Masters Gudgeons at this discovery knew no bounds; and if they had not been restrained by James Ross's prudence, they would have shouted so as to have alarmed the inmates of the vault and the whole house besides.

James was not unused to underground work, for before he had entered the service of Mr. Gudgeons he had been engaged with the company of which that gentleman was the secretary, and had had a good deal to do with the laying of gas or water-pipes. Taking off his boots and grasping his thick stick in his hands, he left his candle behind him in the recess, in charge of the two Masters Gudgeons, and went silently and stealthily down the winding stairs. A sight met his eye when he got to the bottom which he had little expected. Crouched in a corner of the vault were the two mudlarks, looking very muddy and ragged, the youngest with his back towards the wall, looking on, while the eldest was nursing the infant, and endeavoring to pacify it, as before, with pieces of chewed pulpy bread. There was a strong light thrown on its face, and on the whole group, by the rays of the bull's-eyed lantern. While James was making this observation the two Masters Gudgeons above could not restrain their curiosity, and not being very expert or careful in coming stealthily down a narrow flight of strange winding stairs in the dark, the foremost—Master Harry—made a slip and fell, rolling upon James in a noisy and most unexpected manner. In an instant the two mudlarks, with all their animal instincts aroused, were on their legs, and, with a lamp and the child, flying with sure and rapid feet down the passage towards the old sewer. James Ross hastened after them, but with much less speed, perhaps because he was without his boots, and they stood a fair chance of getting off once more with their burden. Their light died away in the distance, and the short, jerky cries of the lost baby, who was being excessively shaken in the flight, began to grow fainter and fainter to the pursuer's ears.

The two Masters Gudgeons were left in fear and wonder on the secret stairs, while the two young mudlarks had got nearly to the bottom of the long incline which led to the vault. Here the eldest mudlark, who now carried both baby and lantern, came suddenly to a full stop. The reason of this unexpected check was soon made manifest, for throwing the light down and along the passage in front, they found it one narrow stream of deep black water. The eldest mudlark had been warned of this flood by first feeling it on his feet, and the distant washing, gurgling sound soon told them the source of this unwelcome stream. The tides must have swollen during the last two days, and the river must have poured up the old main, across the old sewer, under the small hole into the secret passage, down the short incline into the low level, and partly up the long incline towards the vault. This accounted for the unusual wet and mud, which they had found at the mouths of the old and new sewer, leading into the great main. The water, if not gaining on them where they stood, would be hours before it subsided, and the two poor mudlark outcasts were caught in their own

trap. They had no resource but to turn back sulkily, and meet anything that might happen to them; and James Ross, to his astonishment, came suddenly upon the fugitives and made an easy capture.

When they were taken up the secret stairs into the house, they were looked upon as strange beings of another world. The servants gathered round them and asked them questions which they would not answer; and the two Masters Gudgeons were particularly astonished at them, as no creatures of the kind were described in any of the romances. A messenger of joy was at once dispatched for Mrs. Gudgeons. The child was carefully examined by every one in the house, and especially by Sarah Finch, who very properly came down from her garret, in all the pride of injured innocence. As Bessy Gudgeons, in her strange wanderings, had lost neither fingers, ears, nor toes; as none of her limbs were broken or injured; as she ate a good supper of milk and pounded biscuit, and seemed all the better for it; and as she also took kindly to a warm bath and a clean night-gown (for she was in rather a soiled condition), and seemed all the better for them, the household began to look with something very like pity upon the two poor, miserable, doglike mudlarks, who clung together on the floor in a corner of the nursery, waiting for their doom. Food was given to them, which they did not refuse; and generally they were regarded as two highly curious specimens of the monkey tribe, caught by James Ross, gardener and general man-servant, somewhere in the bowels of the earth.

When Mrs. Gudgeons returned, she was delighted to regain her baby; and after she had almost kissed it into a state of scarlet fever, she had some feeling left in her large motherly heart for the poor, wretched children who had stolen it, but who had treated it well while stolen.

When Mr. Gudgeons returned from Mr. Winks's office, very sulky and tired, about half-past ten o'clock, the scene in the hall was nothing but a domestic riot. Everybody gathered round him, without regard to age or position, and told the story of the baby's recovery, all shouting at once.

Mr. Gudgeons was the victim of conflicting emotions. As a father, he was glad that his child had been restored; as a man of acknowledged business ability, he was annoyed that he had not earned the credit of its recovery; as a respectable member of society, he felt that he ought to give the two young mudlarks into custody; as a man, he had some pity for their wild and forlorn condition; and as a person with fixed opinions, and a system of education, he was extremely disgusted to hear that such a book had been brought into his house as the "Bleeding Baron of Barnet," and read with such evident profit, as to lead to the restoration of the lost baby.

Mr. Gudgeons, after listening to the story, which he extracted with difficulty from the two mudlarks, became more calm. He was glad to find a reasonable and natural, if not a commonplace explanation of the seeming mystery; and he was also glad that he had got back his child, without acceding to the extravagant demands of the irritating and extortionate Dick Muzzle. Mr. Gudgeons delivered a long lecture to the two mudlarks upon the beauties of cleanliness, sobriety, arithmetic and the use of the globes; and as they listened very attentively, he was so well satisfied, that in a moment of weakness he allowed them to go. Mrs. Gudgeons, in another moment of weakness, sent a servant after them with some money, the instant they had left the house; but they fled like deer, upon getting their liberty, and were never seen by the family again.

After another lecture to his sons and the household upon the folly of believing in the wonderful and romantic, Mr. Gudgeons gave the order to retire to rest.

The next morning Mr. Winks was duly paid for his not very productive services, and Sarah Finch was handsomely rewarded for the contempt of *habes corpus* which had been shown in the mild detention of her person.

Report said that she married the gardener and general man-servant, James Ross, and was very careful with her own babies, having them all tied at night to an alarm-bell, which rang up the little household whenever they moved their arms or legs. Report said that Dick Muzzle became a shining example of a

converted thief (perhaps because he was not clever enough for his business), and that his wife and his two sharp boys were much improved by his reformation.

Report did not say—for it was too well known—that in exactly six months from the day of the singular robbery, Mr. Gudgeons had removed to a house which he had had built by contract, under his own eye, upon his own ground, every brick, stone and timber of which was thoroughly and incontestibly modern.

DISHONORED.

On the evening of Sunday, the 30th of October, in the year 1792, a hackney-coach conveyed a party of four persons, with a small quantity of baggage, from Billingsgate Wharf to a distant part of London. The weather was wet and cold, and, as the coach slowly labored through the foggy, deserted streets, the great city presented an unusually cheerless aspect. But had it been ten times more dismal, the travellers would have uttered no complaint; for they had arrived at last in a place of safety, and the sense of security outweighed for the moment every other consideration. The perils of a stormy passage from Dunkerque, on board a crazy ill-found smack, had been their latest discomfort; but the sea-risk was nothing in their estimation to the dangers which they had left behind. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is explained that they were refugees from Paris at a moment when, frightful as recent events had been, the prospect of the future was even yet more terrible. Glad enough, then, they were to find themselves in a place which was not only a present asylum, but, to one of their number, the haven towards which his hopes had long been directed.

This person was Monsieur Morin, the head of the party, a gentleman some fifty years of age. His companions were his daughter, Adelaide, a beautiful girl, just turned nineteen; her old *bonne* Marguerite, more housekeeper than nurse, more family friend than either; and a middle-aged, confidential manservant, whose name was Louis.

Monsieur Morin was no stranger in London; and what was then a rare accomplishment, could speak a little English; enough to enable the hackney-coachman to understand where he wished to be driven, and to prevent the Jehu from charging very much more than double the proper fare, when, the wearisome journey at an end, the vehicle, stopped at the door of a moderately-sized house in a respectable portion of the town.

It appeared that Monsieur Morin was expected; servants being in readiness, fires burning, and other preparations made for the reception of himself and family. The trim appearance of the house, the size and disposition of the rooms, rising in five pairs from basement to attic, the scanty hall and narrow staircase, offered a striking contrast to the home which Adelaide had quitted in the Rue de Mirabeau; where everything was large, lofty and *en suite*. But if her new abode seemed strange to her unaccustomed eyes, it was at least free from painful associations, and, after the scenes she had lately witnessed, any place out of Paris was welcome. The house, in fact, was only small by comparison.

Early on the morning after his arrival, Monsieur Morin went from home. Besides the removal of certain effects from the vessel in which he came from France, he had affairs of importance to transact. The nature of his own occupations in Paris had long connected him with a London firm, the founder of which was a fellow-countryman, named Devaux; and, to his place of business in the city, Monsieur Morin at once proceeded. A painful surprise awaited him. Greatly to his sorrow, he learnt that the head of the house had died only ten days before, after a brief illness.

"Mr. Richard Devaux, the only son, sir," whispered the clerk who gave this information, "is now our principal. Our late Mr. Devaux was buried on Saturday, and to-day is Mr. Richard's first appearance here since his father's death. But he takes to it, sir; he takes to it. O, yes, sir, he will see you no doubt. Who shall I say, sir?"

Richard Devaux was a short, thick-set young man, apparently about five and twenty, with a colorless cheek, thin lips, and

dark, restless eyes. At Monsieur Morin's entrance, he rose from a table on which several folios were lying open, and came to meet him.

"Monsieur Morin, of the Rue de Mirabeau?" he said, in a low voice.

"The same, sir. The correspondent of your house and the old friend of your father."

They shook hands, and there was silence between them for a few moments, each apparently occupied with the past. Monsieur Morin was the first to speak.

"I grieve, sir," he said, "to trespass on your attention so soon after your sad bereavement; had I known of your recent loss, I would have deferred my visit till you were better prepared to receive me."

"It does not matter," replied Richard Devaux. "A day sooner or later, when the worst is over, is of no consequence. You perceive," he added, pointing to the books before him, "that I have already begun to distract my thoughts by application to business."

"You are right," returned Monsieur Morin. "I, too, find my only relief in active pursuits. But for them my mind will soon sink altogether, when I contemplate the position of my unhappy country."

"Are affairs, then so much worse in France? Forgive me, sir, for asking the question, but the last few weeks have been for me a perfect blank."

"I can well understand it," said Monsieur Morin, again pressing the young man's hand. "Yes," he resumed, "everything hastens from bad to worse; and this will be the case till the very worst arrives."

"The worst?" repeated Richard Devaux, with an inquiring look.

"Unless our efforts can prevent it. The horrors of September have reached your ears?"

"All the world shudders at them. Can anything more terrible befall?"

"Every day the hand of murder strikes down a nobler victim; every day witnesses a bolder and bloodier tyranny. All soon will be anarchy. The king is already accused before the Convention. That was the natural consequence of the infamous decree by which royalty was abolished in France. See, then, what hope we have of the future, unless we find it here!"

"And is that, sir, your only expectation?"

"I fear it. Everywhere on the Continent the armies of the revolution triumph. And this brings me to the object of my present visit. The sums which have been deposited with your house must shortly be made useful to our cause. You are aware of the extent of my transactions in this respect with your late honored father."

"Not entirely, sir, for my father kept those accounts under his sole supervision. It was only this morning, for the first time, that I have had access to the volume in which they are entered. It is one that has been kept apart for that special purpose."

"I have some large additions to make," continued Monsieur Morin. "I waited to the last to collect all I could, as well of my own capital as of that which I was empowered to raise."

"And have you finally left Paris?"

"Alas, yes, till better times, should we ever behold them arrive."

"Well, sir," said Richard Devaux, after a short pause, "whatever amounts you are prepared to lodge with us shall be held in trust—or, as we bankers say, at call—till you require them. I am, moreover, quite at your service whenever you wish to go through the accounts. My poor father's principles are mine, political as well as commercial. You may rest assured that what he would have done I shall ever faithfully perform. This is, not only a duty I owe to his memory, but a tribute of my own personal respect for yourself."

Monsieur Morin was gratified to hear Richard Devaux speak in this wise, and they parted on the friendliest terms, after the refugee had entered into some further explanation of his present position, which ended by an invitation to the young banker to come and see him. An intimacy consequently arose; and,

after the first visit paid by Richard Devaux to Monsieur Morin's house, there was no necessity for pressing its repetition.

II.

A new kind of existence had now opened before Richard Devaux, which, situated as he was, possessed a peculiar attraction. His father had been one of those men who, beginning their career with nothing, never lose sight of the possibility of being, by some capricious stroke of fortune, again reduced to nothing. Prudence, therefore, guided him from the outset of his life to its close. All his thoughts were directed to the establishment of his house on the surest foundation; and to acquire the reputation of being safe, while he silently increased his wealth, was the great object of his ambition. He labored hard also to impress his son with his own views; and, to carry them into effect, compelled his closest attention to business. Never relaxing from personal toil—not even during the illness which ended fatally—he permitted no relaxation on the part of others; and thus it happened that Richard Devaux knew nothing of the pleasures of society. Home, in its best sense, he had none; his mother having died while he was yet a child, without increasing the family, and he was left to the training of his father alone. A good training it was for creating a mere money-making machine; but as men, after all, are not machines, but have senses, affections, passions, and as these were for the most part overlooked by the elder Devaux in his desire to make his son a model of commercial respectability, it is not altogether surprising that the experiment should fail. Richard Devaux devoted himself to his father's pursuits, as long as he lived, with all the earnestness the old man could desire; being reconciled to what was in reality a sacrifice, by an ardent love of money. There was, however, this difference between father and son: the former would rather have witnessed the downfall of his house than have sustained it by any course not strictly honest; the latter was less scrupulous.

Instructed in Monsieur Morin's reasons for leaving France at that particular crisis, Richard Devaux foresaw many material advantages, and anticipated great personal gratification from being admitted to the counsels, and enjoying the society of his father's friend. He certainly was not disappointed in the last-named expectation. Monsieur Morin was a person of extensive information, who had mixed largely with the world, untainted by its vices, yet familiar with its failings, and master of many of its secrets. His powers of observation were rapid, his instincts true, and his judgments seldom wrong. The defect in his character—if defect it were—was a natural tendency, which no experience could correct, to put implicit trust in all men's honor. The first article of his creed, both social and political, was truth: if difficulties arose from being too out-spoken, they must be conquered in fair fight.

Richard Devaux was, perhaps, no worshipper of abstract virtue; but he was fain to pay respect to the qualities which were conspicuous in Monsieur Morin, and the sentiments he uttered were as much to the purpose as if the sincerest conviction had prompted them. The atmosphere, moreover, in which he now lived, allowed but of one mode of thinking, or, at all events, but of one form of expression. The friends who gathered round Monsieur Morin immediately on his arrival in London, however opposed in many respects, had one common bond of union. They were banded together for one high purpose. The object of the meetings held at Monsieur Morin's house was to effect a combination of emigrant wealth and energy, for restoring France to her former condition.

No sudden impulse had caused this movement; although it was urged to more immediate action by the present danger of the king. Without belonging to the noble class, Monsieur Morin was thoroughly identified with all its interests, or, as he viewed the question, with the interests of his country; for he had been brought up in the faith of the ancient régime; not blind to its faults, but believing that, with those faults amended, there was no salvation for France beyond the pale of monarchy. Apprehensions for their personal safety, and the security of their property, operated with many of the emigrants; who, so early as the year 1790, withdrew from France into Germany and other countries.

But all were not influenced by purely selfish reasons; and, at the head of the excepted few, was the Marquis de Grandmesnil, a nobleman of considerable wealth, who had served with distinction in the last war. Not even amongst his own class had Monsieur de Grandmesnil a more intimate friend than Monsieur Morin, and it was by his advice that the marquis acted when, with his only son, Henri, then in his twenty-third year, he at length decided on joining the army of the Prince de Condé. In doing so, he left with Monsieur Morin the requisite authority for disposing of all his available property; and, such was the well-known probity of the man whom he thus trusted, such was the opinion entertained of his political capacity, that several other noblemen, similarly situated, also deposited large sums with Monsieur Morin, to be devoted to the object they all had in view.

Foreseeing, on his side, that England must eventually become the centre of his party's operations, Monsieur Morin repeatedly crossed over to London to organise his plans for the expected time; and, although such journeys were eminently hazardous, his care and skill, coupled with the assistance rendered by some of the men in power who secretly wished well to the royal cause, enabled him to pass to and fro without molestation and even without suspicion. These visits were paid in the lifetime of the elder Devaux, and it was, privately, through him, as we have seen, that all Monsieur Morin's financial arrangements were made.

It has been intimated that Richard Devaux entered readily into the projects of the emigrants; but, besides the feeling excited throughout England by the bloody acts of the Septembrists, an additional stimulus to his zeal was given by Adelaide Morin, who had herself beheld the fearful spectacle which followed the murder of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

Adelaide Morin was well calculated to make converts of those who listened to her impassioned words. Had there been no suffering to deplore, no wrong to redress, no right to sustain, royalty was so thoroughly a part of her nature that, even from such as held a contrary opinion, her advocacy must have commanded attention. But when her auditors felt, or were disposed to feel as she did, it was no wonder that she created partisans. Of all the circle that surrounded her, none echoed her sentiments more warmly than Richard Devaux.

It is possible that, for the moment, this young man's devotion to the cause of French royalty was sincere; but, if Adelaide Morin had been separated from that cause, there is no room for doubting which side of the question he would have taken. He had, indeed, fallen deeply in love with her.

III.

The single purpose by which Monsieur Morin was inspired so completely filled his mind that he was alive only to that which reflected his own desires, and he unhesitatingly took for granted Richard Devaux's fervent declarations, and reposed ultimate confidence in them.

The refugee's house was accordingly open at all hours to his new friend; who, one morning, went there much earlier than usual.

"Has your master received his letters to-day, Louis?" he asked of the valet.

"No, sir; and he is very anxious on that account."

"Where is he?"

"In the study, sir, with mademoiselle."

"Show me there!"

Entering as Louis announced him, Devaux found Monsieur Morin and Adelaide writing.

On hearing his name they both looked quickly up.

"Have you news?" eagerly inquired Monsieur Morin.

"I have. At least, there are rumors. They are very bad!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Adelaide; "what has happened?"

"It is reported that—the Convention—" he paused.

"Speak! speak!" cried father and daughter in one breath.

"Have condemned the king to death!"

Adelaide sank back in her chair; the pen fell from Monsieur Morin's hand.

"Condemned—to death!" he said. "From whom have you this news?"

"It is current generally. It was every man's conversation at the opening of 'Change. I came here instantly to learn the truth."

"And they have left me uninformed," said Monsieur Morin, with bitterness. "When, do they say, was this fearful decree pronounced?"

"On the evening before last. A government courier is believed to have brought the intelligence. The funds have already fallen more than three per cent. Yet it may be only a stock-jobbing report."

"I fear not; but I have still the means of finding out. Stay here, Devaux, till I return. I will be absent no longer than I can help."

Monsieur Morin quitted the room. The street door closed immediately afterwards, and Adelaide was left alone with Richard Devaux. It was the first time that this had ever occurred.

For several minutes Mademoiselle Morin remained without speech or motion. At length she sighed heavily, and raised her head.

"This is terrible!" she said.

"Sad enough, mademoiselle," answered Devaux, "if the news be really true."

"They will not dare to execute the sentence," she continued, with flashing eyes.

"What have they not dared?" he returned.

"It is true," she said; "nothing restrains them. Oh, if there were hands now to strike in the king's defence! But such hands are far, far away!"

"Hands there are," said Devaux, "near enough yet to serve him. They can never be wanting when you desire their aid."

There was something in the speaker's tone which sounded strangely in Adelaide's ears. She turned on him a searching glance.

Devaux met it without shrinking.

"Is there any one," he continued, "who would not give his life for the cause that interests Adelaide Morin?"

Still her eyes were fixed on his, as if she doubted what she heard.

Devaux drew nearer.

"Why," he said, "should I refrain from uttering what my heart is bursting to reveal? Mademoiselle Morin—Adelaide—I love you! As man never yet loved woman, I love you!"

Encouraged by her silence, he attempted to take her hand; she started back, astonished.

"Love me!" she cried. "You! at this hour!"

"From the first moment I saw you. If you will be mine, all I have is yours. Every resource I can command shall be at the service of your king."

"There is no traffic, sir, in love," said Adelaide, with dignity. "Were this even a time to speak of such things, your words would be wholly unavailing."

"If," pleaded Devaux, "I have chosen a wrong moment—"

"All moments are the same," interrupted Adelaide, "your suit is hopeless. Let the subject be no more mentioned."

"Mademoiselle Morin!" cried Devaux, impatiently, "you love another. You are proud, Mademoiselle Morin, but—"

His speech was broken short by a violent knocking at the street door. It was Monsieur Morin. He hastened into the room like one distracted, threw an open letter upon the table, and buried his face in his hands. Deep and long-drawn sobs choked his utterance.

"Our kind, good master—come, Adelaide, come to my breast and weep your heart away—the king is no more!"

While Monsieur Morin and his daughter were locked in each other's arms, Richard Devaux read the letter. In a few lines it told of the execution of Louis XVI.

IV.

Days of agitation passed for each of the three persons whom this narrative most concerns. Events succeeded each other so rapidly, that, within a month from the reception of the news of the king's execution, war had been declared against England by the Convention, and a counter defiance hurled against the

regicide government. This furnished full occupation for Monsieur Morin, at whose house meetings were constantly held to organise the expedition of an emigrant force to operate on the coast of Brittany, under the command of the Marquis de Grandmesnil, and his son Henri. In all the business connected with this expedition Mademoiselle Morin was indefatigable. She acted as her father's secretary, and something more. She had personal motives for desiring the presence of the destined chiefs of the expedition in London, and her letters to that effect were urgent. Richard Devaux, also, had enough to occupy his thoughts. Upon him devolved the supply of the sinews of this proposed warfare, derivable from the funds which Monsieur Morin had lodged with his house. This business, however, was not all he had to think about; the scene between Adelaide and himself being never absent from his memory.

Undeterred by a first rejection, he was bent on renewing his proposals. An idea, not yet definitely shaped, had crossed his mind, which pointed towards success; but, before he encouraged it, there was a test to which Adelaide Morin must yet be submitted. He remembered that, when he abruptly charged her with loving another, her countenance changed; he also remembered what Monsieur Morin had said in reference to the dear friends who were absent; and these recollections strengthened his first suspicion. If Mademoiselle Morin wished her cause to win, she must be his, and his alone.

Upon this resolution he acted on the first occasion that offered of speaking to her again without a witness to their conversation. Vain, however, were all his words. With still more haughtiness than before Mademoiselle Morin repelled his advances, and he left her presence with that in his heart which only wanted one assurance to change its feelings to deadly hate. Accident supplied him with it.

For greater security, in a time so fraught with trouble to the French emigrants, wherever they happened to have taken refuge, it had been settled between Monsieur Morin and Richard Devaux, that all the correspondence having relation to the projected descent upon the French shores should pass through the banker's firm.

On the day of his last interview with Adelaide, when, with every angry passion at war within him, he went back to the city to bury himself in affairs, he found that a large packet, with a foreign postmark, had arrived. The envelope bore his address alone: within were at least a dozen letters, the greater part directed to Monsieur Morin. As he turned them over hastily, with the intention of despatching them to their several destinations, one letter caught his attention. It was addressed, not to Monsieur Morin, but to his daughter. On the seal was the letter H, with this motto, in Gothic characters, "*Plus est en vous.*" Was the key to the enigma here? Without a moment's pause he tore open the letter, and, though every word in it danced before his eyes, he read it through, long as it was, to the end.

"This, then," he muttered, "contains the secret of my rejection. The 'dear friend' is here. Henri de Grandmesnil is her accepted lover. What tenderness! What constancy! What ardent affection! 'To clasp her again to his bosom!' A husband could scarcely say more. A French husband, if all I have heard be true, would never say so much. But whether true or false, Henri de Grandmesnil, since that is your high-sounding name, you shall never see her more, if I can prevent the meeting. But how? Does Morin know of this engagement? He trusts his daughter with everything; she may have done the same by him. It is ambition, royalist as he is, which leads him, perhaps, to the hope of mingling his blood with that of these high-born nobles. Curses on them all! The son of the old Bordeaux merchant is beneath their notice! I may be wrong, though; Morin may not be aware that this *preux chevalier* courts his daughter! I will see him before I decide."

V.

While Richard Devaux was debating within himself what course he should take to bring the question to issue, a visitor was announced. He had hardly time to crumple up and thrust

into his pocket the letter he had just read, when Monsieur Morin entered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see you have despatches for me."

"Which," replied Devaux, "I was about to take to your house."

"I am glad I came. We might have missed each other, and time is precious to us both. Permit me to read them here."

"Certainly."

"It is much as I expected," said Monsieur Morin, folding up the last letter. "They cannot move without money. Monsieur Grandmesnil writes to say, that a remittance of five thousand pounds must instantly be sent to Rotterdam, the amount to be placed to his credit with the house of Van Orley and Company, of that city."

Richard Devaux made no reply; he had risen while the other was speaking, and now paced the room with gloom upon his brow.

"But," said Monsieur Morin, "you do not hear me, my good friend. A sum of—"

"I hear you, sir," interrupted Devaux, "I hear you plainly; but, before we enter upon that subject, I have something else of more importance to speak of."

"Of more importance!" repeated Monsieur Morin, in surprise.

"At least to me," said Devaux.

"Ah! that is different. Whatever is important to you will be of interest to me."

Richard Devaux came closer to Monsieur Morin. His cheek, usually so pale, was flushed, his lips trembled, and his words were hardly articulate.

"Monsieur Morin," he said, "I wish to speak to you about your daughter."

The listener was astonished; but he waited for more before he replied.

"Yes," continued Devaux, "what I have to say concerns Mademoiselle Morin—and myself. Sir, I love her! I ask her of you in marriage."

"Young man!" said Monsieur Morin, "do you know what you ask?"

"Perfectly," returned Devaux. "I repeat my request. Will you bestow on me the hand of your daughter?"

Monsieur Morin, in his turn, asked a question:

"Have you spoken to Adelaide herself?"

"I have—spoken—to her," he replied, in a faltering voice.

"And what was her answer?"

"Mademoiselle Morin refused me."

"Surely, my good friend," said the refugee, "you do not wish me to force my daughter's inclinations. This is a passing fancy of yours, which meets with no return. Forget it. Look rather at the state of public affairs; which, at this crisis, call for every man's attention. Even were my daughter so disposed, the thing is impossible. That sacred blood is not yet dry upon the executioner's axe, the stones of Paris still cry aloud for revenge, our souls are all bent on one great enterprise; and can we turn from it, at this hour, to think of our own affairs? No. I say again, wake from your idle dream! Adelaide cannot be yours."

"Is this, sir," said Devaux, slowly, "your final decree?"

"As final, my friend."

"And have you stated all your reasons?" asked Devaux, with an irrepressible sneer, which did not escape the quick Frenchman's observation. "Because," he continued, before the latter could say a word, "if any remain behind they had better be rendered at once, that I may be able to meet them with some that I have to offer of my own."

"You are now speaking a language," said Monsieur Morin, "which I do not comprehend."

"Let me make my meaning clearer, then. Are you sure, in coming to the conclusion, which you declare so unalterable, that you have decided favorably for those projects which affect you more, as you allege, than any domestic interest?"

"Again, I cannot understand you."

"Friends should not lightly be cast aside. At a time like this they may be doubly useful. My services have their value."

"You set a price upon them? You make them the condition of a personal alliance? It is enough. Henceforward I claim no sympathy at your hands. We will at once regulate these affairs which cannot, at least, have been to your disadvantage; and, in the first place, let us return to the subject whence I started. A credit of five thousand pounds is required for Monsieur de Grandmesnil on the house of Van Orley and Company, of Rotterdam. Be so good as to give the necessary directions for that payment. We will then go into the question of a general settlement; after which, I shall select another banker."

The livid hue on the face of Richard Devaux might have prepared Monsieur Morin for any credible announcement, but not for the words which the former now uttered.

"I fear," he said, "that Monsieur de Grandmesnil must be disappointed. I have no funds belonging to that gentleman in my possession."

"Are you in your right senses?" exclaimed Monsieur Morin, starting to his feet. "No money that belongs to the Marquis de Grandmesnil? You hold at the least one hundred thousand pounds. Not to speak of the large sums which I have deposited on my own account and on that of others."

Richard Devaux laughed bitterly. "A hundred thousand pounds," he echoed. "That indeed, is worth claiming. Other large sums, too! Well, Monsieur Morin, when you can show me the necessary vouchers for these amounts, we will talk about meeting your demands."

"Heavens!" cried Monsieur Morin, "do you deny the deposits? Do you mean—"

"I mean exactly what I say. I have never received a farthing from either Monsieur de Grandmesnil or yourself."

Paralysed by the audacity of this assertion, the refugee stood like one stricken to stone.

Richard Devaux rang a bell.

"I will satisfy you that I am speaking by the card. Benson," he continued, addressing the clerk who entered, "bring me the account of the Marquis de Grandmesnil!"

"Whose, sir!"

Devaux repeated the order.

"We have no account in that name, sir."

"I told you so," said Devaux, coolly, turning to Monsieur Morin. "That will do, Benson; you may go. Have you any desire, Monsieur Morin, that I should ask for your account also?"

"Traitor! Liar! Robber! All the world shall ring with the report of your villainy. But I will have justice! I will—I will—at— Mercy! What is this at my heart? Henri—Adel—Mon Roi!" Morin staggered and fell.

Richard Devaux bent over him for a moment, and then ran to the door.

"Come here, come here, some of you! This unfortunate gentleman has fallen in a fit. Run for the nearest surgeon. A most excitable man, Benson. I have assisted him, privately to a great extent. A disinclination to make further advances has completely turned his head. He is under the strangest delusion."

A surgeon came. He felt Monsieur Morin's pulse, laid his hand upon his breast, and closely examined his face.

"Sir," he said to Devaux, "the gentleman is dead!"

VI.

A few words may close this story. The projected expedition failed for want of money. The Marquis de Grandmesnil and his son both fell at the bombardment of Gertruydenberg. Adelaide Morin, taken under the protection of another refugee family, survived her father's death and that of Henri de Grandmesnil, to whom she had been secretly married; but she survived, happily for herself, without memory, save perchance those gleams whose visitations cannot be tracked.

Richard Devaux never again went near the house of Monsieur Morin, which, after his death, remained unoccupied; but to his own house, in the city, he went day by day, year after year. He was the most assiduous man of business in London, and stood high in the world's estimation. He lived to be one of the richest men in England.



A STREET OF LYONS DURING THE INUNDATION.

INUNDATIONS AND THEIR HORRORS.

And forth they brake—
The Destinies sat dancing on the waves.

CHAPMAN.

Of inundations in the earlier ages of the world we have the records of three which must be considered as the most important; that of Oxyges, which overflowed almost all Attica; that of Deucalion, which drowned Thessaly in Greece; and, most memorable of all, that supremest of inundations which we designate as the Deluge. With this latter flood, forming as it did one of the most considerable epochs in chronology, it is to be hoped, for the credit of their Scriptural reading, every one of our readers is familiar.

The date of the Deluge is fixed by the best chronologers as the 1656th year from the creation, which answers to the year 2293 B.C.

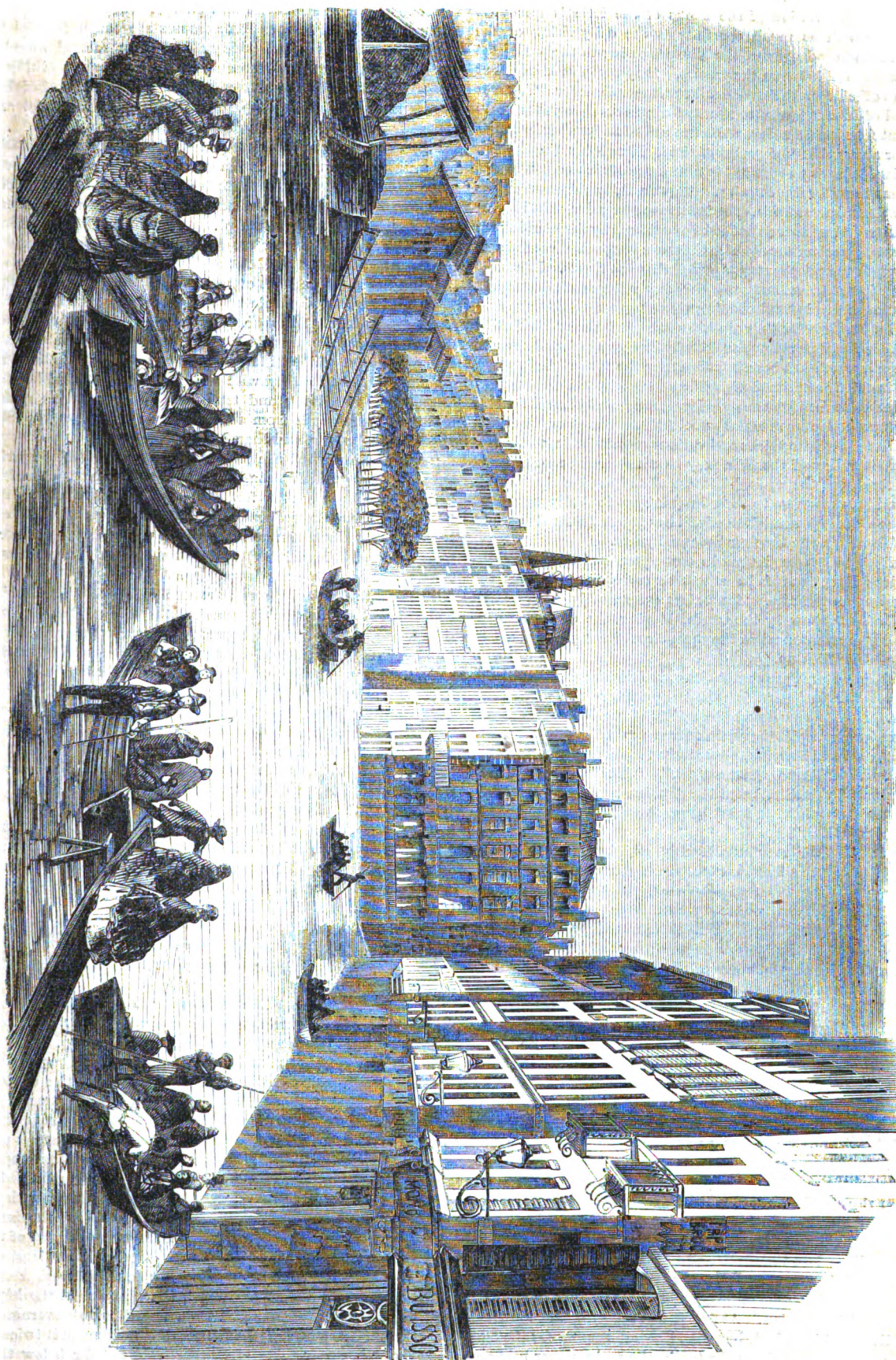
Of this universal flood, with which a paper on inundations must needs begin, the ancient Brahmins had a somewhat singular explanation. They said that there was a time when the serpent with a thousand heads withdrew itself, and would not support the world, it was so overburdened with sin. Upon this the earth sunk into the great abyss of waters, and mankind and all that breathed perished. But Vishnu (the Incarnation of the Brahmin Deity) took upon himself the form of "a princely person coming out of a fish" (Vishnu Barachater), and diving to the bottom of the sea, lifted up the earth out of the water, and placed it, together with the serpent of a thousand heads, upon the back of a tortoise; where, according to the Brahmin belief, it has ever since remained.

Some of our North American Indians entertained an equally characteristic opinion, viz., that a certain spirit, called Otkon by the Iroquois, and Atahauta by those at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, is the creator of the world, and that Messon repaired it after the Deluge. They say that this Messon or

Otkon, being a hunting one day, his dogs lost themselves in a great lake, which thereupon overflowing, covered the whole earth in a short time, and swallowed up the world.

While on the subject of the beliefs of different nations respecting the Deluge, the creed of the Brazilians in this matter may be not inappropriately cited. These savages, according to M. Theret, were of opinion that the Deluge was universal. They say that Summay, a Caribbee of great dignity, had two children, named Tamendonare and Ariconte; being of contrary dispositions, one delighting in peace and the other in war and rapine, they mortally hated each other. One day Ariconte, the warrior, brought an arm of an enemy whom he had encountered to his brother, reproaching him at the same time with cowardice; but the other retorted by saying, that if he had been possessed of the valor which he boasted, he would have brought his enemy entire. On this Ariconte threw the arm against the door of his brother's house. At that instant the whole village was carried up into the sky; and Tamendonare striking the ground with violence, a vast stream of water issued out from it, and continued to flow in such quantity that in a short time it seemed to rise above the clouds, and the earth was entirely covered. The two brothers seeing this, ascended the highest mountains of the country, and with their wives ascended the trees which grew upon them. By this Deluge all mankind, as well as all other animals, were drowned, excepting the two brothers above mentioned and their wives, who, having descended when the flood abated, became the heads of two different nations.

To these testimonies of the New World we may add another from the remote and uncivilised island of Otaheite. Dr. Watson, in his discourse to the clergy, informs us that one of the navigators to the southern hemisphere, having asked some of the inhabitants of that island concerning their origin, was answered that their supreme God, a long time ago, being angry, dragged the earth through the sea, and their island, being broken off, was preserved.



INUNDATION OF THE SAONE AT LYONS—THE QUAI DES CELESTINS.

In East India mythology the account of the Deluge corresponds in many particulars with that of Moses.

The annual overflow of the banks of the Nile is an event looked for with as much certainty as the daily rising of the sun. These inundations of the Nile are owing to the periodical rains which fall between the tropics. They begin in March, but have no effect upon the river until three months later. Towards the end of June it begins to rise, and continues rising at the rate of about four inches a day, until the end of September, when it falls for about the same period of time. Herodotus, the Grecian historian, informs us that in his time a rise of sixteen cubits was sufficient to water the country. At present, twenty-two cubits are considered a good rise. The towns are generally built in such a situation and manner as not to be overflowed by the inundation, and in some parts of the country there are long raised causeways, upon which the people may travel during the floods. It is only in case of an extraordinary rise that any villages are destroyed. The inundations, instead of being viewed as a calamity, are considered a blessing, for they are the cause of inexhaustible fertility. After the waters have subsided, the earth is found covered with mud, which has been left there by the river. This mud, which is chiefly composed of argillaceous earth and carbonate of lime, serves to fertilize the overflowed land, and is used for manure for such places as are not sufficiently saturated by the river; it is also formed into bricks and various vessels for domestic use. The whole valley of the Nile may be considered as an alluvial plain, formed of the washed-down mud and sand of Central Africa, and it is therefore to these inundations that Egypt owes its existence. The accumulation of soil has been estimated at about forty feet within the last four thousand years.

It might be supposed that in consequence of the annual inundations Egypt would be a wet or moist country, but the very reverse is the case. The waters are speedily dried up and carried off as vapors by the winds, leaving the climate so remarkably dry that meat in the open air will not putrify, but be dried or shrivelled up.

The Nile water, though not clean, is delicious and healthful. The traveller in Egypt is repeatedly told, "You will return hither. No one ever drank the waters of the Nile without being irresistibly impelled to drink them again." The Egyptian Levantines have a saying, that "what champagne is to other wines is the Nile to other waters." "Had Mahomet drunk the waters of the Nile," says the Arabian proverb, "he would have stayed on earth, and not have allowed himself to be conveyed to Paradise."

The inundations vary considerably, and, by either falling or rising to too great a height, cause much damage and distress. In the great French description of Egypt there is a table or sixty-six inundations, whereof eleven were very high, thirty good, and nine insufficient. This table was taken from the official records of the Nilometer on the island of Ev-Rodah, near Cairo, and comprehends the inundations of the years 1737—1800.

The most superstitious and uneducated of the Arabs at Cairo still believe that one drop of water falling upon some particular rock in Abyssinia causes the inundation of the Nile; but the real cause of the annual overflow is well known to be the very heavy rains which take place in the south during the months of June, July, and the beginning of August.

Along the banks of some of the rivers of China the country is frequently deluged, and cattle, grain and houses, with the inhabitants, are swept away. In the south of China such inundations are not very frequent. Though considerable part of the province of Canton is low ground, yet the waters seldom rise and break through their embankments, so as to destroy extensively the habitations of men or the productions of the soil. In the early part of July, 1833, very heavy rains began to fall, and on the ninth and tenth days of the month the water stood, in some districts a few miles west of Canton, more than ten feet above the ordinary mark. It is said to have been a very awful visitation. At first it was reported that ten thousand lives had been lost, but this, like all rumors for the most part, was somewhat above the truth, the real number being afterwards certainly stated as between five and six thousand. A native Christian, whose house and paddy were washed away on the occasion, thus writes:

"I find on my return that my family, old and young, have been preserved in safety by the care of our heavenly Father. But one of our mud houses and part of another have been washed away. The other little houses are much injured by the water. In this world bodily affliction or mental anguish are the lot of men; but those of us who know something of the mysteries of the Gospel can cast our cares on the Almighty Father and wait for his help. It is ours to be watchful and persevere in adherence to the Gospel even unto death.

"By the recent inundation (the natives call it *shury-teal*—water-judgment) upwards of a thousand persons have been drowned at Fuhshan. At Shunthi district I do not know certainly how many have been drowned and how many houses have fallen. At the western plantation and mulberry gardens in Nanhæ district five or six hundred were drowned; and of houses, great and small, about eight hundred fell. At the villages on the right and left of my house about a thousand fell, and about a hundred people were drowned (the rest escaped to an adjacent hill). Although this is a calamity sent from heaven, yet it must be traced to the wickedness and rebellion of men as a cause. When I have seen those who have suffered my mind is increasingly filled with awe, and I would cherish a fear of offending the living and true God. Pray for me, sir, that God may preserve me from sin, and from disgracing the religion of our Saviour, and then I shall be happy.

"I have heard that the *fooyuen* and the *leting taou* (superintendent of the grain department) have subscribed a few hundred dollars, and have sent a few officers with rice cakes to distribute to the distressed sufferers in Nanhæ and Shunthi districts: but at Kaouyaou and Kayouming, the districts where I live (the land being higher), no assistance has been sent, and the distress of the people is truly great."

Towards the close of the same month, July, the water, which had deluged several districts west of the city of Canton, considerably abated; but subsequent rains caused them to overflow again, and threatened destruction to the second harvest.

On the eastern borders of the province of Canton, also, near Fuhkeen, the inundation was very destructive. Thirty-six villages in the district of Ta-poo were buried beneath the waters, and hundreds of human carcasses floated on their surface. In consequence of these long-continued rains and inundations the goremén (*loo*), went in person to the temples of wind and fire, to solicit mercy of the power of these elements to diminish or stop the fall of water.

But the worst was yet to come, and although on the 31st of the month the rain had abated a little the tide continued to rise higher and higher. Numerous towns and villages were completely inundated; and boats plied, for several days, through almost every street in the city and suburbs of Canton. Many native houses were thrown down by the force of the current—so violent that the city gates could not be closed for several nights, while others were sapped to their foundations, and one after another gave way.

In the country above Canton, which suffered the most, embankments both of stone and earth were broken down, and large portions of paddy fields were carried away by the rapid current. Where there were no embankments, the water rising gradually on the paddy and then retiring caused a far less degree of damage. But where the embankments stood, the heavy torrents of rain, falling on the fields and having no outlet, remained so long as to blight the grain completely; so that the largest portion of the neighboring country was rendered altogether unproductive for the remainder of the year; and not only the paddy but also the mulberry fields received everywhere extensive injury. A gentleman, who shortly after travelled up the inner passage from Macao to Canton, which is for a great part of the way in the midst of rice fields and mulberry plantations, described the country as almost completely devastated.

On the 5th and 6th of September the tide was at the highest, being from four to five feet high, according to government reports (though many of the popular accounts make it twice as high), at the eastern gate of Canton—and not far below that height in many other places which are much beyond high water mark. On the night of the 5th, the weather being calm and serene, at intervals, when silence prevailed around, the

low murmurings of the current as it rolled along was distinctly audible in the foreign factories. This was well calculated to suggest most solemn reflections, when it was considered how many, who a few days before had been in the enjoyment of health and comfort, had now found a watery grave beneath those waves, and how many more, though themselves escaped, had therein buried their little all.

On the 7th the water began gradually to abate, but it did not return to its ordinary level till after the 15th, when the spring tides had passed over. For upwards of a week, during the continuance of the inundation, the current washed past the city with such rapidity that all business with the shipping at Whampoa was entirely stopped, and even light gigs with European crews had the utmost difficulty in reaching the city.

To describe all the incidents bearing upon the effects of this awful visitation would be impossible within the limits of the present paper. A few instances of suffering will perhaps tend to show in the best manner the nature, extent and consequences of the calamity. But this can be done only very partially. Many industrious and worthy families were by this dread visitor, the flood, made public beggars. Many an individual in one day was rendered a fatherless, childless, houseless and moneyless widower. There are several instances, however, of not one escaping. One house of fifteen and another of thirty individuals, were entirely swept away, together with all their effects. A temple in which were deposited the remains of deceased individuals previous to burial, became a place of refuge for about forty men and women; but while they were congratulating themselves on their personal escape, the temple walls fell in, the waters passed over the ruins, and their now lifeless bodies were mingled with the corpses thrown out of the shattered coffins. Many whose houses had become a prey to the devastating element sought refuge on the city walls, when, the walls crumbling beneath them, not a few sunk to rise no more. Such examples might easily be multiplied. But we refrain. Surely "when the Lord's judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

Immediately after the inundation proclamations were issued by the official authorities of Canton, to encourage and to require subscriptions in aid of the sufferers. Demands were made in the form of taxes upon cotton and tea merchants, upon the householders, and upon various other classes. The *fooyuen*, always most active in these matters, began himself by distributing upwards of twenty thousand dollars among the poor and destitute. Government also aided the sufferers by distribution of boiled rice, and by opposing restrictions on the importation of foreign rice which had been proposed by the *hoppo*.

In the memorial from the governor and *fooyuen* to the emperor respecting the inundation, it is stated that the number of houses fallen in the city of Canton and suburbs was four thousand, exclusive of the houses of the Tartar troops, which come under the Tartar general's jurisdiction. And yet these official accounts are generally considered underrated.

Turn we now to Europe. Here first presents a fearful claim upon our attention, the watery scourge which in the sixteenth century desolated the whole of the Netherlands. For accounts of this dreadful visitation we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to the able historian of the Dutch Republic:

"Towards the end of the year 1570, still another and a terrible misfortune descended upon the Netherlands. It was now the hand of God which smote the unhappy country, already so tortured by the cruelty of war. An inundation, more tremendous than any which had yet been recorded in those annals so prolific in such catastrophes, now swept the whole coast from Flanders to Friesland. Not the memorable deluge of the thirteenth century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was born; not that in which the waters of the Dollart had closed for ever over the villages and churches of Groningen; not one of those perpetually running floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands, year after year, were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the

north-west had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them upon the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dykes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean. The whole narrow peninsula was in imminent danger of being swept away for ever. Between Amsterdam and Meyden, the great Diemer dyke was broken through in twelve places. The Hand-bos, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like pack-thread. "The sleeper," a dyke thus called because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe. Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dort, Rotterdam and many other cities were, for a time, almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing vessels and even ships of larger size were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses. The destruction of life and property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dykes and sluices were dashed to fragments. The country, far and wide, was converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with villages, farms and churches, were rent from their places, and borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely engulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep and every domestic animal were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat and every article which could serve as a boat were eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the graveyards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle and the long-buried corpse in his coffin floated side by side. The ancient flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere upon the tops of trees, upon the steeples of churches, human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy and to their fellow-men for assistance. As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish or Portuguese blood, made himself very active in his humane work. By his exertions and those of the troops belonging to Groningen many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands, one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage done to property, the number of animals engulfed in the sea, were almost incalculable.

"These events took place on the 1st and 2nd November, 1570. The latter happened to be the day of All Saints, and the Spaniards maintained loudly that the vengeance of Heaven had descended upon the abode of heretics. The Netherlands looked upon the catastrophe as ominous of still more terrible misfortunes in store for them. They seemed doomed to destruction by God and man. An overwhelming tyranny had long been chasing against their constitutional bulwarks, only to sweep over them at last; and now the resistless ocean, impatient of man's feeble barriers, had at last risen to reclaim his prey. Nature, as if disposed to put to the blush the feeble cruelty of man, had thus wrought more havoc in a few hours than bigotry, however active, could effect in many years."

Two records have we of artificial inundations produced by the natives of Mexico and Holland, to prevent their land from falling into the hands of the invading Spaniards. The first, that of Mexico, occurred at the besieging of Iztapalapan, in 1521, by Cortez. Having entered the city, the Spanish soldiers abandoned themselves to pillage, and soon stripped the dwellings of every portable article of any value.

"While engaged in this work of devastation," says Prescott, "a murmuring sound was heard as of the hoarse rippling of waters, and a cry soon arose among the Indians that the dykes

were broken. Cortez now comprehended the business of the men whom he had seen in canoes at work on the mole which fenced in the great basin of Lake Tezcuco. It had been pierced by the desperate Indians, who thus laid the country under an inundation, by suffering the waters of the Salt Lake to spread themselves over the lower level through the opening. Greatly alarmed, the general called his men together and made all haste to evacuate the city. Had they remained there longer, he says, not a soul could have escaped. They came staggering under the weight of booty, wading with difficulty through the water, which was fast gaining upon them. For some distance their path was illumined with the glare of the burning buildings; but as the light faded away in the distance they wandered with uncertain steps, sometimes up to their knees, at others up to their waists, in the water, through which they floundered on with the greatest difficulty. As they reached the opening in the dyke the stream became deeper, and flowed out with such a current that the men were unable to maintain their footing. The Spaniards, breasting the flood, forced their way through; but many of the Indians, unable to swim, were borne down by the waters. All the plunder was lost. The powder was spoiled, the arms and clothes of the soldiers were saturated with brine, and the cold night wind, as it blew over them, benumbed their weary limbs till they could scarcely drag them along. At dawn they beheld the lake swarming with canoes full of Indians, who had anticipated their disaster, and who now saluted them with showers of stones, arrows and other deadly missiles. Bodies of light troops, hovering in the distance, disquieted the flanks of the army in like manner.

"This affair convinced Cortez how much he had to apprehend from the resolution of a people who, with a spirit worthy of the ancient Hollanders, were prepared to bury their country under water rather than to submit."

The phrase "the ancient Hollanders" must be taken as dating from the age of Mr. Prescott, and not from that of the conquest of Mexico, for the occurrence alluded to, the breaking of the dykes about Leyden, when that city was besieged by the Spaniards under Valdez, did not take place until long after the affair of Iztapalapan, in 1574. Of this latter event Motley gives a most graphic account in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," from which we regret that we can only make one or two brief extracts:

"The prince, occupying the important fortress of Polderwaert, held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the water in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dykes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dykes along the Meuse and the Yssel were in possession of the prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam and Delftshaven should be opened. The damage to the fields, villages and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. 'Better a drowned land than a lost land,' cried the patriots with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory for a season to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date. In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guildens was voted by the estates until the work should be completed; and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewellery and costly furniture to the furtherance of this scheme.

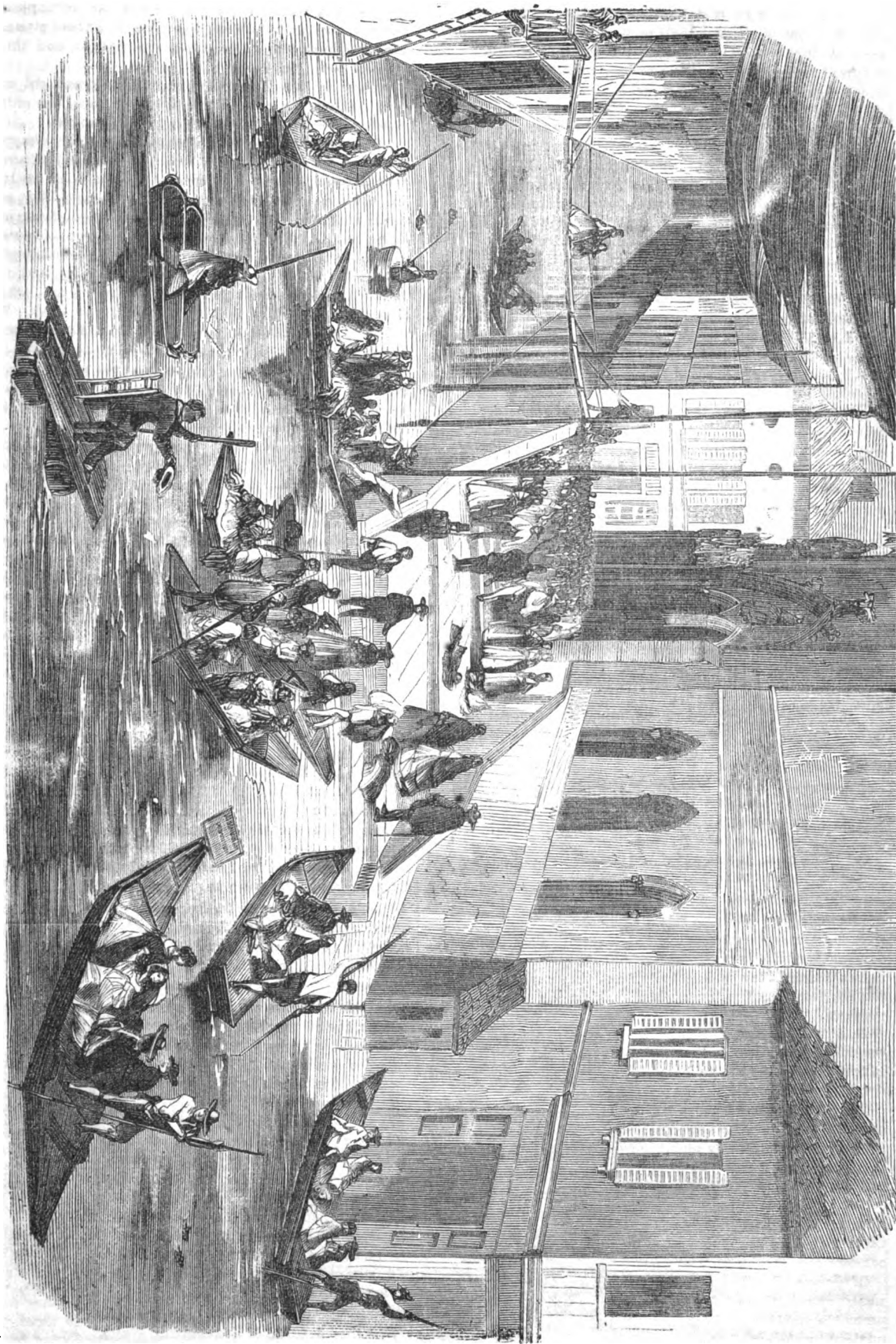
"On the 3rd of August the prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dykes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land."

Meanwhile, hard pressed by the Spaniards and cut off from all communication with their own countrymen, the citizens of Leyden suffered incredible hardships from hunger.

"Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they distributed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breast, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered by hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine. The inhabitants spurned all summons to surrender; Leyden was sublime in its despair."

Finally, despite the derisive prediction of the Spaniards, "As well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden," the Dutch fleet, under the command of the brave Admiral Boisot, floated on the waters of the ocean over the intervening dykes to the fortress of Lammen, but two hundred and fifty yards from the besieged city. A fierce naval midnight battle, in which the invaders had been worsted, had previously taken place, and on the night of 2nd and 3rd of October the Spaniards, alarmed by the falling of a large portion of the city wall, the noise of which they construed into a desperate sortie of the citizens, abandoned the fort of Lammen and took to flight. The siege was thus raised, and on the morning of the 3rd of October the fleet of Boisot, all obstacles being now removed, swept by Lammen and entered the city.

In 1840 occurred the most awful inundation of which we find any record in the history of France. The latter part of the month of October, in this year, was marked by the most violent rain-storms. At Lyons, on the 1st of November, it had rained unceasingly for sixty successive hours, and fears of an inundation were entertained. That those fears were to have a most terrible realization the journals of the day testify. On the 3rd of November, the Rhône, swollen into a turbulent torrent by the heavy rains and the melted snow which coursed into it from the neighboring mountains, poured its waters into the Rhône, broke through its banks and covered sixty thousand acres. Lyons was inundated; the inhabitants had to flee to the upper stories of their houses to take refuge from the rush of waters. To add to the horrors of the situation, the water penetrated to the gas mains of the city and extinguished the street lamps. The half-drowned citizens were thus left in a most agonizing darkness—a darkness in which they could not know of the fate of those who were dearer to them, perhaps, than life itself. The city bridges were carried away by the torrent; houses crumbled into ruins often before the panic-stricken inhabitants had time to escape. A government military school



INUNDATION AT AVIGNON.—VIEW TAKEN FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. AGRICOLA.

was threatened by the flood, and the students only escaped by means of an improvised bridge thrown from the roof of their academy to an adjoining building.

The suburban villages were completely depopulated. In Avignon one hundred houses were swept away; two hundred and eighteen dwellings were carried away at La Gaillotiére, and upwards of three hundred at Vaise, Marseilles and Nîmes.

Some idea of the force of these swollen streams may be derived from a fact incidentally introduced in a new and already famous French work: "At the time of the great inundation, a meadow on the banks of the Loire had swept upon it, by the force of the torrent, more than two hundred cartloads of stones, and was thenceforth abandoned, being rendered entirely useless in so far as all agricultural purposes were concerned."

At Lyons boats took the place of carriages in the streets—these latter being transformed into lakes and canals. As if to add another horror to the book already full, the submerged inhabitants had another disaster to encounter, in the shape of creatures of their own race. Bands of robbers were organized, and during the night went to carry off all the available property they could find in the ruins. Serious combats between the boatmen, stationed as sentinels at several of the houses, and these ruffians took place, before the latter could be made to renounce their evil projects.

The ship-builders by the banks of the river were severe sufferers from the flood, which, seizing first upon their building-timber, swept it away far beyond recovery. In the upper part of the city whole shops were cleared of their contents—gutted as it were. The mere merchantable losses of this inundation alone is reckoned at several millions of dollars.

The official reports fix the number of houses destroyed by the torrent in the department of Ain alone at one thousand and ninety-four, without taking into account one hundred and six other houses which were very much damaged, and which would thus make a total of one thousand two hundred houses rendered uninhabitable.

During the time of the inundation the submerged quarters of the city presented a most curious aspect, that many of them preserved for days after the danger had passed. A profound silence reigned, a silence so profound that it was troubled only by the distant murmuring of the waters, the dipping of oars, the cries of the boatmen offering their services to such few of the inhabitants as had not yet deserted their dwellings.

Each house had before it a miniature dock made of boards resting on casks or hogheads, or else suspended by ropes several feet above the water; by these means alone were the inhabitants enabled to regain their dwellings, climbing in at the chamber windows. At unequal distances along the streets ladders might be seen attached to the first-story windows, and serving to maintain the communication with the street. In some places even aerial bridges had been improvised by means of planks thrown from one side of the street to the other. Persons of all ages and of both sexes were seen to avail themselves of these means of communication and escape; and at last, so habituated did they become to it, that they never manifested the slightest emotion, even when making the most perilous passages.

Amidst so general a desolation, loss of life could scarcely be considered a subject for astonishment, and indeed numerous lamentable deaths are to be added to the calamities of that drear November month.

While nature had been so lavish in its aqueous attentions to one part of France, others, the department of Perpignan for instance, were absolutely suffering from drought. In this latter the ground had become so hard that the grain sown therein could not get out of its earthy bed. In some parts of the country the ploughing of the fields even had to be suspended, since the ground was not in a fit condition to receive the grain. On the 21st of November the weather was as warm as that of a summer month.

Of the second and more recent inundation by which France was a sufferer, that of the same river, the Rhône, in 1856, we present several engravings in these pages. The pen, indeed, unaided by the artist's pencil, could scarce be expected to con-

vey an idea of the situation of those who are thus visited by the floods.

On Sunday, June 1st, aggravated by heavy rains, occurred a rising of the waters of the Saône and Cher. The Rhône soon followed the example thus given, and the city of Lyons with the adjoining villages were again inundated.

This second inundation, though not attended by the widespread desolation of that of 1840, was marked by incidents of peculiar horror.

At the height of the inundation, a house in the east part of the city, half-swallowed up by the waters, was on the point of crumbling into ruins; on the roof a woman, holding in her arms a child of three years, uttered the most soul-piercing cries for help; a boat is hastily sent in that direction; but already the house totters on its base; a second more and it will be a heap of ruins. In this moment of supreme agony the mother, true to her maternal instincts, and thinking only of her child, throws him into the arms of the rescuing boatman and herself disappears in the ruins of the house, which in a moment after close over her for ever.

Wherever there was danger there was devotion also to be found. Near the Prado a man plunged thrice into the boiling gulf of waters and thrice snatched from it a new victim; then, this act of courage accomplished, he retired, refusing to tell his name to those who, surrounding him, begged to know by what they might designate their saviour.

A house in the Port-Dieu is about falling, and with it four women must perish. A man employed in the custom-house, M. M——, for we regret that an initial of his name is all that we can give, hastily throws together a small raft, and on this slight *embarcation* hastens to the rescue; he arrives in time. Hardly are the women saved than the house falls with a crash. A heavy and jagged stone from the falling mass hits M. M—— upon the head, the blood flows freely; but gathering up his energy and courage this generous citizen redoubles his efforts; he soon reaches *terra firma* again; there his strength fails him, and he falls fainting in the arms of the spectators, who have watched, with what anxiety you may imagine, the several crises of this drama.

It is known that the Emperor Napoleon III., taking a lively interest in the fate of the sufferers, went in person to the scene of the disaster. At each step he met poor, penniless wretches, ruined by the flood, who implored him for aid. His majesty was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, General Neil, who carried a large bag of gold, and at each solicitation of this sort plunged into it a generous hand, and gave to these poor sufferers a preliminary aid, enough to modify their existing wants. A very considerable sum was thus distributed. Of the various theories which have been advanced touching the origin and causes of inundations, we have only room to present a few.

It will be seen by the following, an extract which we translate from the "Notices Scientifiques" of M. Arago, attached to the "Annuaire pour l'An 1838," published by the Bureau des Longitudes, of Paris, that violent rain storms are not the only nor always the immediate causes of inundations:

"From the historians, meteorologists cite several local inundations, the effects of which have seemed to far exceed anything that could be feared from the moderate quantity rain coming from the clouds and falling at a certain angle. It has rarely happened that in such cases, during a greater or less period of time, immense masses of water have not been seen to burst out from the bowels of the earth by openings until then unknown, and also that a violent storm has not been the precursor of the phenomenon, and probably its first cause. Such were, for instance, in every particular, the circumstances of the inundation which in June, 1686, almost entirely destroyed the two villages of Kettlewell and Starbottom, in Yorkshire, England. During the storm an immense crevasse formed in the neighboring mountain, and, according to the eye-witnesses, the fluid mass which impetuously escaped from it contributed quite as much as the rain to the misfortunes which the desolated hamlets had to deplore."

In "The Beauties of England and Wales," by John Bigland, under the head of "Yorkshire," we find this record of the above mentioned occurrence:

* Michelet, "L'Amour," p. 206.

"The town (Kettlewell) stands under a high hill, and from its situation experienced in the year 1686 a dreadful calamity, being almost entirely destroyed by a flood. In consequence of a heavy rain the water descended from the hill with great violence for the space of an hour and a half. At the same time the hill bursting on one side, and throwing out great quantities of water to a prodigious height, overwhelmed several houses, and filled others with gravel, which the terrified inhabitants fled for their lives, and abandoned their property to the fury of the elements. The village of Starbottom, about two miles distant, and in a similar situation, shared the same fate."

M. Arago's theory of subterranean outbursts is also sustained by an account by Lucian, a native of Samosata, a city of Co-magen, on the Euphrates, a part of the world where memorials of the Deluge are particularly preserved, and where a reference to that history was continually kept up in the rites and worship of the country. He says:

"The first race of mankind, for their violence and lawlessness, were doomed to destruction; and for this purpose there was a mighty eruption of water from the earth, attended with heavy showers from above, so that the rivers swelled and the sea overflowed, till the whole earth was covered with a flood, and all flesh drowned."

This subject of inundations we regret to here leave in such an incomplete state. There are many other points connected with it upon which we fain would dwell, did time and that more exigent foe the editor of this journal permit. As it is, we are forced to abstain from due mention of the inundations which have occurred in our own country, desolating at various times the valley of the Mississippi, as well as from the stating of divers quaint and curious facts connected with the subject in general. For the sake of these latter, which have been collected at no little cost of time and pains, we hope at another time to resume the subject. For the present we must content ourselves with these outlines, to close which comes to our mind a verse from Bulwer, embodying an idea which is so generally entertained by the writers we have consulted, that we had designed to present it more fully, viz., that inundations have been intended for all time by a retributive Deity, as a visitation upon man for his unbelief and sin:

Around, about, for ever near thee,
God, our God shall mark and hear thee!
On his ear of storm He sweeps;
Wee to the proud ones who defy Him!
Wee to the dreamers who deny Him!

RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus 14 direct muscles, alone, or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 178,741,828, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called a baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed a mezzo-soprano. A boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.

A good anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press at Boston. The professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and habits of thought. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society were ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied he; "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

Tasso replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him, "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill will."

A certain lord wished Garrick to be candidate for the representation of a borough in Parliament. "No, my lord," said the actor, "I would rather play the part of a great man on the stage, than the part of a fool in Parliament."

THE FIRST HOME.

Yes! there is the dwelling!—the home of my childhood!
Its groves not less verdant, its flowers not less fair
Than when with a light heart I roamed thro' the wild wood,
And centred all hopes of enjoyment there!
And there is the fountain, whose pure waters, flowing,
Seemed like dewdrops of crystal, suspended in air;
But where are the faces with exercise glowing—
All the cherished companions of childhood, O where?

Yes! there is the valley, where gaily we wandered,
And pulled the blue violets that bloomed in the shade;
And there is the streamlet, where oft I have pondered
Till I deemed that such loveliness never could fade!
And here is the window, where raptured we've listened
To the tunes of Eolus in sweet cadence fall,
And melody sung till our merry eyes glistered—
But the hearts that were softened, O where are they all?

Yes, even as in childhood, the birds sing as gaily,
And the beautiful flowers bloom as bright in the sun;
But I see not the eyes that once beamed on me daily—
Alas! those that glowed in my childhood are gone!
To my now lonely heart every bud seems so fair;
Though to gay thoughtless mortals they blossom so fair;
O where are the loved ones to weep at my anguish?
'Tis the sad voice of Echo that whispers, "O where?"

There were some who perchance left their youth's early dwelling,
O'er the far distant mountains and valleys to roam;
Ah! how oft did regret, in their lone bosoms swelling,
Cast a lingering glance towards their once happy home!
And perhaps there were some with too exquisite feeling
To survive the cold glance of a wavering love—
And who sighed life away, till the cherubim, stealing,
Bore their innocent souls to the regions above!

And before me's the dwelling where all once united;
Where the glance of intelligence sparkled around;
Where all in the love of each other delighted—
Where the true joys of friendship were wont to be found.
Yes, here is the dwelling!—the bright spell is over,
And dreary and lone does its splendor appear;
Its ne'er-fading beauties I still can discover—
But where are the friends that endeared it, O where?

THE ASSASSINATION OF MARSHAL BRUNE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lateness of the hour at which we arrived at Avignon, thanks to the activity of our host, we soon had a splendid fire and a comfortable supper. When we had been warmed by the one and refreshed by the other, the landlord called a waiter to prepare the bedrooms, and ordered No. 1 for me.

"Will it be the same to you," said I, "if I have No. 3?"

"The one I intend for you is better, and looks into the street," replied he.

"Never mind; it is No. 3 I want."

"We seldom use that, unless the others are occupied."

"But when you are asked for it?"

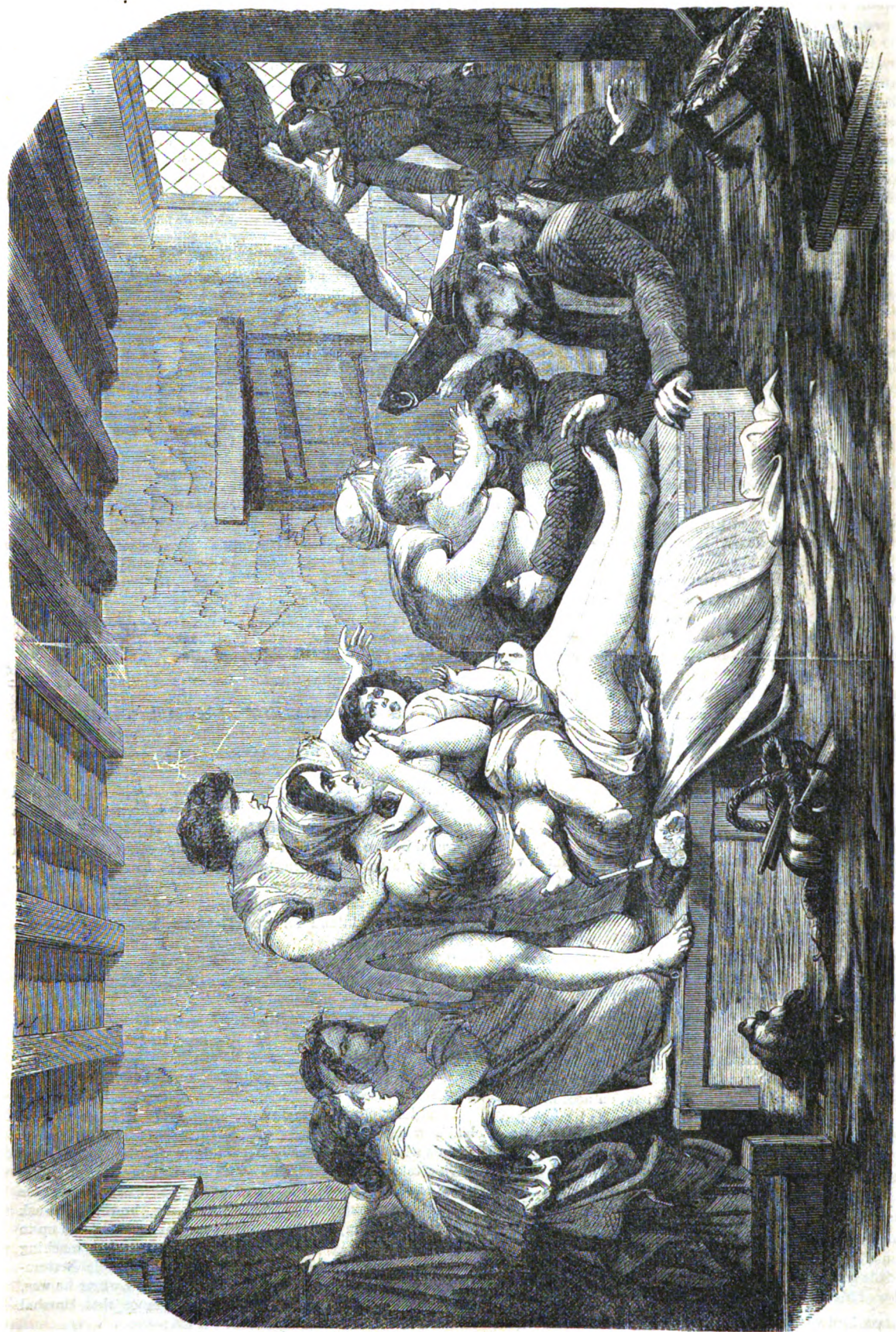
"It is never asked for without a reason, and unless you have one—"

"I am the godson of Marshal Brune."

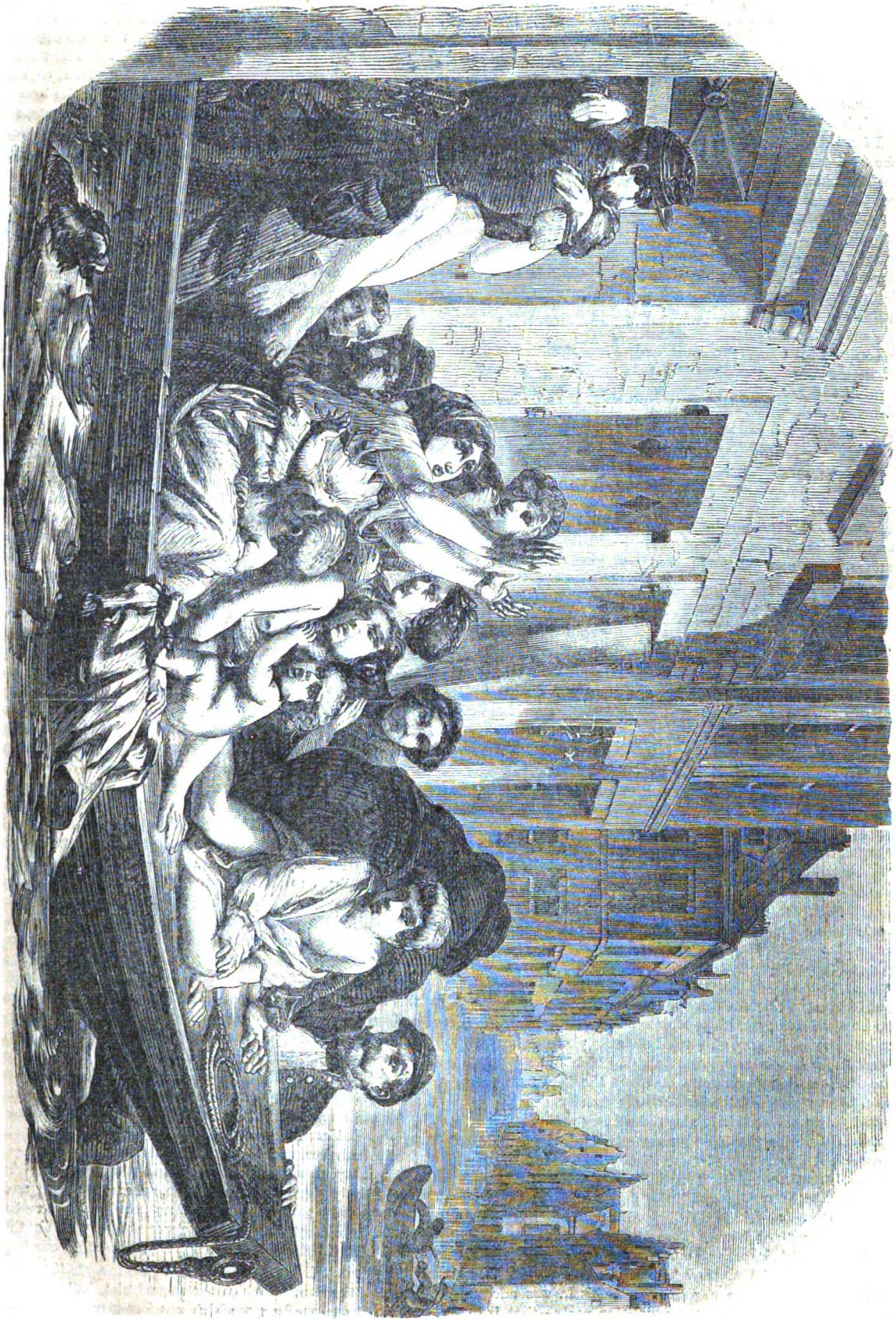
"Then I can understand you," said the host. "Show the gentleman to No. 3."

I had long promised myself the funeral pilgrimage which I had now accomplished. Marshal Brune was one of the few friends who had remained faithful to my father, when, after having taken the side of Kleber, he fell into disgrace with Napoleon in Egypt; and after the death of the exile, he was the only one who had ventured—very uselessly, however—to ask the emperor for my admission into a military college, and up to 1814 had given my mother and myself barren but touching proofs of his regard. In the confusion of the double Restoration we had lost sight of him, and did not know where he was, when suddenly a cry resounded through France that Marshal Brune had been assassinated!

Child as I was, being but eleven years old, the news made a deep impression on me. I had so often heard my mother say that my only hope for the future was in the marshal, and that



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN LYONS—THE POLICE RESCUING THE INMATES.



SCENE IN THE STREET OF LYONS—POLICE RESTRAINING THE CITIZENS.

it was like losing my father a second time. The more the seal of misfortune is impressed on a young heart, the deeper is the impression it makes. From this event dates the hatred which, more from instinct than conviction, I felt for the Restoration, and the first seed of opinions, which may perhaps have been modified as my mind became enlarged, but which will probably always form the basis of my political faith. It will therefore be understood with what emotion I opened the door of this room, in which he who had sworn before God to be my second father, and who, as far as it was in his power, had kept his word, breathed his last.

I fancied that this room would have preserved something of the fatal blood stains. I looked quickly round, and was astonished to see it as neat and pleasing as any other room; a good fire was burning in the chimney opposite the door, white curtains shaded the windows through which the assassins passed, and a blue paper displayed its gay colors; two beds exactly alike seemed to invite sleep. In fact, it was like any other room, but between the chimney and the bed, about three feet and a half up the wall, was a round hole an inch deep—it had been made by a bullet, and was the only trace that remained of the murder.

I knew that this hole existed, and, directed by the situation of the door, went straight to it, and found it in a moment. It would be impossible to express the effect produced upon me by this vestige of death. It was there that the warm and reeking bullet exhausted itself, after passing through the bosom to which I recollected the conqueror of Alkmaert, Burgen and Stralsund having so often clasped me. This recollection was so present to my mind, and so real, that I seemed still to feel the arms of the marshal pressing me to him. Hardly breathing, my eyes fixed upon this hole, and the entire world forgotten in a single idea, I passed one of those moments of sadness which human language cannot describe; then I sank into a chair, and was surprised at finding myself at last in this room, which I had so often wished to see, and examining with vague anxiety each piece of the furniture which had witnessed so terrible a catastrophe.

By a strange coincidence, Avignon, where even popes reigned for seven tens of years, had seven hospitals, seven brotherhoods of penitence, seven monasteries, seven convents, seven parishes and seven cemeteries.

Among these brotherhoods that of the Gray Penitents, established by Louis VIII. and Romaine de St. Ange, was the oldest. Next, the Black Penitents, founded on the model of those of Raymond of Toulouse; then the White Penitents, whose order was a rival of the last.

Of these three associations, which still exist in the town, the first kept neuter, taking no part in politics; but the two others, which, as we have said, owed their existence to opposite parties, always preserved their party spirit. The Black Penitents, founded on the plan laid down by Raymond of Toulouse, were always inclined to resist the spiritual and temporal powers; the White Penitents, on the contrary, true to the principles which had led to their institution, were always attached to the church and throne. The hatred was so constant and inveterate, that each time the two associations were unfortunate enough to meet at any public solemnity, a combat took place, in which they fought with crosses and flagstaves, and which did not finish till one of the two beat a retreat and left the field to the enemy, who, then recovering their monastic gravity, continued their road in triumph, mingling songs of victory with their religious hymns. By degrees the town separated into two camps, and ranged itself under the banner of one or other of the associations. There are districts entirely White Penitent, such as those of Fusterles, Limas and the neighborhood of the gate of Loulle; there are others which are Black Penitent, which surround the gate of Ligne. The result was, that when the reformation of Calvin began to spread in the south, where it found the old leaven of Vaudois heresy, the new religion, protected by Marguerite d'Alençon, sister of Francis I., was adopted by all those who belonged to the opposition party—that is to say, who were Black Penitents; while the White Penitents, on the contrary, became more attached to the Roman and apostolic reli-

gion. The revolution of '89 awoke old religious hatred and converted it into political aversion. The two parties met again, still faithful to their banners; the Black Penitents, schismatics and republicans, and the White Penitents, papists and royalists.

Blood flowed through the streets of Avignon as if in a circus. The Black Penitents triumphed with the Montagnards; the White Penitents took their revenge with the Thermidorians. All the old hatred of the ancestors descended to the sons, strengthened by fresh causes of aversion, till the iron hand of Napoleon subdued all—Black and White Penitents, royalists and republicans. During his ten years' reign, smoke, flame and lava smouldered in the volcano; but when, in 1814, the giant was obliged to open his hand and drop all that it contained, even his sword, the political Vesuvius instantly blazed up, and the royalist hate burst forth afresh, destroying all before it. Stopped for an instant by the hundred days, Waterloo restored it to full strength by promising it impunity.

But the commerce of the empire, which had flourished internally from the difficulty of transportation, had created a new and floating population of about five hundred porters. These people, at the time of the Restoration, adopted the opinions of the different districts to which the nature of their employment called them; those who worked on the Upper Rhone, from the Gate de la Ligne to the middle of the fort, became Black Penitents; those who worked on the Lower Rhone, from the middle of the port to the wooden bridge, joined the White Penitents. Each party ruled in its turn, according to whether democratic or monarchical ideas were in the ascendancy.

The reaction of 1815 at last decided the victory in favor of the royalists; and the aristocratic party, who had old and deadly injuries to revenge, saw in the porters who, like them, belonged to the party of White Penitents, instruments the more deadly because they could be blindly led; and possessing themselves secretly of their services, worked in secret the golden springs of the machine, whose effects were as visible as they were awful.

All the south was on fire in a moment; the flames spread as if a train of powder had been laid from town to town. Marseilles set the example; Avignon, Nîmes, Uzès and Toulouse followed it, and each of these towns obtained a terrible celebrity.

Of all the violent spirits to which this excitement gave notoriety, it must be allowed that Pointu, the Avignon murderer, was the most remarkable. Sprung from the people, he was an assassin; but, gifted as he was, had he been born in another sphere, he would have been a great man.

Pointu was a perfect model of a man born in the south of France; of olive complexion, eagle eye, hooked nose and teeth of ivory. Although he was but little above the middle size, and with shoulders bent from the practice of carrying heavy weights, with legs bowed from the enormous loads he was in the habit of carrying daily, he yet preserved extraordinary strength and skill. He could throw over the gate of Loulle a forty-eight-pound cannon ball; he could throw a stone across the Rhone, that is to say, more than two hundred paces; while running, he could throw his knife with such exactitude, that this new Parthian arrow could nail at a distance of fifteen paces a piece of five francs to a tree. Add to this, he was equally expert with the gun, pistol or sword; he possessed great natural wit, a deep hatred that he had sworn against the republicans at the foot of the scaffold on which perished his father and mother—and you may form some idea of the terrible leader of the murderers of Avignon, who had under his orders as his principal officers, Farges, the weaver, Isoquefort, the porter, Nadaud, the baker, and Magnan, the broker.

At the epoch when this fearful drama was passing—Avignon was entirely given up to these men, whom the civil and military authorities would not, could not, or dared not restrain—it was reported that Marshal Brune was at Luc with six thousand men, to render the government an account of his conduct.

The marshal, knowing the state of the south, and being aware of the dangers which threatened him, had requested permission to return by sea, which was formally denied him. The Duke de Rivière, governor of Marseilles, promised him a safe conduct. The assassins, delighted, heard that a republican of

'80, a marshal of the empire, was to pass through Avignon. Sinister rumors were afloat; an infamous calumny was abroad, already proved false a hundred times, that Brune, who only arrived in Paris on the 5th of September, 1792, had on the second of the same month carried on the end of a lance the head of the Princess Lamballe. Soon the news spread that the marshal had been nearly murdered at Aix; the marshal owed his safety to the speed of his horses. Pointu, Farges and Roquefort swore he should not be equally fortunate at Avignon.

In following the route he had taken, the marshal had but two means of arriving at Lyons: he must either pass through Avignon, or avoid it by a cross country road, which leaves the high road about two leagues distant at Pointet. The assassins had foreseen this chance, and on the 2nd of August—the day on which the marshal was expected—Pointu, Magnan and Nadaud, accompanied by four other men, started at six o'clock in the morning by the Porte du Rhone to lie in ambush on the road to Pointet. Arrived at the junction of the two roads, the marshal, informed of the hostile feelings manifested towards him at Avignon, wished to take the cross road where Pointu and his men lay hid; but the postilion absolutely refused, saying his master lived at Avignon, not at Pointet. One of the aides-de-camp wished, with a pistol at his head, to oblige him; but the marshal would not allow any violence to be offered to the man, and quietly gave orders to continue to Avignon.

At nine o'clock in the morning the marshal arrived there, and stopped at the hotel of the Palais Royal, which was then called the Hotel de la Poste. While they changed horses and *visé* the passports, the marshal alighted to take a basin of soup.

He had not been in the hotel above five minutes, before a considerable party assembled at the door. M. Moulin, the master of the hotel, alarmed at the numbers, went immediately to the marshal, and advised him not to wait for his papers, but depart immediately, promising to send his passport and that of his aide-de-camp after him. The marshal arose; the horses being ready, he seated himself in his carriage amidst the murmurs of the populace, many of whom began already to shout *zaou!*—an exciting cry, which always contains a menace and an excitement to murder in a single monosyllable.

The marshal started at a gallop, cleared without any impediment the gate of Loulle, followed and menaced, but not injured, by the shouts of the populace.

He imagined himself out of the reach of his enemies; but arriving at the Porte du Rhone, he perceived a party of men armed with guns, and headed by Farges and Roquefort. This group, threatening the postilion with certain death, made him return. Forced to obey, at the distance of about fifty paces he found himself in the presence of those who had followed him from the Palais Royale. The postilion stopped, and in an instant the traces were cut. The marshal immediately opened the door and leaped out, followed by his valet-de-chambre, and entering by the Porte Loulle, followed by the second carriage containing his aides-de-camp, again entered the Palais Royale. It opened to receive him and his suite, and immediately closed its doors. The marshal asked for a chamber; he was shown to one on the first floor. In less than ten minutes three thousand persons gathered round the hotel. At this moment the carriage, which the marshal had quitted, arrived, guided by the postilion, who had contrived to tie up the traces; they opened the gates of the coach-house to allow the carriage to enter; in so doing, the crowd attempted to pass, but the porter Vernet, and M. Moulin, two men of colossal strength, contrived to drive back the multitude and close the gates. The aides-de-camp, who to this time had remained in their carriages, were desirous of alighting and joining the marshal; but M. Moulin ordered the porter Vernet to hide them in the coach-house. Vernet, taking one in each hand, dragged them in against their inclinations, pushed them behind some empty barrels, covered them with some pieces of carpet, telling them with a voice that sounded like the words of a prophet, "If you move you are dead men." The aides-de-camp remained silent and motionless.

M. de St. Chamans, prefect of Avignon, who had hardly been an hour in the town, arrived at this juncture. The crowd were

breaking the windows and the private door; the street was quite full, and a thousand death-cries were heard, among which was the terrible *zaou*. M. Moulin saw that all was lost unless they could keep the door until the troops of Major Lambot came up. He told Vernet to take charge of those who were attacking the door, while he drove back those who had got in through the windows. And those two men undertook to dispute singly with the furious populace the blood for which they thirsted. One sprang into the passage, the other into the dining-room. Door and window were both broken in; several men had entered. At the sight of Vernet, whose strength was well known, they drew back. Vernet took advantage of it, and again closed the door. Meanwhile, M. Moulin seized a double-barrelled gun, which was hanging over the mantel-piece, aimed at five men who were in the dining-room, and threatened to fire on them unless they instantly withdrew; four obeyed. M. Moulin, seeing that only one man remained, laid down his gun, took his adversary in his arms as if he had been a child, and threw him out of the window; the man died three weeks afterwards—not from the fall, but from the effects of the grasp. M. Moulin, after he had thrown him out, shut the window. As he was closing the shutters, he felt some one take hold of his head and turn it violently over his left shoulder, and at the same moment a pane of glass flew into atoms, and the steel of a hatchet grazed his shoulder. M. de St. Chamans had seen the weapon descending, and had turned away, not the weapon, but the object against which it was aimed. M. Moulin caught hold of the handle of the hatchet, wrested it from the hands of the man who struck the blow from which he had so narrowly escaped, shut the window again, barred the inner shutters, and hastened again to the marshal.

He found him walking rapidly up and down the room. His fine and noble countenance was as calm as if he had not known it was his death that these men sought. M. Moulin conducted him from the room No. 1 into the room No. 3, which, being a back room looking into the yard, offered more chances of safety. The marshal asked for writing paper, pen and ink; M. Moulin brought them to him; the marshal sat down at a little table and began to write.

At this moment fresh cries were heard; M. de St. Chamans had gone out and ordered the multitude to withdraw. A thousand voices asked immediately who he was who gave them orders; he told them his rank. "We only know the prefect by his uniform," was the answer from every side. Unfortunately the luggage of M. de St. Chamans had not yet arrived. He was dressed in a green coat, nankeen pantaloons, and sporting waistcoat—not a very imposing costume in such a situation. He stood on a bench to address the mob, but a voice exclaimed, "Down with the green coat! We have had enough of quacks." He was obliged to descend. Vernet opened the door for him; some of the populace tried to take advantage of it to get in with him, but Vernet's fist fell three times, and three men rolled at his feet, like bulls struck down by the axe of the butcher; the others withdrew. Twelve defenders like Vernet would have saved the marshal, yet this man was a royalist—he shared the opinions of those he opposed, and, like them, regarded the marshal as a mortal enemy; but he had a noble heart—he wished his trial, not his murder.

One man had heard what had been said to M. de St. Chamans about his uniform, and had gone to put on his own. This man was M. du Puy, a good and venerable old man, with white hair, a mild countenance, and conciliating voice. He returned in his mayor's dress, his scarf, and double cross of St. Louis, and the Legion of Honor; but neither his age nor rank were respected by these men; they did not let him even reach the door. He was thrown down, trampled under foot, his dress and scarf torn, and his white hairs covered with dust and blood; exasperation reached its height. The garrison of Avignon, it appeared, was composed of four hundred volunteers, forming a battalion called the Royal Angoulême, and commanded by a man, who called himself Lieutenant-General of the liberating army of Vaucluse. The troop formed directly under the windows of the hotel of the Palais Royale. It was almost entirely composed of Provençaux speaking the same *patois* as the porters and lowest class. The people asked the soldiers what they came for? why

did not they let them do justice peaceably, and if they wanted to prevent their doing so? "Quite the contrary," replied one of the soldiers; "throw him out of the window, and we will catch him on our bayonets." This answer was received with terrible cries of joy. A silence of some minutes succeeded; it was easy to see that every one waited in expectation. The calm was only on the surface; soon fresh vociferations were heard, but this time from the interior of the hotel. A party had separated from the mob, led by Farges and Roquefort; they had scaled the walls by means of ladders, and sliding along the roof came into a balcony which ran under the windows of a room in which they saw the marshal writing at a table.

Some broke through the windows without opening them, whilst others entered by the door. The marshal, surprised and suddenly surrounded, rose, and not wishing the letter he was writing to the Austrian commander for protection to fall into the hands of these wretches, he tore it up.

A man who belonged to a more elevated class than the others, and who still wears the cross which he doubtless received for his conduct on this occasion, advanced toward the marshal, sword in hand, and told him if he had any preparations to make he must do it quickly, for he had only ten minutes to live.

"What do you say about ten minutes?" cried Farges, holding the barrel of the pistol against the breast of the marshal. The marshal moved it away with his hand as it went off, and the ball was lost in the cornice.

"Awkward fool!" said the marshal, raising his shoulders, "who cannot kill a man with your pistol at his breast!"

"True," replied Roquefort, in *patois*, "you shall see how such things should be done." At the same time he aimed at him with his carbine, fired, and the marshal fell dead. The bullet had passed through his breast, and buried itself in the wall.

The report of firearms had been heard in the streets, and the mob answered to each discharge by ferocious howls.

A wretch named Cadillan ran to the front balcony, and holding in each hand a pistol, which he had dared to discharge even on the corpse, cut a caper. "Here," said he, "is he who did the deed!" and the scoundrel lied, for he boasted of a crime committed by bolder assassins.

Behind him came the general of the liberating army of Vaucluse. He bowed gracefully to the people. "The marshal has done justice on himself," said he: "long live the king!"

Cries, in which hatred, revenge and joy were mingled, rose from among the crowd; and the state prosecutor and the magistrate immediately set to work to draw up the official certificate of suicide.

All being over, M. Moulin wished to save everything valuable in the carriage of the marshal. He found in his desk forty thousand francs, in his pockets a snuff-box enriched with diamonds, a pair of pistols and two sabres, one of which had the hilt ornamented with precious stones, and was a gift of the unfortunate Sultan Selim. As M. Moulin was crossing the yard with these things the sabre was snatched from his hand by the commander of the volunteers, who kept it five years as a trophy: it was only in 1820 that he was forced to restore it to the widow of the marshal. This officer held his rank during the Restoration, and was not deprived of it till 1830.

These things being in safety, M. Moulin wrote to M. du Puy to have the corpse of the marshal carried to the chapel, so that the crowd, dispersing, the aides-de-camp might escape. The mayor sent a commissioner of police, and a litter covered with a pall and carried by four porters. As they were undressing the marshal to prove his death M. Moulin perceived a belt which he wore round his body. He took it off and put it away. It contained four thousand francs. All these things were faithfully transmitted to the widow.

The body of Marshal Brune was placed on the litter and taken out without opposition; but hardly had the porters advanced twenty steps into the street than the cries of "To the Rhone! to the Rhone!" were heard on every side. The commissioner of police, having attempted to resist, was thrown down. The porters received orders to change the road; they obeyed. The crowd hurried them towards the wooden bridge, and reaching

the fourth arch, tore the litter from their hands, threw over the body, and with a cry of "military honors," guns were discharged at the corpse, which received two fresh bullets.

On the arch of the bridge was written in red letters, "The tomb of Marshal Brune."

The Rhone refused to be the accomplice of these men. It carried away the body, which the assassins believed to have sunk, and the next morning it was found near Tarascon. Already the news of the murder had arrived. The corpse, which was recognised by its wounds, was again cast into the Rhone, and the stream carried it nearer to the sea.

Three leagues lower down it stopped a second time.

A man of about forty years of age and a young man of eighteen perceived and also recognised it; but instead of throwing it again into the Rhone, drew it on the shore, carried it to an estate belonging to one of them, and there buried it. The eldest of these two men was M. de Chartrouze and the youngest Amédée Pichot.

The body was disinterred by the orders of the widow, taken to her seat, St. Just, in Champagne, embalmed and placed in an apartment near her sleeping-room, where it remained covered with a veil till a solemn and public trial cleared his memory from the charge of suicide; after which it was buried according to the sentence of the court of Riom.

The assassins, who had escaped from human vengeance, did not escape from that of the Almighty; almost all died miserably. Roquefort and Farges were attacked by unknown illnesses, like those ancient scourges sent by the Almighty upon people he wished to punish. Farges suffered such violent anguish from a burning inflammation, that his skin dried up, and he was buried in the earth up to the neck as the only means of diminishing his agony. Roquefort lost the use of his limbs, and was obliged to crawl like a reptile. Both died in dreadful pain, regretting the scaffold which would have saved them from their horrible sufferings.

Pointu, condemned to death at the assizes of La Drome for having assassinated five people, was abandoned by his party; his infirm and deformed wife used to be seen going from house to house at Avignon, asking alms for the man who during two months was the king of civil war and murder. At last she discontinued begging, and was seen with a black ribbon to her cap; Pointu had died, nobody knew where—in some corner, perhaps in the hollow of a rock or the depths of a wood, like an old tiger whose teeth were extracted and claws cut off.

Ivadaud and Magnan were condemned to the galleys for ten years. Nadaud died there, and Magnan, true to his murderous vocation, after leaving it, became a rat-catcher and poisoner of dogs.

OLD GOV. HULL used to relate, with great humor, the peculiar manner in which old President Stiles, of Connecticut, told him of his only military adventure. Speaking of the revolutionary war, the sufferings of our people, and the barbarity of the enemy, he said: "When they came up here, I saw our people all turning out under arms to meet and fight them; but I hadn't fired a gun in twenty years. I knew the red coats had no business here, so I got down my gun. I cleaned it up, and followed our people to mark the enemy. We soon came near them, and the firing begun. I drew up my gun, though I had not fired a gun in twenty years. I drew a fine sight on a red coat, prayed the Lord to take his soul right to heaven, shut my eyes, and pulled the trigger."

At five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the schoolmaster rubs out the father; at twenty the college rubs out the schoolmaster; at twenty-five the world rubs out all his predecessors, and gives us a new education, till we are old enough to take reason and religion for a pastor, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we had previously learned.

An English Judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of their friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

LOVE'S MADNESS.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

LITTLE keen-billed bird !
Hast thou ever heard
How sweeter than sweet berries,
How riper than ripe cherries,
The lips of my fair love,
Thoud'st quit thy perch above,
And droop where, musing free,

She dreams—but not of me!—beneath the fruited tree.

O busy bee ! could'st tell
How than each honeyed bell,
Spiced pink, or dewy rose
That in the morning glows,
Is sweeter my love's kiss,
Thoud'st spread, for such rare bliss,
Thy glancing wings and light—

But lightly light!—to drink from her red lips so bright.

I would, O bird ! O bee !
My love—so coy to me—
Should let ye steal anigh
Her lips, that ye might die,
Lost in a boundless gain
Of sharp delicious pain ;
I'd creep, to breathe her breath,

Into your shells, content to die your blissful death !

A SYRIAN COURT OF JUSTICE.

An intelligent traveller writing from Beirout, or as some spell it Beyrout, gives a very lively sketch of the court of justice there. The criminal tribunal is held in the Seraglio, as the official residence of the pacha is called.

In the court-yard of the Seraglio a dilapidated staircase gave access to the ante-room of the court, and here walked, sat, smoked and gossiped the prisoners, their friends, their accusers, their guards and the attendants and hangers-on of the members of the tribunal. The earthen floor was covered with pools of water ; on a charcoal fire in one corner stood the inevitable coffee pot, and in another was a collection of swords, narghiles, muskets, pipesticks, and similar accessories. In the centre of one of the sides a doorway covered by a curtain gave access to the court itself, a room as unlike our notions of what such a place ought to be as can be imagined. When we entered, the members rose with true Eastern politeness, and made us the salaam, and the president having invited me to take a seat on the divan by his side, some short compliments passed and the case in hand proceeded. Presently pipes were brought us, and we again exchanged salaams ; the same ceremony was gone through with the coffee, and then we had time to attend to the case in hand and examine the locality. The room in which we sat, and the ante-room, appeared to comprise the whole space devoted to the "law courts." The contents of the ante-room we had already wondered at, but the fittings of the court itself were in perfect keeping with them. It was a tolerably lofty apartment, with windows on three sides, decorated with wisps of muslin by way of curtains, and garnished on those sides with divans, extending one-half of the length of the room ; another divan, with a back to it, reaching half-way across the apartment, leaving a passage-way of about six feet in width. On this cross divan sat the secretary of the tribunal—an old gentleman who was busy copying papers and refreshing himself from time to time by thrusting his turban on one side and clawing his scalp vigorously with his very dirty fingers. On the other three divans sat the members of the tribunal, who were both judge and jury, and advocates for the prisoner and the crown to boot—that is, when they did sit, for a very liberal amount of locomotion seemed nowise to interfere with the discharge of their judicial functions ; and an absence of half an hour or so made no difference in their power of deciding on the case which they had heard more or less completely.

Indeed, the most remarkable feature in the case was the coolness with which one of these men, who had been absent, would decide upon a matter which altogether turned upon the collation of evidence.

The court, within the space enclosed by the divans, was

matted. Without that privileged space the mud floor appeared, and there stood the prisoner and the witnesses. Shortly after our arrival, the president, after roundly taking to task a prevaricating culprit, got up from his seat of honor in the corner and went outside the "bar." After performing his ablutions he established himself on a little prayer carpet, and went through his prayers, being a Mohammedan, as coolly as though there were no prisoner or witnesses under examination. The prayer done he returned to his seat, all of us rising and saluting him as though he had just entered the room, a fresh pipe was brought him, several cups of coffee were distributed, and all this time the case was going on, and another scribe was busily writing down the evidence. Luckily, the Arabic is a most compact language—you can put a vast deal in a small compass ; but as it is very difficult to get a direct reply from an Arab the evidence is tolerably voluminous notwithstanding, and unless the matter has a certain importance, they do not always trouble themselves to take much of it down. The president takes no notes, all that is done by one of two secretaries, who sit cross-legged like all the rest, holding the paper on the palms of their hands, and covering it by the aid of a reed pen with that admirable imitation of the track of an inky fly, Arabic characters.

The archives of the court seemed to be kept in the multitudinous pigeon-holes of a very tall cupboard, without doors, which stood near the old scribe, and on the top of which was a large bundle and two heavy yataghans, being, as I was informed, the tools of the executioner. On either side of the door were rows of pegs ; from those on one side were suspended large linen bags, with Arabic characters upon them, doing duty as the venerable blue and crimson bags of our law courts, and holding the documents belonging to cases in hand. On the other side the pegs were garnished with muskets, swords, pistols, cartridge boxes, &c., belonging to the soldiers attached to the court ; and on a clothes-line stretched across one corner of the room hung towels, drying after being used in the ablutions of the Mohammedan members of the tribunal.

The individual whose case was then being examined was an Arab clerk in a European house, in whose accounts a deficiency of some hundreds of pounds had been discovered. Being of a respectable family he was accommodated with a chair, the witness under examination being invited to take another chair near him ; the prosecutor was smoking on the divan beside the president, and the dragoman of the consulate to which the prosecutor belonged sat near him, being *ex officio* a member of the tribunal. The forms of procedure were simple enough. There was no indictment. The principal secretary asked the prisoner what he had done with the money. The accused replied that some one must have stolen it ; and then every one put in a question, or an observation, as the spirit moved him, urging the prisoner to tell the truth, &c. The law of evidence in Syria is the simplest thing in the world ; you ask any questions you like ; you express your opinion as to the veracity of the answers ; and fly off to any collateral inquiry that may suit you. In the midst of the examination the accused named one of his fellow clerks as the person he suspected, and a Janissary was sent to fetch him, the court smoking and canvassing the evidence openly in the meantime. The new *quasi*-culprit had witnesses to explain various suspicious matters laid to his charge ; these had to be sent for, and as they were of a lower grade they went through a form of oath, repeating it after one of the scribes, and gave their evidence standing behind the old clerk of the court, outside the limit of the divans. Prisoner, witnesses, scribes and judges talked when they liked, and sometimes all together, and at the end of the first day's sitting nothing had been done to throw a light on the case ; but the prisoner demanded that his fellow clerk's house should be searched, which was accordingly done. A second and third day passed much in the same style, but on the last day it was pretty generally understood that a verdict would be given, and the co-religionists of the culprit among the members of the tribunal mustered in great force, for he was a Maronite Christian, and the question of guilt or innocence was less thought of than the scandal a conviction would bring on his friends, and on the members of his creed. The president of the tribunal being a

Turk, and apparently having clearer notions of justice than the Christians, at once expressed his opinion that the prisoner was guilty, but that there were extenuating circumstances, and that the missing cash could not be traced to him, so that it was difficult to fix the theft directly upon him. The president believed that the man had only lent the money, intending ultimately to replace it, so he thought an imprisonment of three months, and an order to repay the sum, would meet the justice of the case. The prosecutor was now asked what punishment he demanded. It was explained to him that if he adopted the suggestion of the president the Christians of the tribunal would bargain for a shorter term, so he treated the matter as he would a transaction for a bale of goods, and asked for a year's imprisonment, intending to take the three months proposed. After a long haggling this latter was adopted, and with another series of salaams, we left the tribunal, highly edified by the proceedings.

I was much struck with the contrast this afforded to our American trials. No counsel on either side, no legal quibbling, no appeals to agonized fathers or sainted mothers, no appeals to the jury box, no perorations to the American eagle. When the prisoner gave an improbable explanation of the matter laid to his charge, the president rated him soundly, and interrupted him with exclamations of "Bosh," &c., and the consular dragoman and the prosecutor had frequent whispered consultations with the president, especially when it came to arranging the mode in which they should settle the verdict and sentence. One thing, however, strikes every foreigner here, namely, that there is a strong indisposition to punish culprits of any kind, and a conviction is very difficult to obtain, unless the matter be in the hands of a foreign consul. There is such wonderfully hard swearing on both sides, that the members of the court find it generally more comfortable to their consciences to reflect that, after all, God only can tell who is uttering the truth; and so, unless the matter be brought home very clearly to the prisoner, he is almost sure to escape.

Indeed, it is difficult to overcome that moral obtuseness which is the inevitable result of a long indulgence in opium smoking and other sensual delights. When, however, the case of guilt is so clear that no excuse can be made, even then they take into consideration that in punishing him as he deserves they may ruin or injure his friends and relations, and that weighs greatly with them in pronouncing sentence; so, although a poor man may get severely punished for a homicide, a rich one—as in the case of the son of the Deftardar—gets off generally very easily. This gentleman had cut down a custom-house officer at one of the gates of the city, and the crime was clearly proved. The sentence that he should give a small sum to the family of the deceased, and a liberal donation of bread to the stray dogs of the city, completely satisfied the judges, and he has suffered nothing apparently in the eyes of his fellow citizens.

Allah Akbar! the doings in the East are certainly wonderful.

THE ANIMALS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE coyote is abundant in the State, and occupies the same place here occupied in the Mississippi Valley by the prairie wolf. Dr. Newberry thinks the two belong to the same species, but we are inclined to think they are specifically different. The color of the coyote has more of a reddish tinge, he does not bark so much, and howls more, and is more cunning. These differences are not sufficient to prove a specific distinction, but they make it probable that there is such a distinction; more especially when considered in connection with the facts that no careful anatomical comparison of the two animals has yet been made, and that there are few species of animals or vegetables indigenous in both California and the Mississippi Valley.

The coyote, in size and form, and general appearance, has a strong resemblance to the prairie wolf and jackal, and has a similar mean, cowardly disposition and dirty habits. His food consists chiefly of rabbits, grouse, small birds, mice, lizards, frogs, and, in time of scarcity, he will eat carrion, grasshoppers and bugs. He is very fond of poultry, pigs and lambs, and will destroy almost as many of them as a fox would. Indeed,

he is the farmer's worst enemy. His method of catching chickens is usually to hide near the henroost about daylight, and, as the hens come down, to pounce out on them from his hiding place; and his motions are often so quick that the victim has not even time to squall before she dies. In the spring and autumn, when geese and ducks are abundant, many coyotes make their homes in the tules, where they catch the birds which have been wounded by the hunters.

The coyote loves nothing better than young pig. When he sees an old sow with her young ones, he will hide and run the chance of having a little one come within his reach; but if there be no hiding place he goes up boldly. The sow will at once face him, and start to attack him. He runs from her and she follows him. He allows her to come up within a few feet of him and then moves off slowly, and she, like a fool, thinking she will catch him, continues the chase. While running, he keeps his head turned to one side, partly to watch her and partly to watch the pigs; and when he has seduced her far enough away, he suddenly makes a dash at the pigs, and getting one of them, he runs off with it, leaving the agonized and furious sow far behind. If the coyote does not succeed in getting a pig at the first attempt—that is if he does not lead the sow far enough away, he tries it again and again, till he succeeds; the sow being stupid enough to follow him after having repeated opportunities to see his purpose.

The coyotes usually go in packs, and sometimes will undertake to attack a cow. On such occasions they have a concerted plan of operations; they surround their intended victim, and while those in front rush at her as a feint, those behind attempt to cut her hamstrings, and as their teeth are very sharp, they often succeed. The cow's hamstrings once cut, she is at their mercy. The coyote is a great thief, and will steal the pillow from under a sleeping man's head; for it happens in California that bags of provisions are often used as pillows. When the coyote is hungry he will gnaw anything that is greasy, and for that reason he frequently cuts in two the hemp and raw hide ropes whereby horses are tied out at night; but he never bites into their hair ropes, which, for that reason, were formerly used almost exclusively for staking out horses.

The coyote is nocturnal in his habits, and is very fond of howling or yelping. He begins with a shrill quick bark, and follows up with a succession of yelps, ending in a long drawn quavering howl, at times indescribably melancholy. When one begins, all others in hearing take up the cry. Ten years ago, the traveller in the Sacramento Valley never passed a night without hearing their music. They are not quite so numerous now, but still they are abundant; and are frequently seen in the most densely settled portions of the country.

THE TRULY GREAT.—The man who first pressed the lever of the printing-press wielded a more powerful and noble sceptre than the sovereign who may have dropped a few coins in his hand as a brave mechanic. Lunardi, who swelled and puffed himself out as much as his balloon, and was admired and honored by great ones, has passed out of sight, borne away on the very wings of unsubstantial uselessness; while a man, who was silently watching at home the vapor from the cauldron, was distilling from it, in the alembic of his brain, a subtler spirit still, for it was to become the very spirit of a coming world.

THE meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

A GENTLEMAN once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought a moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

THE NASTY KING.

HENRY III. of France liked his *protégés* to assume in public the fierce swagger of braves; while in private, to please their royal master, they put on the garb of women, curling and perfuming their hair, cutting out attire, manufacturing perfumes and cosmetics, singing licentious songs to the accompaniment of guitars or mandolins—or entertaining this royal Sardanapalus with mendacious stories respecting the profligacy of various personages of the court, in contrast to which they made the royal turpitude shine as a virtue. For hours during the heat of the day it was Henry's custom to repose on a divan, surrounded by this crew, lazily drinking sherbets in lieu of wine, of which his constitution forbade the use—plenishing his mind by such villainous recitals for the random taunts which, during the evening revel, brought many a blush to the cheek of the truly decorous of his court. On the cushions by the king lay a number of little dogs, which Henry sometimes fondled or incited to make deafening clamor. The number of lapdogs thus kept in his majesty's apartments often exceeded a hundred—seldom fewer. One of the favorite chamberlains observing that it cost the king emotion to select from this pack the dogs which were to accompany him in his daily airing with Queen Louise, invented the novel expedient of a light basket, richly lined with crimson satin, to be slung from the royal neck, wherein from twenty to thirty of Henry's diminutive pets might be comfortable stowed. The king adopted the device, bestowing many eulogiums on the ingenuity of his favorite. Parrots and a small species of ape also monopolised a great share of Henry's attention. To the former he taught any libellous slang which then might be in vogue; while the apes were reserved as a medium of special intimidation to unwished-for intruders in the royal apartments, or of vengeance on individuals obnoxious to the chamberlains.

The king, when not in saintly serge, was intolerably a fop. He slept in white satin, his face smeared with perfumed unguents, and his hands covered with embroidered gloves. Courtiers and ladies imitated him—the latter, with the pages, sometimes smarting for being rude in their mimicry. Suddenly all this brilliance disappeared. The monarch was a friar; he carried rosary and a chaplet of skulls; he put himself in chains; he knelt on ashes. Then, in another gyration of madness—for he must be ranked among intermittent lunatics—everything in the court became once more radiant, rosy and licentious. Again, in an hour, Henry, master of millions, was enacting a profane parody in the streets or before an altar. While Catherine lived, however, there was a check upon these public exhibitions. After her death there arose factions of folly, and while Henry degraded himself one way the world indulged its craziness in another.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—The most severe retort Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament, who, a gentleman and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder. In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, "I would have the baronet to know that I am the guardian of my own honor." Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, "Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question."

FRANCIS, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success, when contending with William III., of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "humpback." "What does he know of my back?" said he, "he never saw it."

SHERIDAN being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated for business. Perceiving no empty seat he bowed, and, looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any member move that I may take the chair?"

SAMUEL JOHNSON

A FEW rude speeches sink into insignificance when compared with a charity which was only bounded by his means. "He loved the poor," writes Mrs. Thrale, "as I never yet saw any one else do." As he said of Levett, he was "of every friendless name the friend." Besides his in-door pensioners, he had a number of out-door dependants, and when his own funds were exhausted, he wrote innumerable letters to solicit the contributions of his acquaintances. He frequently bestowed all the silver in his pocket upon the miserable beings who waylaid him on his passage from his house to the tavern where he dined. Even in his early London days, he would go up at night to the destitute children who were sleeping upon the projecting stalls of shops or on the sills of doors, and slip a penny into their hands to buy them a breakfast; "and this," adds Mr. Croker, "when he himself was living on pennies."

Sixpence, he once remarked, was then a great sum to him. When it was objected that it was useless to bestow halfpence upon beggars, because they only laid it out upon gin or tobacco, he energetically exclaimed, "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of existence? Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding. Yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths."

He one night found a woman of abandoned character lying exhausted in the street, and lifting her up, he conveyed her on his back to his own house, had her nursed till she recovered her health, and then obtained her a situation. A heartless man would have passed her by—a humane man might have given her money; but was there any second person in the whole of the vast population of London that would have taken up the forlorn, diseased and dirty sufferer in his arms, and carried her to his home? He avowedly kept only £100 of his income for his personal wants. His kindness to dumb creatures was as conspicuous in its way as his benevolence to men.

ALLIGATOR SHOOTING ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

DURING a visit to Mobile, M. Hernandez, one of the richest merchants and planters of that city, invited us to accompany him on a visit to his plantation, which lay in a westerly direction upon the borders of the Mississippi, about seventy miles above the mouth of the river. The region we passed over presented an appearance of extreme fertility. The country is everywhere covered with rice fields, interrupted at intervals by forests of small extent. After two days' travel we arrived, without accident and almost without fatigue, at our host's plantation, who availed himself of all the resources of his ample fortune, of his handsome habitation, and of a locality happily situated, to procure for us all the amusements and diversions which he imagined could be agreeable to the tastes of his guests. Our first days were devoted to excursions, with which we incidentally mingled the sports of the chase. But the season was too far advanced for us to endure long, and for the mere pleasure of an occasional chance shot, the fatigue of long rambles in the scorching sun. Accordingly, we ceased this sport to engage in another which possessed an interest at once novel and exceptional.

"I have to propose to you," said M. Hernandez, "a sport which you cannot indulge in at the North, and which seems to me to combine a certain eccentricity with the excitement you are in search of. The vicinity of the river attracts quite a number of alligators into this district; our negroes wage cruel war with them, notwithstanding which they are at all times very abundant. If sport of this description will suit you, to-morrow we will betake ourselves to the lagunes, and I promise you a day well employed." We willingly accepted the proposition of our host, and gave the necessary orders preparative for the chase. The following day we mounted our horses at an early hour, and, followed by four negroes, directed our course to the north-west. In about eight hours we came in sight of a large

river, or lagune, a place which still retained the traces of a recent overflow. The lower portions contiguous to the river were covered with water-flags; trees half-uprooted and toppling over were covered with moss; the whole plain was transformed into a marsh. We were conducted on to a small plateau, where we were at liberty to rest ourselves a space and make our dispositions for the attack. One of the negroes who seemed to have great experience in the sport, was charged with all the preparatory details. He went to a distance with his companions, and we awaited their return to announce the sport being ready. We watched them for some length proceed in a northerly direction, coasting the river and examining the situation of places with all the attention of Indians following a trail. They were soon lost to view. "Do not be uneasy," said M. Hernandez; "Domingo is the most intrepid alligator-hunter in all Florida. I can promise you a hunt both animated and well-conducted." Our host then related the exploits of his negro, who, it seems, derived a pretty handsome income from the proceeds of the chase, by the sale of the skins and fat of the animals he had killed. Endowed with a rare *sang-froid* and an unflinching accuracy of aim, Domingo had frequently attacked the alligator with unshaken nerve, armed simply with a javelin, and he invariably despatched his prey. His audacity and the uniform success of his perilous sport had acquired for him a great reputation on the eastern shores of the Mississippi, where he was known under the name of the Crocodile-hunter.

After waiting an hour, we saw one of the negroes returning; he came to inform us that Domingo had found a lair two miles up the bank. We speedily made our way to the spot indicated. It was a dry marsh covered with reeds, bordering a lagune of some considerable extent. Domingo came to us with the air of a general who has arranged his order of battle, and now awaits his enemy with perfect confidence. He demanded of us how we proposed to attack the beast, and whether we preferred to hunt him or to fish for him. Both these exercises being to us altogether novel, we replied that we would willingly attempt both. Domingo then led us to the border of the lagune, and directing our attention to the billets of wood which were floating upon the water, "I have baited for them," he said; "they will not be long in making their appearance." The bait which the negro spoke of consisted of pieces of flesh fastened to blocks of wood with a strong cord, at the end of which he had secured a heavy stone, to prevent the bait being floated away. A number of the baits were placed at a certain distance apart. The negro took from a bag an iron with four points, fastened to a strong cord, which he likewise baited. He took it towards one of the inlets of the lagune near the river, while the end of the cord was secured to a strong picket. A considerable time elapsed, during which the negro held himself perfectly still. His impatience was extreme. He desired us to conceal ourselves behind some tufts of reeds, while he threw himself prostrate on his face. After waiting a few moments, as this manœuvre produced no effect, he sent one of his comrades a little distance off to fire several shots, hoping by means of the noise to drive the prey towards us. This stratagem succeeded admirably. We soon saw a party of five or six crocodiles returning up the current, and about to fall into our snare. Suddenly, Domingo, who felt a bite at the hook, informed us with a shout of joy that the animal was secured. We ran towards him to assist him in landing the animal. This is both a dangerous and difficult operation. We supposed that the reptile, upon being hauled ashore, would be readily despatched with a ball. But on our proposing such a mode of proceeding Domingo's glance kindled with excitement, from the apprehension that his prey was about to escape him. "No, no," said he, "I will dispatch him with less trouble; let me attend to him."

When the crocodile was brought to land, the negro took a hatchet from his belt, and went straight to his enemy, which, rendered furious by pain, panted and writhed like a wounded boar. His tail, which serves him for a fearful weapon, was agitated and beaten furiously against his sides. It presented a scene of fearful interest; but Domingo's face betrayed not the slightest emotion. While his companions held on to the cords in such a manner as to make the points of the hook penetrate

still deeper, the negro approached the reptile in front, which made furious but ineffectual efforts with its mouth; but Domingo paid less attention to his savage-looking teeth than to his formidable appendage, a single blow of which would be sufficient to strike him powerless. He watched his movements; he calculated his moments; he made repeated feints; and, finally, when he thought he had a secure stroke, he struck him a powerful blow with his hatchet, breaking one of the reptile's anterior feet, and, making an active retreat, he seemed to enjoy the ungovernable fury of his victim. Domingo then passed to the opposite side, and by means of the same manœuvre, succeeded in breaking the other fore foot. An indefinable expression of savage joy was depicted on the face of the negro, when he saw the reptile's head, now exhausted and vanquished by his multiplied pains, drooping and brought to the ground. Gathering strength for one crowning effort, the negro raised his hatchet above his head and assailed him with so rude a blow upon the *os frontis*, that the crocodile, stunned by the blow, made no movement in return, nor gave any further sign of life.

We could not refrain from complimenting Domingo on his skill and audacity, and he received our felicitations with evident delight. For ourselves, the conflict we had just witnessed had greatly disgusted us with, what Domingo termed, crocodile fishing. We proposed, therefore, that the sport should be varied in the shape of a crocodile hunt, which request Domingo assured us would be readily complied with. He desired us to go on board the canoe which was moored in a creek close by, and was used to put passengers on board of the passing river steamboats. Having embarked, we rowed vigorously, and ascended the river, keeping at a certain distance from the shore, until we shortly perceived, in the bed of a forest which extended to the river, several crocodiles on the bank, which plunged in at sight of us. We sent them a discharge which killed one; a second, entangled in a brush, was only wounded, and was able to gain the shore and save himself. We continued to ascend the stream; but in this part of the river, in consequence of the banks being somewhat high, crocodiles are comparatively rare. We saw them at a distance disporting like a shoal of dolphins, but they were out of our reach. At length we arrived at an open spot and an easy landing. Domingo assured us that the *chasse à pied* offered much better sport, and insisted upon our landing here. We debarked, accordingly, and the negro requested us to retire to a distance until the alligators presented themselves, according to their constant habit of basking in the reeds. We concealed ourselves; but the game was so tardy in showing itself, that we were beginning to despair of the sport, when Domingo announced not simply a company, but an innumerable band of our amphibious prey.

In a quarter of an hour the first of the troop landed, and proceeded to roll in the reeds and dry themselves on the miry soil, until, at the distance, we could barely distinguish them from the green slimy shore. We counted ten, then twenty, and their number increased so rapidly that we could no longer count them. We were in all, three gunners, in ambuscade—for the negroes had no pieces—and were separated from the group of crocodiles by a distance of twenty to thirty paces. Our three shots were fired almost simultaneously. Domingo had strictly enjoined us to aim at their ears; but my ball struck obliquely, and only plowed up the flabby sides of the animal, at which I had taken aim. Our friend's shot we could see no trace of. M. Hernandez, on the contrary, struck his victim with exact aim and stretched him on the earth. The effect produced upon the land by this triple detonation was most singular. There was a general *sauve qui peut*; but in their precipitous flight the animals raised and lowered alternately their angular heads, making their jaws rattle, so as to remind one of the retreat of a flock of frightened ducks. We discharged a second shot upon the mass, and a second crocodile was killed; two others were severely wounded, but escaped.

In seeing the entire troop plunge into the water and abandon themselves to the current of the river, we thought that our expedition was abruptly terminated. However, our host shouted to us to reload in haste, as we were about to make a *bateau* in the reeds, where several crocodiles were undoubtedly con-

ALLIGATOR SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS BORDERING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, LOUISIANA.



cealed. Domingo, armed with a simple stick, prepared himself to club them, when our friend, now grown tired of the sport, pressed him to take his gun, which Domingo accepted with transports of joy. "Follow me, gentlemen," said the negro; "one of you beat to the right and the other to the left."

After we had arranged this point with M. Hernandez, we advanced to the middle of the reeds by following the uncovered spaces. Domingo, who was at least twenty paces in advance of us, walked with as deliberate a step as if he had been in the chief street of Mobile; his imperturbable assurance disconcerted us. We saw him halt suddenly and shoulder his piece with a movement quick as thought. The audacious tracker found himself, at two lengths of his piece, face to face with an enormous alligator, whose open mouth displayed a double row of sharp teeth. The piece was discharged, and with a groan expressive of the convulsive effort of his expiring rage, the monster fell dead. Domingo had lodged a ball between his extended jaws, which had penetrated his vitals.

After this new *haut fait* of the negro we continued the hunt; but contrary to Domingo's expectation, the desertion, with the exception of a few fugitives, which had time to gain the water during our halt, had been complete. We only found two young crocodiles in a hollow which had, doubtless, fallen there by accident, and had not been able to extricate themselves. M. Hernandez and myself shot one each.

Domingo and two of the negroes remained upon the spot, to despoil the prey and render their fat. In parting, he begged us to leave him a gun and some ammunition for the security of travelling. He did not return to the plantation until ten days afterward, when he declared that, falling in with a vein of good fortune, he had given himself up to the delights of the sport without further thought, and that he had killed a grand total of twenty-seven alligators.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

Suddenly a low hissing laugh was heard in the dark crypt.

The count started, and turned whiter than ever. Even Paul looked alarmed.

"Good heaven!" whispered Ludowsky, horror-struck, "what is it?"

"How can I tell? There can be no one here; yet we both heard it."

"Stop, will you go and see if there is—any—any one or anything behind those pillars? This solitary confinement has so unnerved me that I dare not go. Don't go far."

And the poor wretch trembled like a frightened child.

Paul went and looked behind two or three pillars. He found nothing, of course; for the jailor, who was there, had heard their conversation, and taken care to slip behind the farthest pillars.

"Who let you in here?" asked Paul, when he had come back to the window.

"Let me in! You should say thrust me in. A brute of a fellow, who, even the short time I have been here, has treated me most shamefully. The beast even jeers at me, and curses me between his teeth. There is no redress. When I was at Toulon, I complained of the cruelty of one of these fellows. I soon found that would not do. I was completely in his power, and he took care to make me more wretched than ever. I did for him though. One day I could stand it no longer, so I got him into a corner, and battered his head with my manacles. It didn't kill him, fortunately for me, but the man never showed again."

"What did they do to you?"

"Do! He! ha! It makes me shudder to think of it. They threw me into a dungeon—a *bona fide* dungeon—for three days, with two inches of water in it, and every abomination in the way of reptiles that God ever created, or the devil either. They had to drag me out. I was more dead than alive at the end of the time."

"How long have you been here?"

"Only two days. They took the trouble to tell me a lie when I came. They said I was the only political prisoner in the place. And now they purposely send me to renew your acquaintance."

"I cannot understand it. It seems to me quite absurd, after all the precautions they have taken with me, to bring us two together in this way. Who was this man who brought you in here? Not the governor himself, was it?"

"I should think not, unless the governor has much more *cannille* about him than he ought to have. It was a common jailor, I fancy. At least he wore the uniform."

"I wonder if it's my jailor? What is he like?"

"Not a bad-looking fellow, as far as features go, but with a wicked, artful look about him—some old villain, I stake my life. He wears a mud-colored wig; at least it looks like a wig, with a curl on his forehead, and a great red beard. You must know him, if you have seen him; for he has dark eyes and eyebrows that don't at all match the wig."

"Ah! it's not my man. But I saw the man you describe when I first came. I thought he was the deputy-governor, or some one of importance, for he catechised me about my health, and so on; and when I asked for writing materials, it was he who came and told me that they were never allowed. I did not think him a bad fellow for a prison. He was as stern and disagreeable as most of them, but he said nothing brutal."

"Ah!" answered Ludowsky, absently, for he was gazing eagerly at Paul's canvas.

"Do me a favor, Montague," he said after a time.

"What is it?"

"Let me do a bit of your work, while I am here. They won't give me any, though I've asked over and over again. I would do anything for work. I sometimes get so sick of myself, that I would hang myself in my breeches, if I were not afraid of being cut down and put in a dungeon again."

Paul put the canvas and needle into his hands. Now that he had society, he did not care so much about his work.

"How do you do it?" asked the count, holding it clumsily. "It's the first time I ever had a needle and thread between my fingers in my life. They had better have taught us something of this kind at the college, rather than all that rotten Greek and Latin which has never done me any good."

Paul actually laughed as he adjusted the work to the count's unaccustomed fingers.

"Lord! I haven't heard a jolly laugh like that this two years. Now I've got it. That will do, old fellow. I'm devilish glad I met you here. It will keep me alive for a month."

Ludowsky's natural talent for overcoming difficulties soon enabled him to work rapidly at the canvas, and he became quite merry over it.

"What the deuce is it for?"

"A sack, I suppose."

"So it is, of course. I had forgotten that there were such things in the world. By the way, do you remember that story in *Monte Christo*—you read it, of course—about the man who put himself in the dead fellow's sack, and was thrown into the sea? What a clever liar that Dumas is! I've often thought of that story; and I made an attempt to escape at Toulon, but failed as you see."

So they chatted. Ludowsky had not had all his natural conceit knocked out of him, and talked mostly about himself, and the wretched life he had led Toulon. Paul was contented to listen, for anything was grateful that turned his thoughts from himself. But he had a hundred inquiries to make, and was just asking about De Coucy, when the key turned in the great door.

"Hist! Take back the canvas, and work away. Mum, remember."

The next moment a jailor came to fetch Ludowsky. It was the same man who had brought him.

He said not a single word, but marched his prisoner off somewhat roughly, making a sign to Paul to remain where he was. When they got outside, the jailor pushed his victim forward with such violence, that he fell heavily against the wall.

"Get up, you vile thing," growled the other, raising his foot and kicking him fiercely.

Ludowsky turned upon him, and glared at him, as a savage dog would do; but he checked himself in a minute. He had the dread of the dungeon for ever before him.

CHAPTER XXX.—HORROR.

WHEN Paul went back to his cell he felt happier than he had ever done since his capture. He had been taken for a time out of himself. Solitude is a poison, which, like laudanum when taken in small quantities, brings relief to the pains of life. But when you have too much of it, you die, unless the antidote—society—is administered. From this lethargic poison he was now relieved.

But he soon began to upbraid himself vehemently for his folly in allowing the count to talk so much of himself, when he had so much to ask him.

"Perhaps, after all," thought he, "they will leave us together again to-morrow, but it is extremely improbable. It can only have been an accident to-day. And yet up to this time, I have been the only political prisoner. Ludowsky only arrived two days ago, so it may be that it is the custom for all the political prisoners to be turned out into the crypt for a short time every day. However, I shall see to-morrow. At least we shall have a jailor with us; that is a matter of course."

Still he entertained a hope, and prepared a number of delicate questions which he was to ask Ludowsky, chiefly about the attachment which he supposed to subsist between Madeleine and Antoine Legrand.

To-morrow came, and Paul, who had not slept all night for thinking of all Ludowsky had told him, felt the hours grow very weary in waiting for the evening. He had got accustomed to tell the time by the height of the shadow on the wall of his cell and had made nicks with his nails at equal distances up to it, to which he gave the number of the different hours. But even watching these nicks did not satisfy him to-day.

The ordinary prisoners in Mont St. Michel work at looms in the large Salle des Chevaliers. Though this place was removed by many a long passage and stout door from the part of the prison allotted to the political prisoners, Paul's anxious ear could just catch faintly the whirr of the machines. At last after a long day this noise ceased, and Paul knew that the long awaited hour was come.

The jailor came and fetched him as usual, conducted him through long dreary passages to the crypt, and there locked him in. Paul could not do his work to-day; he could not look out of the window even. The strip of sky which was all he could see from it had lost its interest for him, blue and bright though it was. He walked about among the pillars, and continually went to the door. The hour seemed a day.

At last the key grated in the lock. Afraid of appearing too anxious, Paul remained near the window. But he could not deceive himself. The easy but heavy step betrayed no symptoms of fetters, and the comer was only the jailor.

This man was an ordinary mortal of the French official type, which is anything but a loveable one. But Paul had been so accustomed to a bullying manner, that the occasional kindnesses of this jailor won his heart.

The man looked at his sack, and took it up.

"You've done no work to-day. What's the good of your being allowed an indulgence of this kind? I shall tell the governor and have it taken from you."

"Oh don't, don't!" pleaded Paul. "Indeed you will ruin me if you do. I assure you that it was only because I wanted exercise, and preferred walking about. I will work doubly at it to-morrow."

"It's of no use. I shall tell the governor, and he will do as he thinks best."

In vain Paul pleaded.

"Come along," said the jailor, unmoved. "It's of no use, for I have had instructions to take your work from you after to-day at any rate, whether you did it or no. You see it's not my doing."

Paul pondered long over this in his cell.

"They must have discovered somehow that I allowed Ludowsky to work at it. Yet how could they have found it out? Has he been ungrateful enough to tell his jailor?"

Day after day for a week, Paul was taken at the usual hour to the crypt, but Ludowsky was never there. He began now to hate the place. It wearied him more to walk idle about among the pillars than to sit thinking in his own cell; and at length he looked forward with horror, instead of joy, to six o'clock.

One day he went as usual very loth, and turned at once to the window. He started back, as he saw on the stone bench the figure of a prisoner huddled up and trembling violently. Who was it? What could it mean?

He went up to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. A low stifled scream escaped the man, who trembled more violently than ever.

Paul bent down and saw with amazement that this was Ludowsky.

"My dear count," he said kindly, "what is the matter?"

The count raised a face towards him, on which horror had left deep, pitiful lines; and drew his hands feebly across his eyes.

"Oh, thank God!" he gasped out. "Thank heaven it is you!"

"What on earth is the matter? Are you ill? What can I do for you?"

The poor wretch could not speak for some minutes, while Paul took his hand, felt his pulse, and could not understand.

Suddenly Ludowsky cried out, "There it is again! Oh! oh!" and hid his face against the wall. Paul turned to see what was the object of his terror, but of course saw nothing.

"He is delirious," thought he, "or his mind has been somehow worked upon."

"Don't leave me," said the wretched man, catching at Paul's blouse. For heaven's sake don't leave me."

"No, I will not leave you, my good fellow. But don't give way so childishly. Sit up and tell me what is the matter with you."

The count sat up and drew Paul down by his side.

"How long have you been here?" he whispered in Montague's ear.

"Me? about five minutes."

"Have you seen or heard anything?"

"I have seen no one but you, and heard nothing but our two voices." The count looked relieved.

"After all," he said, "it may be delirium. I cannot tell you what I have suffered this last week. The day after I saw you they brought me here at seven o'clock, which I suppose was just after you had gone. Do you remember hearing a horrible laugh when we were here together? Eh?"

"Yes, I heard it, but I saw no one there. I think it must have been the wind."

Ludowsky shook his head. "Would to heaven it were the wind, and nothing worse. Well, that day; but first I must tell you that I have been ill lately, and this long confinement has thoroughly unnerved me. I was no coward before, but I am too wretched now. I should not mind flesh and bone, but this is some fiend, something supernatural. You know, I never believed in God or the Devil. I have laughed at those superstitions, as I thought them. Oh! my dear Montague, I don't laugh at them now. If there is no God, there is some demon who tortures men on earth."

"My dear Ludowsky, if you had believed truly in God, and acted up to your belief, you would not fear this demon that seems to haunt you."

"That is it. You see I have led a bad life, and now I have had time to regret it. They wouldn't believe in Paris that I had a conscience. They would laugh at me if I said so. But I can tell you that I found it out to my horror."

"Well you were telling me about—"

"Yes, that first day. That was the beginning only. I heard that mocking laugh three times. There, there, do you not hear it!"

And he hid his face on Paul's shoulder, like a weak child.

Paul heard it most unmistakably.

"There is some trick here," he said getting up to look for the ghost.

"Oh! you must not leave me an instant. I could not bear it."

And the poor weak wretch pulled him down again to the seat. "Let me tell you all. It cannot be a trick. It is a demon. Listen. The next day I refused to come here. But that jailor—that brute with the beard, who kicks me about as he likes—forced me to come. Well, at first I heard only the horrible laugh, and I hid myself in this corner. But presently I heard a low, hissing voice call me by name. Now I know that here we are only known by our numbers. So it could not be a jailor. If it had called me No. 17, I should have thought nothing of it. Well after a time it went on, and the same voice hissed out to me, 'Ludowsky, Marie the Singer is dead.'"

"Ah! ah!" said Paul, himself amazed. Then he checked himself, and added, "What did it mean?"

"I will tell you. I may as well confess. I have led a bad life, but in all of it, I have done nothing to repent of so much as this. Marie the Singer was a poor girl in Brittany whom I seduced. She loved me, poor thing, as no other woman has ever loved me, for I have never been loved for myself but that once. And I was heartless enough to leave her. No; you must not condemn me before you hear all. Do you remember meeting a Mademoiselle de Ronville in Paris?"

As if Paul did not remember every circumstance of that first meeting.

"Well, you know, I was engaged to her; and I really loved her, though I admit that at first I was only looking out for her money. It was she who took me first to see this poor girl. She was very pretty, and I noticed that she looked at me in a strange manner. In those days I cared for nothing, and as it was very dull at the château, I amused myself with this poor girl. I know not why, but I have never been able to forget her sad eyes; they have haunted me ever since, and now this terrible vision comes upon me, when I am too weak to bear it."

"And was this the reason that Madeleine—I mean Mademoiselle de Ronville—rejected you?"

"Ah, you know her name, then? Let me remember. Yes, you became intimate with them in Paris, if I remember rightly."

"You are right. But was this the reason, I ask?"

"Eh? no, not exactly. But it is a long story. Let me tell you what happened next day."

"No," said Paul decisively. "I wish to have an answer to my question. I want to hear an account of your engagement with Mademoiselle de Ronville."

"How do you come to be so interested in her? She is not worth it."

"Not worth it? What do you mean? She is an—"

But Paul checked himself. It would not do to let his own secret out.

"Well, you see," said Ludowsky, "that after a short time I became convinced that Madeleine could never really be happy with me."

"Why so?"

"She had an attachment in another quarter."

"Ah, indeed?" asked Paul eagerly. "When did you discover this?"

"Not for a year after our engagement—after her father and mother had both given their approval."

"Had she ever given hers?"

"Well, not exactly, but I had reason to suppose that she would give her consent in time."

"Indeed, and who was the man to whom she was attached?"

"Ah! there is the mystery. For a long time I could not find out, but one day it came to me in an anonymous letter. I made inquiries. I found it was the son of her father's game-keeper. This was bad enough in itself for a girl in her position, but it was not the worst."

"The worst? What do you mean?" gasped Paul.

"Perhaps I am not right to tell you even here," answered Ludowsky. "Tell me first whether you became very intimate with the family?"

"Yes, I did; I stayed with them at the château."

"You? But then you must know all?"

"Nothing against Madeleine."

"I think I should not tell you," Ludowsky went on. "I

see you have been interested. But after all, what does it matter here?"

Paul hung his head. How ready we are to believe evil of our best friends!

"Go on," he murmured.

"Well then, one day I received information that she—she had—had a *liaison* with that man."

Paul started to his feet in horror.

"Count, count," he said, "are you telling me the truth? Are you not lying? Confess that you are."

"You asked for the information."

"Oh! say it is a lie. I will forgive you."

"Montague," said the count, drawing himself up, "you forget that we are not in Paris now. It would be foolish of us two men to tear one another to pieces in this place. It is cowardly of you to give me the lie."

"Oh! but I own—I confess to you that I have loved this girl—loved her fondly and believed her pure. Do not—do not add to the bitterness of my prison days by such a lie. You—you have got over your love, but with me it is deeper than ever. Oh! Ludowsky, I have befriended you as far as I could in this hell. Tell me—tell me, you do not believe this story?"

But Ludowsky's pride was touched.

"You asked for it," he said. "It is no fault of mine. It is true."

Paul hid his face in his hands. This thought was too bitter for him.

Just then the jeering laugh resounded among the pillars.

"Oh!" cried the count. "Oh! Montague, do you hear?"

But Paul did not move. He was sunk in misery.

For many minutes these two prisoners sat there shrinking from the light—as if darkness were comfort—the one trembling with a guilty conscience, the other steeped in misery.

At last the key grated in the lock. The jailor had come for Ludowsky—the same bearded jailor as before. When the other turnkey came to fetch Paul Montague, No. 6 I should call him, he found him lying on the stone floor, idiotic with grief.

CHAPTER XXXI.—PEACEFUL DOL.

IN one of the quaint corners of La Belle France is an old forgotten town by the name of Dol. It was a famous place in the days of William the Conqueror, the first conqueror of the Anglo-Saxon, as Mammon has been the second; and its simple name figures in that quaint old relic of the days of chivalry, the Bayeux tapestry, in connexion with those of Pontorson and Mont St. Michel, for Dol is in Brittany.

There is something intensely refreshing in this old tumble-down place, so much so, that if you have travelled the wide world over, and are *blusé* and weary and sick of your life, go and stay for a fortnight at the old inn, "La Grande Maison," whose name sadly belies its appearance; and though you may be frightened a little at first by the miniature army that you will find encamped in your bed, and though you may find it hard to stomach the rough mediæval fare that the high-capped hostess will serve you, I promise you that at the end of the time you will be a happier man and better Christian than for many a long day before.

The principal street of the old place is rough and hilly, but a very paradise for Prout. A huge gutter runs down the middle, and the pavement is of large coarse stones that must have been laid down some three or four centuries ago; and when a worthy citizen hobbles over it with his heavy wooden shoes, the noise rings from house to house, with an echo that you may hear from one end of the street to the other. The houses were all built before the sixteenth century. They are quaint, irregular, rickety buildings, with their first storeys supported by stout pillars of granite, the capitals of which are carved with strange uncouth figures, and which form a kind of arcade along the street. Then their faces are black with age, some of them with carved wooden beams, while many a rude sign projects in front. There is little commotion in the old place; all is still life. A few gossips there are standing before some of the doors, with broad white caps spread out a foot on each side, all of spotless lawn, and their neat red petticoats just short enough to show a black stocking and a high-heeled buckled shoe of elden time;

or perhaps, from time to time, a humble donkey may be seen picking its way daintily over the rough pavement, with a large round basket hanging on either side, filled with fresh turnips, carrots and cabbages, and a quiet Breton peasant by its side, with his broad cavalier hat, and his dearly cherished love-locks hanging down his back.

In fact you may wake up in Dol and not discover that the world has got past the time of Henri Quatre. Civilization, with its vulgarity and its vices, has not come here, thank heaven ! to disturb the calm of the simple folk. They are poor, very poor, the good people of the old town, for there is nothing going on there now ; but still they are happy, for wealth and luxury and waste have not found their way hither to make them know their poverty.

Follow me to the cathedral, for Dol, small and old-fashioned as it is, has a cathedral, which was built in the thirteenth century. Its charm is its English character. It has no apse, like most French churches, crowded with close chapels dedicated to every possible and impossible saint ; it has a great square east end, with a noble east window, which throws a colored light over the whole choir. It is in a pure, early decorated style. Its windows are long and pointed, and simple as the heart of a country maiden, though just as beautiful. The clusters of slender shafts along the nave are graceful even for that graceful age. But, oh ! the rich beauty of that southern porch, now half in ruins. How lovely is that tracery, how clear, how lace-like ! And then a porch is such a refreshing rarity in France, where this style of church is scarcely known ; yet how sweet were the uses of the English porches. It was here that the unchristened child was held by its mother till the priest came and took it literally into the church of Christ. It was here that years after, the child, now a man, waited for his young bride, with whom, perchance, he had exchanged many a smile on Sundays as they issued together from church beneath that same old porch ; and it was here, when his task was done, and the Goodman of the vineyard had summoned him to his house above to receive the wages of his labor, that his body was set down by his friends ere they gave it up to the quiet sod. And here, too, still sadder thought, might the poor wretch on whom the ban of excommunication had been passed, come shrinking and timid, and, kneeling on the hard stone, catch the words of comfort that were spoken to others within, with whom he dared not join.

But the porch is broken and ruined like the simple faith of those early days ; call it superstition if you will.

Let us walk calmly up that long lofty nave and bow our heads, for we are in God's House, and are God's guests. All is silent, all empty ; so silent that our footsteps ring clear on the smooth marble. There are no family pews here, no corners, where my lord may doze through the Rev. Jeremiah Drowsy's often-preached discourse. Those who come here come to pray and watch and speak to the mighty Master of this House, to tell Him their little grievances and ask His help, so kindly granted, so profusely given. They do not come to slumber and forget him ; so the little chairs that crowd round each cluster of pillars are not made for comfort.

We pass on, and start to see a figure kneeling there, so still, so silent, we scarce had thought it living. There is much grace in that woman's form. The dress is very simple : it consists of a coarse gray gown, bound with a slim girdle, to which is fastened a rosary of black beads. On the head is a large cap of spotless purity, stretching out over her brow, and turning back in a broad wing on each side. It is the dress of the Sisters of Charity of the Order of St. Vincent de Paule.

The sister is kneeling on a low wooden *prie-dieu*, her hands before her clasping a little ivory crucifix, and her head bowed towards it. You can just catch a glimpse of her profile, and you are struck with her youth and beauty. Ah ! you seem to know that pale, pale skin, and those high chiselled features, yet you can scarce recognise them. Sister Madeleine is not the same being that she was two years ago. Though there is some melancholy still in those large black eyes, there are signs of a calm peacefulness on the face. It is rounder and fuller, and the mouth has lost its passionate force. The lips are depressed and

humble. Bow your ear close down, very close, and listen, you will catch the words of her prayer.

"Oh ! my God, my God ! Thou whose pure feet she bathed with her bitter tears. I thank Thee, I thank Thee, my Lord, my Father. I have not deserved such mercy, I, who lived so long to crucify Thee with my sin ; yet Thou hast given it. Ever forgiving, ever merciful as Thou art, I thank Thee, oh, I thank Thee, for this peace and this forgiveness ! Give me but strength, O Lord ! purify me, raise me toward Thee ; and now that Thou hast reclaimed my heart from following the world, grant that it may be wholly Thine. O God of Love and Purity ! let me love Thee with all my heart and strength and mind and soul ; and let my tears, O Father, my bitter tears, wash out the record of my sins."

She rises, and one still sees those tears trembling at the end of her long black lashes. She has dashed them away, and her face is calm again ; calm, ay, even cheerful. A load seems taken from her breast, and she stands a moment looking up at the lofty window, and at heaven far above it, with a face purer than a woman's.

Now she stoops, and takes up a basket which she had set down beside the chair, and, with a light step and a lighter heart, she trips down the long nave, and passes through the ruined porch.

It is a bright spring morning, but the sunbeams are not gladder than her face. She will go now from cottage to cottage, and wherever her figure stands on the threshold, she will be welcomed like an angel of joy. For one she has a little soup, for another a bottle of wine ; for a third, a few neat things that she has made up with her own fingers. Then she will come to the bed of the sick and the dying ; she will breathe words of comfort, and take some soothing drug from her basket. But her fair face does the poor sufferer far more good : she has a smile, a kind, soft word, a wringing of the hand for all. The children crowd round her knees, and the old murmur their heartfelt blessing, and to all she comes as a sunbeam and leaves peace behind her.

She came lastly to the cottage of a young woman who was dying of cancer in the breast.

It was the old story so common in French, as in English villages—an illegitimate child, and nothing to feed it with save the mother's breast, which, pelican-like, she had squeezed for him too long. How much it takes to insure man's life, and how recklessly he wastes it !

Perhaps, gentle, fair and well-meaning reader—I speak to young ladies—you have never seen a woman lingering in the terrible agonies of this awful disease. If so, listen to me, and kindly adopt my advice, which I give you for your good. Lay down this novel now ; don't mind about the interest of the plot. I'll confess to you what I wouldn't to the other readers, that the conclusion is very dull, quite stupid, in fact, and not worth reading. There, you see, I can make a little sacrifice for a good end. Never mind missing Captain Smiter's call. I promise to bring him again to-morrow, if you'll do what I ask you now. Run upstairs and slip on your bonnet and mantle—wheedle Charlotte out of half a bottle of sherry—don't mind appearances—don't take Buttons to carry it for you—do your good work yourself, alone, unseen—then down the village to poor Betsy Trimmers. She is dying slowly of cancer in the breast, and that in one little room, where the brats that have cost her this are for ever squalling. Do this, dear girl, and you will not repent it. If you have had little things to irritate you, household troubles, a new dress spoiled, mamma scolding, or what not, I promise you, you shall forget them all in the sight of that terrible wasting, lasting agony, and come back sad, sad indeed, but calmer and better than you went. Listen : Madeleine entered the one-roomed cottage. A fine child of two years old was sitting on the floor piping its note in any but a musical tone. On a little low bed was the sick mother. Oh, what a sight ! The face, awhile ago so bright, and round and happy, wasted. Wasted ! oh, it is no word for it ! The cheeks were gone entirely, and the skin of each seemed to meet its fellow within the mouth. The eyes were lost in their sunken sockets ; the white lips scarcely hung together ; the hard forehead, fleshless and shining white, was all wrinkled and terrible.

One hand and arm were outside the bedclothes moving slowly to and fro, as if that soothed her suffering. This arm and hand were swollen frightfully, and made sad contrast to the face.

Propped up by pillows, the poor thing neither lay nor sat, but rather writhed on her wretched bed, groaning, and yet stifling her groans, and passing her hand for ever to her aching, gnawing breast. And thus she had lain for weeks, nay, months.

"How are you to-day, poor Victorine?"

"I am better, ma'amselle. The breast is easier; the day is coming, I think, ma'amselle."

But she spoke very low. It seemed as if life were already going.

Madeleine had brought her a little wine and whey; she took it and was calmer.

"Good sister Madeleine," she gasps out, "the day is coming, I know; but I fear to die; I who have sinned so much. I cannot tell what judgment waits me; perhaps this agony for ever."

Then Madeleine draws out a little book and reads:

"And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping; and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the precious ointment. And Jesus said, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house; thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, has not ceased to kiss my feet. My head thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet. Therefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

There was a slight pause, and then the dying girl said in a low voice:

"Kiss me, sister Madeleine." And the sinner kissed that other sinner. And she said: "I, too, have sinned—sinned much more than you, poor child." And the other said: "No, sister Madeleine, it cannot be; you are too pure, too holy, ever to have sinned as I have." And she answered: "Be comforted. He has forgiven my sins, and you call me pure. He can forgive yours too, and make you purer than me."

And the sunbeams streamed in through the narrow lattice upon the deathbed, and lit up the face of the sick girl. And when sister Madeleine looked round she saw that she was dead.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE SISTERS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAULE.

THE house stands back from the street, and towers above the low dwellings of the poor. Yet it is not proud, that house. Broad, substantial, lofty, high-roofed, as the head of a Norman peasant woman; it has no look of wealth or comfort. Its many windows are dull and dusty; its huge swinging doors are of unpainted oak, rough, and gray and unfriendly. It looks like a forgotten palace, where once many have lodged, many fared well on the fat of the land, many voices rung along the long narrow corridors, many light steps bounded up the stone stairs, and where now a few weak women, weak in form but strong in faith, live their lives of simple charity.

Such is the old hospice of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paule, once a rich convent, now an empty shell, with only some five or six rooms furnished, and the moth and the wood-louse reveling in the rest.

Sister Madeleine—no longer Baroness de Ronville by right of birth—enters its lofty gates with a thoughtful face. She is at peace, though, for she is glad that this poor girl is gone to her rest, and she has no doubt of the mercy of the All-Merciful.

She pushes open a low door which swings back behind her, and stands in a large, scarce-furnished room. Its floor and walls are bare. There is a small deal table and a high, old-fashioned wardrobe, and some half dozen chairs, and this is the sisters' drawing-room.

Four women in the same dress as herself are sitting round the little table, working diligently with the needle and talking cheerfully to one another.

The eldest of them, and their chief, is a woman of well-born mould. Though there is no difference of dress, you see that she is of gentle birth and better education by the way her white hands ply the needle. Yet what matter? She is serving God, and not the world, and in her profession there is no respect of persons. She is chief here only because she is the eldest, and has served the longest.

Sister Madeleine bows her head to the superior and sets down her basket.

"And how have you found your charges, sister Madeleine?" asks sister Joseph, the superior.

"All well, except the little Victorine."

"And she, poor child?"

"Is dead."

The work falls from the hands of all the four women. They rise with one consent, and crossing themselves devoutly, they mutter together, "O God, have mercy on her soul!"

Then they sit down again, and tears steal into the eyes of one of them, the youngest, a sweet-faced, calm-eyed girl, and the others are silent.

"She died, poor girl, unconfessed," continues sister Madeleine; "without the sacrament."

"Then it was too late, too sudden."

"Yes; but I doubt not that her soul will find mercy. She has long confessed to me, and long repented."

"Amen," answered the four women.

Then there is a silence, and Madeleine takes one of the two remaining chairs and a piece of work—a child's frock—that is lying on the table, and plies her needle diligently.

"You have not breakfasted?" she asks, after a little while.

"No," replies sister Joseph; "and I fear we have little to breakfast on this morning. Have you met sister Marie?"

"No. I sent the fish by her to those poor Dantins; they want it more than we, I think. Are you hungry, my sisters?"

"No," they answer, one after another.

"But you, Madeleine, have had a deal of walking. Sister Elizabeth, it would be better for us to breakfast, for we have a journey in prospect. Will you lay the table?"

Elizabeth, the youngest of the party, gets up cheerfully and leaves the room. Presently she returns with a coarse cloth, a few coarse plates and a yard of long bread under her arm. She lays the table neatly and again goes out. When she comes back it is to bring a large bowl of bread-soup, which has been cooking by itself in a huge kitchen, and she sets it in the middle of the little table. This is all the breakfast of the poor nuns.

The pious women bring their chairs to the table, and signing the cross, thank God in few words for this their daily bread, and eat heartily, and with that best of sauces, contentment. Poor things! if, indeed, we ought to pity those whose lives are given to so much goodness, they have tasted nothing since five o'clock yesterday, and it is now near eleven in the morning, and they have been up since six.

"And how goes the work?" asks Madeleine.

"Very well," answers the superior. "We have finished two chemises and a frock, and could do more if we had the stuff. I must go down to those good English people, for though they are heretics, they are full of charity, and will give us more."

"And I," cries another merrily, "have finished the pair of socks, and they look quite nice."

"And I," says sister Elizabeth, timidly, "cannot get on half so fast as I wished with the old man's jacket; it is so hard and stiff."

"And your little lady's hands are unaccustomed to such work," says Madeleine smiling at the young girl.

"Well, now," says sister Joseph, "I must tell you what we have to do. Since you left this morning, a letter has come from the superior at Mont St. Michel. She says that there is fever in the prison, and the sisters there are quite busy, for it appears that the fever began in the town, so she asks me if I can send one or two of you to help her. I have thought over it,

and I think you, Madeleine, and you, Elizabeth, are the most fitted to go, and can most easily be spared."

The two women bowed their heads, and said they were happy to go wherever they were sent.

"So, sister Marie has promised to borrow the little cart from Pierre, for it is too far for you to walk, and I shall take advantage of this opportunity to go over to Pontorson. We shall be a merry party, and you, Madeleine, shall drive the donkey, for you drive so well."

"Oh, it will be quite a treat," cried little Elizabeth, brightening. So when their simple meal is over, sister Marie comes in. She has breakfasted, she says, with one of the peasants, and she has taken the fish to the Dantins, who were very glad to have it, and she has borrowed the cart which Pierre, that worthy Breton peasant, will bring round in a few minutes.

It is pleasant to see the three pious women handed gallantly in the rickety little donkey-cart by the honest Pierre, who entertains a profound reverence and deep affection for them—for have they not nursed him through a deadly sickness?

Sister Madeleine takes the reins with a light hand.

They have stowed two or three bottles of wine, which the charitable have given them, in the bottom of the cart, for the sick prisoners. They want none themselves, for their faith sustains their strength. And they have laid in a loaf or two of bread for themselves, that they may not be a charge to the nuns at Mont St. Michel, and then they drive briskly off, for even the donkey seems to feel the goodness of their errand.

The road is long and dusty, and their few simple topics of conversation are soon exhausted. It is then that sister Madeleine, who has only been at the hospice about a month, being sent there from Rouen, begs the other two to tell her their histories. These three seem to have drawn more together than the rest; they are all of gentle birth and education. The others are worthy women from the lower classes, no less diligent and praiseworthy, but less interesting.

And these three seem to be at home with one another, for they have the same tastes and the same education.

"My child," answers the superior to Madeleine's request, "you know not what you ask. To recall me to the world, where my life was foolish and bitter, is bitterness itself. And yet the sting is so long dead, the past seems so far distant that I believe I could speak of it now with scarce a pang. Do you know I have been in China, in Trincomalee, in Egypt even, and indeed all over the world, and yet I have never till to-day been asked to speak of my life in the world. And yet it is a strange one. You see I am an old woman now. My hair is turning gray, just here and there, for I was born in the last century, and I have been forty years in the society."

"Forty years! and you still go on; so good and so active!"

"Yes, my children, I am indeed a veteran; but I once fought in other battles than these. You will scarce believe me, when I tell you that I served under Napoleon the Great."

"You served! How did you serve!"

"You shall hear. I was the daughter of a noble family of Lorraine. My father and mother were strict legitimists. We lived in an old château, far from any town, and as we were poor, we lived very quietly, and saw no one. Our only neighbors lived in another château about a league distant, and when I was a child we were very intimate with them. There was a fine handsome boy, the only son, whose great ambition was to be a soldier. We played together, we grew up together, and when we were young people, we discovered one fine day that we were very foolishly in love. Well, Henri was dying to join the wars that were going on; but his family were royalist as mine, and he dared not think of it, till one day he went off quietly and enlisted in a dragoon regiment. I was then a girl of fifteen, and I remember that I wept bitterly when I heard he was gone, for though he had told me privately of his plan, I never believed he would carry it out. For two years after I pined in his absence. We were so lonely in our château, that I had nothing to divert my thoughts from him, and the more I thought, the more I loved and longed to see him.

"One night as I lay awake a thought came into my head. I got up, took a small bundle of necessities, and escaped. I walked all that night and the next day across the fields and

woods, keeping the direction of Paris, where I went and offered my services to the colonel of a regiment as *vivandière*. The colonel seemed pleased with me, a young girl, as I was, and accepted me, and from that time till the day of the battle of Quatre-Bras, I served different regiments in search of Henri. But I never found him till that day. I had been with the army in Russia while he was on the Rhine. But just before that terrible day, the squadron to which he belonged joined the army. I saw him, and for one day and night we were happy together. His troop was not employed at Quatre-Bras, and I was constantly near him. Then came Waterloo. I saw him in the morning and saw him alive no more. When the retreat was sounded, and the field was left strewn with dead and dying, I went forth with my little barrel of brandy, and sought him over the battleground, for I had seen his troop flying without him. I found him at last under a heap of dead, with his horse a few yards from him. I took from his neck a little cross that I had given him so many years before. I hung it round my own, where it hangs still"—and she drew a little silver crucifix from her bosom—"and then I followed the retreating army. At Paris I wrote to my parents, and begged them to get me admitted into this society. And here I have been since 1815. That is all my tale."

The young women looked in silent amazement at the superior when her tale was done, and wondered how she could have had the courage to go through so much, and how calmly she now spoke of the death of her lover, for they did not see that the same strength of mind which had induced her to become a *vivandière*, was sufficient to aid her to endure so great a shock.

"And were you never annoyed or insulted by the soldiers?"

"You expect me to say never, and you would fain believe that, at least, a French soldier always shows due respect to any woman, still more to one who holds a kind of privileged position in the regiment, but, I am sorry to say, I had by no means an easy time of it. To say nothing of the narrow escapes throughout the campaign, of the cold and disease, and hardships of every kind, there were moments when I was liable to gross assaults by the drunken soldiers, though seldom those of my own regiment. And yet, when I appealed to the gallantry of the men, and their fame as Frenchmen, I was sure to find protection, while sometimes, perhaps, even my accent and bearing, which they could not but feel were those of one of superior class to their own, defended me."

They drove on for some time in silence, and Madeleine was mentally comparing the life of sister Josephe with her own past, and forgot to touch up the sluggish donkey.

At last they arrived at Pontorson, and the good superior left them. From there to Mont St. Michel is not far, and the two girls drove on pleasantly.

"And what is your story?" asked Madeleine of sister Elizabeth. The other laughed and shook her head.

"Indeed I have little to tell, and that little would not interest you."

"How can you know that, my little sister? On the contrary, everything that comes from a true heart interests me, and people who tell their own tales, when all is long since over, have little cause to qualify the truth."

"But mine may be told in a few words. It is, I fancy, much the same story as so many of us could tell. I was a foolish and disobedient girl, and chose to love a man who had not a penny, and was, therefore, disapproved of by my parents. Two or three years passed, and then they pressed me to marry another man, and because I would not, because I loved the first too well, I—I became a nun."

"Poor child," said Madeleine, with sympathy, winding her arms round the girl's neck. "My poor girl, I can indeed pity you. It was very hard."

"No; it was my fault, my folly;" a little tear gathered into her eye. Then shaking her head playfully, she continued: "And now you have heard us two, you must tell me your own history. I am sure it is interesting, sister Madeleine."

"My little sister," answered Madeleine gravely, "do not ask me. It would pain you far too much, and me—ah! I cannot bear a single thought of my past."

Sister Elizabeth hung her head. What, was it so dreadful

that she could not tell? "Ah, do tell me," she said imploringly. But fortunately for Madeleine, a turn in the road brought them suddenly on a strange scene.

"Look," she cried; "there is Mont St. Michel."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—COINCIDENCE.

FROM Pontorson there is a narrow hard road across the sands. Along this Madeleine drove the submissive donkey, and they reached the mount in safety. They put up the animal and cart at the house of an old woman, who was to take care of it till it was called for. At this cottage, too, half-way up the one hilly street, they engaged a single bed-room, for which the old lady, whose daughter the sisters had once nursed, asked but a very modest sum.

The two good women then mounted to the prison gate and rang the great bell. A small trap was first opened, and a grizzly face peeped through it for a moment; the next, the wicket was unbolted and they were let in. The porter, who knew their errand, directed them to a small, cold, ill-furnished waiting-room, from which a door opened into the governor's office.

Now, the governor of the prison—a quondam colonel of gendarmerie—was the ruler of the whole Mount, but such was his modest character, that he preferred passing his days in the obscurity of a billiard-room, where he played caramboles with the captain of infantry, with the fierce moustache, whose company formed the garrison of the place, and expending his superfluous cash in betting on the twenty-five game, to interfering with his *locum tenens*, the deputy-governor. This deputy, risen from the ranks of jailorism, was a conscientious, systematic but timid man, and was easily ruled by the principal jailor of the place, who was no other than the man with the red beard, who took such loving care of the Count Ludowsky.

The two sisters had not long been seated on the stone bench in the waiting-room, when this man came past. He looked carelessly at them at first, but suddenly started, and could not repress a little exclamation of surprise. Sister Elizabeth bent her eyes on the ground, but sister Madeleine, with that independence for which she was celebrated, and which even the convent had not wiped away, looked at him calmly and with dignity.

He entered the governor's room, and found there the governor himself, smoking a cigaret, and lolling back in his chair; the deputy-governor busily employed in transferring to the day-book the remarks of the jailors, and a small insignificant-looking priest, with a keen, clever, goodnatured eye, talking somewhat earnestly so the governor.

"Ah, here comes our man!" exclaimed the governor, with a sigh of relief, and taking up the *Moniteur*. "The *bon père* here has been hearing the confession of No. 17, and is rather anxious about the state of his mind. It would appear that—that your treat—"

"*C'est bien*," interrupted the man with the beard, looking at the little priest with a smile almost of pity. "I will speak to Monsieur Thalet about this presently. In the meantime, monsieur, the sisters have arrived, and are waiting."

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest, "that concerns me; I must go and speak with them. Where are they?"

"Pardon me. It is the business of the doctor; I thought I should find him here, but I will go and fetch him myself."

The priest had started from his chair, but the jailor's look forced him into it again. This man seemed to possess an inexplicable influence over everything and everybody about him.

He passed again into the ante-room, and again bent a searching look on the two sisters. He hesitated a moment, and then went towards them.

"You have just arrived, mesdames?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said sister Madeleine.

At that voice he changed color, but immediately checked his emotion, and went on to say: "You have come to attend the sick prisoners? you come from Dol?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good; I will fetch the doctor to you directly; he will give you the proper directions."

As he passed on, he muttered to himself: "I was not mistaken; fortune certainly favors me, and I must say for that rotten little priest that it was his doing that they were sent for. I must now turn it to account."

When he was gone, sister Elizabeth whispered to Madeleine: "I don't like this place; that man *m'agace*."

"Poor child," said Madeleine, tenderly; "you must try to get over these feelings; to look upon every one you meet as good, till you learn that they are not so. Remember that whatever the exterior there is always God's likeness within, however disfigured."

Fancy Madeleine, of all people, sermonizing! But she had taken Elizabeth under her own especial care, and she spoke so gently, so kindly, that the young girl, who was scarcely equal to her position, felt grateful for these occasional checks.

Presently the jailor returned with the doctor, whom he treated like an equal, taking his arm, and whispering to him confidentially. The worthy Esculap did not seem to like it, but there was something about the man with the red beard that made rebellion impossible.

"They have sent us very young sisters, and very pretty," the jailor was saying.

"*Tant mieux*. In this dull hole, it is delightful to see a young, pretty face. *Parbleu*, they are pretty," added the Galenite when he saw their faces. "Pity such marriageable girls should have turned pious. Now, there's my niece, as good a girl as was ever born, but plain; well, she'll never marry here, unless the lieutenant takes a fancy to her, as I often think he means to do; but she would go into a convent to save me from starvation."

"And she's right, too. But tell me, doctor, have you seen No. 6?"

"Yes, and he is now decidedly our worst case. As the sisters are come, I must get one of them to sit up with him through the night. It won't do for those Belle-Isle people to say we killed him."

"Make out the list, doctor, and give it to me. I don't want that scurvy little priest to interfere."

"Good, I understand."

The two went into the governor's room.

Presently the red-bearded jailor came out, and beckoned to the sisters to come before the governor.

That worthy was conferring with the priest when they entered. He rose and bowed respectfully to the sisters, who stood with their eyes cast down.

"I find," said the governor, blandly, "that it is quite unnecessary to administer to you, as sisters of the sacred order of St. Vincent de Paule, the oath usually required from persons admitted to the cells of the prisoners. We can rely on your obedience to the rules of the sacred order, and have merely to warn you against any temptation of conveying messages or hints from one prisoner to another, or in any way interfering with the discipline of this establishment. May I ask your name, madame?"

"Sister Madeleine."

"And yours?"

"Sister Elizabeth."

"You have the lists, Antoine. Have the kindness to give them to these pious ladies, and to conduct them to the cells of the sick prisoners."

Madeleine's list consisted of Nos. 36, 41, 52 and 6; Elizabeth's of Nos. 75, 96 and 17.

The governor resumed his cigaret and the *Moniteur* complacently, and the doctor came forward.

"You are accustomed to cases of typhoid fever?" he asked, addressing Madeleine.

"Yes, sir, I have attended many at Lyons."

"At Lyons! It is a very unhealthy town. I heard the fever was there last autumn. Allow me to look at your list. You will find none of these cases bad, except that of No. 6. No. 41 is past all danger. His has been a slight attack. No. 52 is just beginning. He requires care. No. 6, however, is at the very height of the malady. He is delirious, and I shall look to you to apply the ice constantly to his head. I am afraid I must ask you to sit up with him through the night; but you

will have a jailor constantly at your call. The other prisoners are altogether in the sick ward, but the governor has objected to No. 6 being removed. You will, therefore, have to attend him in his cell."

Madeleine inclined her head.

Meanwhile the priest had been looking at Elizabeth's list.

"Ah!" he said, "this is a case about which I am extremely anxious, No. 17. I do not think he has the fever, but he is in a very low state, rather of mind than of body. You are young for such a charge, my daughter." He looked keenly at little Elizabeth. "But I look to you to exert the powers which God has given you to employ, in order to recall him to a sense of his responsibility. I have done my utmost with him with but little success. A kind female nurse has often more influence with unfortunate men of this kind than a priest. I would not have you at once touch on religious matters, but sound his mind first. Be attentive to his every want. Above all, be kind to him. The heart is the hawser in these cases. Attach it to yourself, and you may then steam away. You will find he is obliged to follow you."

Not a word of this conversation had escaped the red-bearded jailor, who now interfered and led the sisters away to the sick-ward. There were only nine cases of sickness, three of them only being fever cases, and these were separated from the rest by a high screen. A turnkey sat at the door, and an elderly female, who seemed to be the factotum of this department, was busily engaged in a few inelegant domestic duties.

The jailor, whom the governor had called Antoine, but who was known among the turnkeys by the sobriquet of Barberousse, spoke a few words to the man at the door and departed. While Madeleine and Elizabeth are making the necessary inquiries of the old woman, and examining the patients allotted to each, we will follow this man.

He walks at a rapid pace along the intricate passages, unlocking and locking the doors after him with wonderful rapidity, and arrives at last at a little bedroom, which, though poorly furnished, looks quite comfortable after the cells of the prisoners. It is chiefly remarkable for an enormous wardrobe and a large looking-glass, which we would scarcely have thought of finding in the bedroom of a jailor.

"I scarcely think it likely," he mutters to himself, as he unlocks the armoire and displays a variety of costume, which would do honor even to the establishment of M. Babin in the Rue Richelieu, "that even her eyes would penetrate the disguise, but she has known my face so many years, and the perception of women is so keen, that perhaps it is not safe to risk the chance of coming to the light in her presence."

He takes from the wardrobe a pot of rouge, a powder-pot and a large box of finely-ground colors. These he ranges on the table before the glass, and draws off the mud-colored wig. The object of the curl over the forehead is then clear, for, when removed, a large irregular scar is seen at once in its place.

He proceeds gingerly to apply the violet powder to his dark forehead, and then rubs a delicate streak of rouge close under his eyes. The effect of this is to give him a somewhat dissipated appearance, which, as his life had been one of continual activity and temperate habits, is quite new to his face. A fine streak of very dark blue, just above the cheek-bone, completes this effect. He walks away from the glass for a moment, and when he returns to it, having first replaced his wig, is quite satisfied with the impossibility of identification. He then opens a drawer in the wardrobe, which contains a stock of tools which would make the fortune of a housebreaker, and selects a large-sized gimlet, which he puts in his pocket. Having carefully locked up everything about the room that could cause any suspicion, he locks the door of the room itself and proceeds along another line of passages to that of a cell, over which is the number 17. In this door, as in all the others, is a little iron grating, through which he looks and listens attentively.

A heavy, regular breathing from a bundle of bed-clothes in the corner seems to indicate that the occupant of the cell is fast asleep, but the jailor is not satisfied with the mere appearance. He gently turns the key and enters softly. He draws back the bed-clothes, but the sleeper does not move. He places his rough hand on the prisoner's mouth. A little coughing ensues

and the sleeper turns on his side. He knows the fiery character of his captive, and well aware that, if awake, he would resent any such indignity, he is satisfied that he is asleep.

He therefore goes out again as softly as he went in; locks the door, and begins to bore a hole in its strong, thick panels. The fact is that, for the purpose of a regular espionage, the iron grating is totally insufficient, for any one within the cell coming close to the door could see with little difficulty the face of the spy without.

When one hole is bored, he makes another at the distance of about an inch, and finds that through these he can gain a complete view of the greater part of the cell.

This done, he proceeds along a passage to No. 6, and makes the same preparation there; but, as he knew that poor Montague within was incapable of recognising the sound of the gimlet, even if he noticed it at all, he does not take the same precautions as in the former case.

After this he returns to the sick ward.

The doctor was already there, much pleased with Madeleine's skilful management of his patients, and Elizabeth's seal and activity. He was, however, impatient to be off, as he had promised the lieutenant to play a game of dominoes with him, and the hour of the appointment was fast drawing near.

"Well, mesdames," he said, rubbing his hands and shuffling about, "I think I have put you in the way of looking after these poor fellows, and I am anxious about the two that remain. I see the chief jailor is waiting to conduct us to their cells, and as I have an important case to look after in the town, I think we had better be moving."

Little sister Elizabeth had never been in a prison before, and shuddered at the idea of the cells.

"Do you not think, sir," she asked timidly, "that it would be better to divide our labor, and for one of us to stay here, and the other to take charge of the two separate prisoners?"

"Humph! That is an arrangement which depends on the jailor. We had better consult him."

"Impossible," answered Barberousse sharply and decisively, when consulted. "But as No. 17 is now fast asleep, there is no necessity for both these pious ladies to leave the sick-ward now. I will return for you, madame" (to Elizabeth), "presently."

The poor little sister did not find this arrangement much pleasanter than the other. It was all very well to visit from cottage to cottage among the poor, who welcomed her as they would an angel, but to be left among a number of sick criminals, with only an old woman and a turnkey to protect her, was rather terrible.

But she was needlessly alarmed. There is a deep respect for the sister of a sacred order among all classes in France, except, perhaps, the highly educated; and if any order claim this more than another, it is surely that of St. Vincent de Paule, which devotes itself to poverty, that it may nurse and feed the poor.

Then again we must not be led to think of these French sisters of mercy from what we have heard or seen of the spurious imitations in England. These latter, going about in the name of mercy, are often terribly unmerciful to the poor on whom they intrude themselves as if by right. They mistake their vocation, and venture on the dangerous ground of conversion, when they are only called upon to tend the body. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a voluntary system of this kind to flourish in England without the petty fetters of party-spirit to encumber it; and this party feeling extends among those who are influenced by it to the minutest details. The English sister of mercy, much as her labors and sacrifice may be worthy of applause, cannot remember that she is doing the service of God. She has, too, continually before her eyes the idea that her service is that of the church, and those who know the High Church party well, will not deny that God and the church have often but little to do with one another in their minds. The poor whom she attends must therefore be content to receive her assistance with the accompaniments of an irritating interference in their little household matters, a perpetual sermonizing, and a species of parochial espionage, carried on by the medium of gossip. Add to this, that the English "sister" is invariably

antique and ill-favored, an old young-lady who has been crossed in love and quarrelled with her family, and who stands in an antagonistic position to the rest of society—excepting of course the curates of the parish; and you will fully understand how it is that the system is a failure in England, chiefly perhaps from a want of that very system which distinguishes the French establishments.

That English women are scarcely adapted to such labors as these, believing, as they and I do, that mere works will avail little to salvation, was sufficiently proved by the conduct of our countrywomen in the Crimean war. Undoubtedly they did much good, and the sacrifice itself was praiseworthy and admirable, but those who were ever inside the hospitals well know how that sacred mission, so beautiful in theory, deteriorated in practice. The paid nurses got drunk and were sent home by dozens. The ladies squabbled, and sermonized, and so it went on.

The sister of St. Vincent de Paule has the great advantage of belonging to a religious society. She is no longer an individual, but part of a working whole. She aspires to be nothing more than the nurse and friend of the poor, and when she is asked to attend the rich, she takes wages from them which go to the maintenance of the society. But because it is a sacred calling, not a mere profession, because she undertakes it of her own free will, because she undergoes a preparation and training, because she leaves the priest to play his part, and contents herself with her own special duties, and because she works for the love of God—therefore she succeeds.

And yet she does convert the poor; not by sermonizing and interference, for in nine cases out of ten she comes from a rank of society little superior to that of those she visits, but by her own sweetness and kindness, and by proving, by her unwearying labors, what great things the love of God can do. I knew in Paris a young lady, who had attached herself to an order called "*Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*." I know that this girl rose every day at four o'clock, cleaned the large bare rooms of the comfortless house in which the sisters lived, took her part in the other preparations for the day, and at five o'clock in the morning would go out with a large basket—no light weight, I can assure you—and from house to house, from apartment to apartment, begging from cooks and scullery-maids, the broken bread and meat of the day before. I know that often—perhaps four days in the week—this good woman would content herself with nothing more than a crust of dry bread, or a little meagre soup. I know that the sisters were so poor, that when they wanted a clock in their large house to regulate their hours, they were two months in saving money enough to buy a common Dutch one; I know that often that poor sister would be trudging about Paris with her heavy basket for six or seven hours, and yet never complain. That is what I call devotion and self-sacrifice, and all done, that she who was young and active, might help to feed the blind, the halt, the aged and the destitute; and the rest did as much.

No wonder then that all classes, even the most desperate, respect the sister of charity abroad, and that she may go undaunted and undefiled into parts of cities where the police themselves dare not enter; no wonder that they think it no harm to be locked in the same cell with a prisoner of the vilest character, if he is sick and needs their attendance.

Madeleine followed Barberousse and the doctor in silence, through the long echoing passages, till they reached No. 6. They heard a low singing within, and Madeleine was pleased to find that the air sung was one she knew and loved so well—the "*Cornflowers*," of Victor Hugo.

The key grated in the lock, and all three entered. It was strange to see how Barberousse watched the sister's face, but he watched in vain, for she bent her head a little, and the large cap of the sisterhood completely hid her features. The sick man lay with his face towards the wall, and the doctor went up to him, took his hand, and felt his pulse.

"Are you better, my friend?" said the worthy man.

The invalid made no answer.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "the fever is very high. This deafness has come on since this morning."

He then spoke louder.

"Better?" laughed the sick man feebly. "Better? ha! ha! Can I ever be better, while she is so bad?"

"Delirious, you see," said the leech. "There is some old love-story here. He spoke in terrible terms of some lady this morning."

Barberousse had been watching Madeleine's figure, as he could not see her face. At the answer of the sick man he had seen a little start, a momentary shudder, but it was only for a moment, just a passing recognition of the sound of the voice, that she took to be a mere fancy.

The doctor now turned to Madeleine, gave the necessary instructions as to treatment for the night, and hurried away. The jailor followed him as far as the first door.

"You'll find the turnkey down there, doctor," he said, and rushing back, he eagerly took up his position at the two gimlet holes.

Madeleine was busied about the room, arranging the various things in such order as to be most handy. The invalid was silent.

I am not one of those humble authors who flatter their readers. Besides, the days of "sweet reader," "gentle reader," &c., are gone out. But I will go the length of saying, that I do not believe that the majority of my readers—may they be legion—are likely to be blockheads. I believe that most of them will have conjectured, or at least hazarded a suspicion that the man with the red beard is Antoine Legrand in his third disguise. If so, they are right, and I need say no more.

I have headed this chapter "*Coincidence*," which is an abbreviation of the "*Romance of Life*." I might therefore, if I chose, attribute the fact of Antoine Legrand's being in the very prison which contained Ludowsky and Paul Montague, to this Divine arrangement. But if any one will take the trouble to remember that foreigners generally, but particularly Frenchmen, are often actuated by a spirit of deep revenge, a spirit which is so un-English, that here it is looked upon as extravagant and melodramatic; if they will further review the character of this said Antoine, as I have attempted to draw it, and remember what years of trouble and toil he had already passed in the pursuit of his one end, and what powers his character and peculiar position gave him, they will easily understand that this assembly of old friends and enemies was after all little more than the result of successful management on the part of the quondam gamekeeper.

But then it was coincidence that brought Madeleine of all the sisters at Dol, to attend the fevered prisoners of Mont St. Michel, and that is why I have headed this chapter with that abstract substantive.

En avant! marchons!

When Madeleine had finished her little occupations, she took a three-legged stool, the only one in the place, set it close to the mattress of the sick man, and sat down upon it. She then drew from her pocket a little volume.

"Ah!" thought Antoine, "a book of meditations."

He was wrong, in his sense; right in another. The volume was the *Rayons et Ombres* of Victor Hugo, the meditations of that poet. This was another piece of Madeleine's independence. Her broad mind revolted from the narrow system of a continually repeated study of the thoughts of Thomas à Kempis, or any other theological pet. Beautiful as they are, and admirable for those who cannot lift their thoughts without such leverage, they were shackles not wings to a mind like hers, that could rise, and always had risen, by itself.

In Victor Hugo's poems, she sought no such aid; she sought a spiritual beauty, which is rare to find in the world, and she loved them for this.

She had not read long, before the low singing began again. It was so low, and the words so inarticulate, that she bent her head to catch it and them. It was again her favorite song, and she recognised the verse—

At Penafiel bloomed Alice fair,
The pearl of all Andalusy;
Alice, whom e'en the honey-bee
Had taken for some blossom rare.

And now her name is breathed with scorn
Those happy days, alas! are done:
Then run! O run! young maidens run,
And cull the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

He sang very slowly, but his voice grew louder as he went on, and he darted suddenly up in his bed, and glared wildly round him.

"Ah! ah!" gasped Madeleine, looking intently at the worn, wan face; "ah! ah! it cannot be! it cannot be!"

"Do you deny it?" said the sick man, seizing her arm and clenching it in his wasted fingers. "Do you deny it? Ha! you women always defend your sex. I tell you—"

But the sudden fit could not last, and the sick man fell back, exhausted and panting, and unable to finish his sentence.

Now the character of the woman came out. She did not shriek, she did not faint as a heroine ought to do, by all the rules of novel writing. She rose quietly, poured out a glass of fresh cold water, and applied it to the parched lips. He gulped it eagerly down.

"More, more," he panted, as she poured it gently—oh! so gently, into his mouth.

And then he was still. He was soothed a little.

She covered him gently up, and then took the glass back to the place whence it came. Then she came back and resumed her seat quietly. With her soft, light hand, she put back the hair from his forehead, and gazed earnestly, too earnestly perhaps, upon his pale, hollow face. She could not help it. She Madeleine, a sister of St. Vincent de Paule, bent her head down, and pressed her lips to his burning forehead.

Antoine's nails were drawing the blood from his hands.

It was only a moment's passion. The long pent-up love, the long subdued passion had burst for one minute into this kiss, a kiss that was as full of pity as of love. The next, she had laid down her book, and kneeling by the bedside, bent her head and prayed long and earnestly, but in silence.

What she prayed Antoine could not guess, and we may not ask. But she prayed long, while the sick man fell into a soft slumber.

The light waned and still she was praying. In that narrow cell it became so dark that Antoine's eyes ached, as he still glared through his gimlet-holes, and dared not leave his watching place, lest Madeleine, when he was gone, should give another pledge of love to the fevered prisoner, and he not know it.

Poor fool! he little thought how earnestly she had been praying for strength to resist the temptation which now rose of forgetting her duty and her devotion, in the regeneration of her old love.

Still he gazed on, till he could only see the white cap in the black cell, and still Madeleine was on her knees. Poor girl! she only felt safe and happy now, when praying.

At last the white cap, faintly seen, moved, rose, and came towards the door. Antoine first heard a low knock inside. He raised himself on tip-toe, and glided sneakily away down the passage. The knock was repeated, and then a voice cried "Jailor!"

He walked with a heavy step up to the door and unlocked it.

"I should wish to have a lamp, or light of some kind," said Madeleine humbly.

"I will fetch it directly," he stammered out, and went a few steps down the passage, but then returned.

"You are not afraid of being left alone in the dark, madame?"

"No, sir; I am not alone."

The words were simple, but to Antoine's jealous heart they bore many a meaning, and rang in his ears, as he groped his way along the passage.

The next corridor was lighted. He asked himself how it was that they had forgotten to light his. He then remembered that he had locked the door after the doctor was gone, and had the key in his pocket. The turnkey who had brought the lamps must have knocked, and he had been so absorbed that he had not heard him. When he returned with the lamp, he found Madeleine sitting on the little three-legged stool. She

rose and took the lamp from his hand, and he saw that there was a look of calm happiness on her face. It was another sword in his heart.

"Shall you remain in the passage, sir?" she asked quietly.

"I or another, madame." But he knew it would be himself alone.

"Then I can call, if I want anything."

"Yes, madame, good night!" And he could not help putting a little irony into those common words.

Madeleine placed the lamp in the corner furthest from the patient, and sat down again on her stool. Antoine lingered a little, pretending to choose the right key from the bunch.

"What time is it, sir?"

He drew out a gold watch. Gold for a jailor!

"Half-past nine, madame."

"Thank you!"

Still lingering. "Shall I leave my watch with you, madame?"

"Ah! yes. But perhaps you may want it yourself."

"No, I have another, thank you," and he drew out a great silver warming-pan.

"Well, I should like to know how long he sleeps. He is quite calm now, and his hand is even a little moist."

Antoine gave her the watch. He delighted to hear her voice, but he dared not linger more. Indeed he did not know what more to say. So he went out and locked the door. He set his own lamp far away at the other end of the passage, and then returned to watch at the door.

For hours Madeleine sat there, thinking and watching, but motionless. For hours Antoine stood there, gazing at her, as only one who has loved strongly can gaze.

The silence of the night came down on all that place, and grew terrible. These two heard nothing but the hard breathing of the sleeper, and the beating of their own hearts.

About midnight the sleeper groaned and woke, and put out his hand. Madeleine took it. It was burning hot. The patient turned towards her with pain.

"Water," he said faintly.

She brought it, and poured it gently upon his burning tongue. He grew calmer then. He sighed a little, and looked up into Madeleine's face. She trembled lest he should be conscious and know her, and Antoine stared in an agony of suspense.

The sick man said: "Who are you?"

She said; "I am a sister of mercy, come to nurse you. You must stay quiet. You must not talk."

He still looked into her face as if he did not hear, and she with an effort turned it away.

"Look at me," said the sick man.

How could she refuse?

He looked long and earnestly into her face. Then he said in English: "They have taken my dog away. Where is he? Smug, dear Smug! Do you remember Smug?"

Madeleine understood and trembled. Could it be that he was conscious, or was it only a proof of high delirium, that he spoke in his own language?

She tried to answer him in English, but the words would not come. She said in French: "*Soyez tranquille*. I will take care that your dog is brought to you."

This relieved the watcher at the door. But the sick man said impatiently: "What? I cannot hear you."

She summoned up the old memories, and said louder and in English: "Rest tranquil. I will make to bring your dog to you."

Poor Madeleine, with her broken English!

Still the sick man gazed into her face, and still held her hand.

"They tell me that she did not love me," he went on in English. "They say that she loved another man—a bad man. That she—she—"

Here he sighed heavily.

"Lie tranquil," said Madeleine.

He went on, "Her name was Madeleine. It is the name of a woman in the Bible, who was possessed of seven devils—seven devils!"

He spoke very low, and Madeleine bowed her ear to catch his words. At her own name she shuddered.

"This woman repented; Madeleine has not repented; Madeleine is worse than she—"

Here his voice grew louder and thick.

"Oh!" he cried, rolling his head on the pillow; "oh! she deceived me. She is unworthy. She—she—is damned for ever. And so beautiful—to be damned. Oh! I must be damned too—I must—I must—"

He was now raving. Madeleine, trembling in every limb, fetched the can of ice, and laid a lump upon his burning brow.

It calmed him, and he muttered softly, "Madeleine, Madeleine, I do love thee."

How the words went to her soul, though spoken in delirium!

And yet she thrust down her emotion, and held the ice to his head, while his burning skin melted it rapidly, and streams of cold water flowed down his cheeks. He was calmer now, but she almost dreaded this calm. She feared more than anything his becoming reasonable and recognising her. She well knew that the excitement would kill him, and yet she could not tear herself from his side. She resolved that she would nurse him to the last.

Presently he said: "Thank you, I feel better now."

He spoke in French, and so calmly that she was frightened.

After a little while he said, "Will you let me tell you all about it? You know I loved her very much, but I was cruel to her, God forgive me! But I fear he never will forgive me. Then a man came this morning, a little while ago, and told me that she—she had been—the—the mistress of that man."

Madeleine drew back her hand in sudden horror, but she checked herself immediately; and listened to his low voice with both ears. It was only delirium she thought; and what fancies do not rise in fever?

"She had loved him long, and she yielded to him. They told me that. but," and here he smiled faintly, "but I do not believe a word of it. Madeleine is as pure as the stars in heaven."

She breathed again. She could not realize that this was all the heated fancy of sickness. Presently he murmured: "Rose—Rose loved me. Rose defended me. Madeleine pleaded for that man's life, but good little Rose defended mine with her own body."

There was something of relief in this. It was a respite from the reproaches which she expected to be loaded on herself.

Soon he turned and looked at her tenderly.

"I think you are like Rose. No, you are like Madeleine, very like. I think I should love you, if I could ever love again."

Then he fell back and was quiet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—LOVE AND PITY VERSUS DUTY.

THE dull hours crept slowly on to many in that prison, yet not to the three in the scene before us. One lay in fitful memories unconscious of the present. Another, watching him, fought a great fight within her mind. The third, watching both, formed plans and settled their details.

The greatest struggle was already over in Madeleine's soul. The combatants had been Love and Duty, and the latter had gained the day. But another *casus belli* had arisen, and Love took to himself an ally named Pity—a woman's pity, too; and in time the two conquered. A voice—I believe it was an angel's—had whispered to Madeleine: "If he recovers, will you leave him in this prison to rot? By a little sacrifice—little to you—you can effect his escape; and his crime, whatever it was, has been more than punished." Then Duty gave in, but only conditionally. "Try legitimate means first," he insisted. Pity, the Amazon, consented. "He is an Englishman. In Brittany, I have heard, he was hunted down, and had, perhaps, no opportunity, even if he had time, to appeal to the interference of the English Ambassador. I have heard that the government of these northern people saves its worst subjects from even just punishment abroad. Monsieur Palmerston is still the ruler in England. I will act on my own responsibility, and write to the Ambassador at Paris."

Morning came, and grew apace. Weary at last of gazing at Madeleine's still face, Antoine went up to his room for a while.

Out of his huge wardrobe he took a desk; unlocked it, and pressed a secret spring, which opened a little drawer where lay a few well-thumbed letters. He took one paper from among them—a little crumpled bit—opened it and read the words: "I have spared your life; make a better use of it than you have done, and be grateful.—PAUL MONTAGUE."

Then this man, whom no one had been able to melt from his stern, selfish resolves, began to try to melt himself. Here was another struggle, but selfishness had the day. "I must keep her here, whatever happens, even if I have to sham fever myself, which to me would be the acme of wretchedness, and probably a failure."

The doctor came at nine o'clock, and sent Madeleine away to get some breakfast.

"The fever," he said, "was not abated. All depended on the next night, and if that passed well, all danger was over."

Madeleine left willingly, not indeed to breakfast—for how could she eat?—but to carry out the resolve she had formed. In the sick ward she found sister Elizabeth, who had been attending her patients since six in the morning.

"Can you leave them for a little, dear?"

"I think so; I am scarcely wanted at present."

The two went out and down the stony path to their little lodging.

"I have a case," said Madeleine, "which demands all my time and care for two or three days at least, a case of great danger, will you—"

"Yes, yes," interpreting her meaning, "gladly. I will take your patients in the sick ward. It will be an excuse for me to see less of No. 17."

"And why desire to see less of him?"

"I am really unfit for the task. He is not ill, exactly. He is only in a low state, brought on, I fancy, partly by insufficient food, partly by that horrid place—oh! is it not a horrible place?—but mostly by remorse and despondency."

"Ah! he is some great criminal."

"Yes, very great. But he is in prison for a political offence. His crime is of a private kind, a very deep one; oh, a terrible one!"

And the poor thing drooped her head upon her bosom.

"He has then talked to you about it?" asked Madeleine, drawn a little from her own thoughts by her solicitude for her younger sister.

"Yes, indeed, though it was not right of him to do so to me, so young as I am. When I first went into the cell, he lay all huddled up in the corner. I asked him what I could do for him, but he only shuddered and said nothing. When at last I touched his shoulder and repeated my question, he trembled violently, and cried out. At last he looked at me. 'Ah!' he said, 'the demon comes in a new form, and he is right. It is as a woman that he ought to taunt me!' I told him that I did not come to taunt, but to take care of him, and to be kind to him. This was what the priest told me to do. 'Kind!' he said, laughing horribly, 'that is mockery indeed.' I said all the kind, soothing things I could, and at last he melted a little and said, 'You would not offer to be kind to me, if you knew how I ruined one of your sex.' I said that God was merciful, and if he was truly penitent, would doubtless forgive him. 'God!' said he; 'if God is merciful, if there is a God at all, why does he send demons to torture me? why does he let one of his own creatures rot in this misery, as I am rotting? why does he send poor Marie the Singer—'"

"Marie the Singer?" exclaimed Madeleine eagerly.

"Yes, that was the name. Is it not a strange one?"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Oh! that was the name he used."

"How strange! Do you know, dear sister, I have heard of this story? There was a poor girl of that name in our village, who went astray, and was deserted. Stay, tell me what this man is like."

Elizabeth described him.

"It is he, altered by illness and prison-life. Stay, you will see him again, I suppose?"

"Yes, I fear it."

"Find out, if you can, if his name is Ludowaky. Be careful to say nothing about me."

And so Madeleine discovered another old acquaintance.

She wrote two letters, one to her parents, to whom she wrote seldom, for in devoting herself to God's work, she had sworn to forget the world; the other to the British Ambassador, 89, Faubourg St. Honoré. This letter, of course, gave her endless trouble to compose, and demanded all her tact and discretion. Its main points were, that she had been called upon to attend an English prisoner, Mr. Paul Montague, &c., dangerously ill of typhus fever, &c., that he was imprisoned for such and such political offence, &c., and she had every reason to believe had never undergone a regular trial, &c. &c. She begged that her letter might be considered strictly confidential, as she was acting entirely on her own responsibility.

At the end of a week she received the following reply, with, of course, the *et ceteras* properly filled up:

"MADAME—I am directed by his Excellency, the &c. &c. of Her Britannic &c., at the Court of his Imperial &c. to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., and to assure you that his Excellency has made the matter there referred to the subject of a special interview with the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency begs me to express his deep regret that it is not in his power to take any measures towards the release of Mr. Paul Montague. He finds that the case was investigated with all the justice that characterizes the proceedings of the Ministry of the Interior of this country, and that the nature of the prisoner's offence precludes any interference on the part of Her Britannic Majesty's Government.

"I beg to assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and have the honor to be, &c. &c."

This was only reasonable, though in Naples it might have been otherwise; and if Madeleine had known more of the world perhaps she would never have written. But once the thought of his release fixed in her mind, and it could not long be rooted out. She turned at once unflinchingly to other channels. By the same post she received a long letter from home, enclosing what she had asked for, a bank-note for a thousand francs, and thus one difficulty was got over.

Meanwhile the dreadful night had passed, and Paul Montague was still alive. To Madeleine it had been a terrible night, and those which followed it, when she had to watch more carefully than ever, that the life, secured from the disease, might not fall a prey to the weakness that followed, were perhaps worse. For had this been any other sick man, for whom she had no especial interest, she would still have felt a terrible anxiety. She, who held that death had nothing so terrible in it as men think, that it was only the leap from doubtful time to certain eternity, and believed so firmly in the overflowing mercy of the All-Merciful, that she could never contemplate that eternity as one of misery even for the worst, had yet gathered from the exercise of her duties, even as the physician does, a conviction of the value of life, and of her own great responsibility in sustaining it.

But though Madeleine believed that she had overcome her deep love of Paul Montague; though she had prayed against it and struggled to crush it out, that it might not clash with her devotion to God, yet it was still there to increase her fears.

Some people tell you that this love is excusable under any circumstances, because—it is natural. As if the natural state of man after the fall were not one of sin, and everything that is natural about man more or less sinful. Others condemn all such love as romantic, sentimental—in short, bosh. These are your "eminently practical" men; and they will be generally found to possess another love, far lower and more contemptible, viz., that of self, in a very high degree. These are the extremes. The mean conclusion is, that love, as we commonly use the word—the love of man and maid—should never be denied to either, because it is a law of God, as much as the love of parent and child; but I hold that it is raised too high in the scale of loves, and is unworthy of the sacrifices that are made to it.

All love in mankind is selfish, but the lowest of all, which

shackles all save the perfect, is the love of self. This is common to all living creatures, and, as it would seem, even to angels, though in a very slight degree. Then comes the love of offspring, which is a part of self, common to all living creatures, but not found in angels. Then comes the love, *par excellence*, of man and maid—passion—which mankind holds in a more refined manner than other animals, but which is stronger in the latter. The perfect love of husband and wife, which is only perfected when there is the child between them—for man is only perfectly man when these three are united—is the next in order. It is the perfection of the last two; it is not held by other animals, nor indeed by all the human race, nor even by all civilised races, for it is not dependent on civilisation, nor indeed by all the good, for many of the saints have been bachelors and old maids, nor, though everybody tells you so, can you be certain it is the state of the angels. We know not by what law it is governed and distributed.

These are material loves. Then comes the love of kindred, less selfish than the rest, and utterly unknown to other animals: what puppy knows his brother? Higher still is the love of friends; but since this is still a *fish*, we come to that great love (in which the selfishness is at least invisible, though doubtless still there) which is called by the righteous brotherly love, and which is taught as the second commandment given to men. It is so far from being innate, that few attain to it, and those few are called saints. The love known only to the angels, a love of all that is created, of all things under God, is the next, excelled only by the love of all to God, and that highest love, of God to all.

Amen!

Why, then, is this love of man and maid, which ranks so low, held in such high wonder by mankind, that he has sung of nothing else, in all ages, and that a thousand novels are yearly written about it? Because, from all time, it has been the second cause of sin and misery. Selfishness was and is the first. Selfishness prompted Eve to sin. Love bade her draw Adam into her confidence, and Adam fell. Is it not a truism? is it not known to you all? There is no need that I should cite instances of the calamity of this love in the world's history, or of the goodness of this love. Do you not all know that for one man whom it drags into sin, it rescues nine from it; that from it comes forth, like steam from boiling water, that brotherly love, which we strive to attain to, otherwise, so long in vain; nay, even that love of God, which we have never known.

Therefore shall a man leave father and mother and cling to his beloved. Therefore men sing, and tell, and write of it, till they are hoarse and sore-fingered; and, therefore, those who interfere with this love, be they parents or guardians or short-sighted ecclesiastics, who affirm that the services of celibates are more pleasing to God than of those who obey his great law of love, are sinners, and the cause of sin in others.

And as Madeleine sat day after day by the sick man, she began to think confusedly like this, and to doubt the virtue of her celibacy, and her stoning love with the pebbles of conscience till it died. But then the church had said so. Was the church greater than God? But, believe me, it was not all reason that ordered this battle. Madeleine was a woman, still a woman, though she thought she had conquered the woman's passion, and it was the woman's instinct that fought against the church. And she knew it, and dreaded it.

The fever passed, slowly but surely. The delirium went too, and Madeleine had no excuse for sitting whole nights, where she loved to sit, but thought it wrong to do so. Still the sick man had not recognised her; at least she thought so. But he had.

One morning, she said to sister Elisabeth, "I'm going to-day to Avranches; you will be alone in the sick-ward."

Elisabeth, who leaned upon her older sister as the ivy does upon the oak, did not ask the reason of this departure.

"When will you be back, dear?" was all she said.

"This evening;" and she went on foot across the sands. Now, in her innocence, she asked Antoine Legrand the safest way to go. He took her to a window, and pointed out a white rock on the distant shore.

"Make straight for that, turning neither to right nor left, and you will escape the quicksands. There, you see a man coming across now with a donkey? That is the path. There is a shorter way to the left, but it is not safe without a guide."

Antoine went to look for a turnkey, and told him to take his duty for him. He then sought out the deputy governor.

"I have some business of importance to-day," he said, "and shall be away till this evening. You will apprise the governor of my absence, and see that my duties are attended to."

"It is a pity you did not ask for leave last night," said the systematic *locum tenens*.

"That is my affair, sir," replied the head-jailor, and going up to his room, selected with some hesitation a disguise from his wardrobe, wig, moustache and all complete, and putting them in a bundle under his arm, issued from the prison, and made his way to a small retired café, where he was well and privately known. Here he replaced the mud-colored wig with one of plenteous black curls, the beard with a small black moustache. He soon issued forth as a countryman, with short blouse and large hat; and away he went across the sands. All this had taken some time, and Madeleine was far on her road. He saw the large white cap flapping in the wind far away, and quietly took the short cut.

He arrived at Avranches before her in great expectation. "What on earth is she going to do here?"

His disappointment was considerable when he found that she only went into a haberdasher's shop, and filled her basket with articles of feminine attire, of a coarse and simple kind. She came out rather unexpectedly, while he was loitering before the window, smoking a short pipe, and looking like a laborer out of work. She came up to him and quietly asked him the way to a little village on the sea-shore. Antoine was rather taken by surprise, but his old habits stood him in stead, and he answered roughly in a moment, and in a well-feigned voice,

"I am going there myself madame, directly. I don't mind going at once and showing you the way."

She accepted his offer, and they walked down the hill in silence. When they came in sight of the village, Antoine said:

"If madame will tell me whom she is going to see there, perhaps I can direct her to the cottage."

"I am going to a fisherman, who keeps boats for hire. I do not know his name."

"Ah! It is Quillac madame means." And he directed her to the cottage, and left her.

Soon after she had done her business at the fisherman's, and was already mounting the hill to return to Avranches, Antoine managed adroitly to get into conversation with the fisherman's wife.

"Have you anybody ill at home, *ma belle*?"

"Not we. We don't know such a thing as sickness here."

"I saw a sister go in here. She asked me the way, in fact."

"Oh! she; yes. She came to hire a boat for next Saturday week."

"A long time first."

"Yes; she said she wouldn't be able to come over again, but one of the sisters was coming that day from Mont St. Michel, and was to go over to St. Héliers."

"St. Héliers? Why, that's in Jersey. What could she want there?"

So this time M. Antoine thought he had got very little satisfaction by his espionage; but he loved a mystery. The unravelling of it stood him instead of better or worse thoughts, when he was alone.

When Madeleine reached the prison gate, the porter, as usual, examined her basket, to see that there were no letters for the prisoners within, nor other suspicious articles. She drew out several yards of coarse gray cotton stuff.

"Ah, *c'est bien; c'est bien!*" smiled the porter, who dearly loved the pleasant faces of the two sisters, that came and went like sunbeams in that dismal hell. "Ah! yes, madame is going to make herself a new gown. I am glad of it."

Madeline said nothing, but passed on to the sick ward. Elizabeth was not there.

"She is sitting with No. 17," said the old factotum. "He's been very much worse to-day, and the doctor says he don't

think he'll live. Well, I can't pity him dying in this place," she added, lowering her voice. "It's bad enough for me, who can go in and out as I please. It must be awful for these fellows as is here for life. Your poor sister will have to sit up with No. 17 to-night, I fancy."

"And the doctor says he cannot live?"

"So he thinks. The fever's been on him all this time, he says, and no one thought it: Sainte Marie! it's terrible, terrible! Do you know, it's all over the village now, and at Avranches too. It's going round the country. And they've sent for two more sisters from Coutances to attend the sick in the village. Ah! *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* we shall all be dead soon!"

"Not at all, my good friend. The first rule is, not to be afraid. Think how *le bon Dieu* has preserved you already in the very midst of it all, and us too, and yet we are better than any one. Keep up your active habits, and your spirits, and *le bon Dieu* will take care of you."

So the young girl cheered the poor old woman.

"How is No. 6?" she asked presently, returning from a passing visit to the patients of the sick ward.

"Oh! he's all right. He's quite sensible now, and takes notice, the doctor says."

"I must go and see him."

"Do. Sure your dear face will soon bring him up, if it's only the sight of you."

Madeline was tired with her long walk and scanty fare, but the joy of seeing him again, though she would not confess it, held her up. Antoine was already back, had changed his costume, and was there to take her to the cell. When she entered, she met Paul's eyes at once, but he instantly turned round towards the wall.

"So you are come back at last?" he said, quite in his own natural voice, although somewhat feebly.

Antoine was watching outside the door.

"Yes, and I am glad to hear you are better."

He took no notice of this, and she sat down on the stool, almost glad that he did not yet recognise her. Presently he said:

"You know that I have recognised you a long time. You are Madeleine de Ronville." His voice was perfectly calm.

She started a little, but checked herself.

"Yes, yes," she said gently; "but it is better for you not to talk just now. Let me feel your hand."

But he turned sharply round on the bed.

"I must and will talk," he said irritably; "you cannot prevent me, mademoiselle; I am strong now and quite well again, and I have no relief but to talk. O God! how terrible it is to recover to such a life! Why did you nurse me through it? Why did you not let me die? The old terrible memories have all come back upon me, and, as if that were not enough, you are here to confirm them. O God! why couldst thou not have let me die?"

Madeline was hurt and chilled. This man was still ungrateful, still unworthy. She said very gently:

"You must not talk like this, sir. God has saved your life, that you may make a good use of it."

"Ah! that is good! And what use can I make of my life, pray tell me, in this hole? Some men have done good, even in prisons. St. Paul converted his jailor. Would you have me attempt to work on that stiff, red-bearded brute, who used to kick poor Ludowsky about like a dog? You know Ludowsky is here too?"

"Yes, I heard it." Then she bent low, and said, "Do not reproach God with his mercy. He has sent me to save you from this wretched life. I have arranged everything for your escape."

"Thank you, mademoiselle," he answered in a loud defiant tone. "I have had enough of your offers already. I know what they are worth. I would rather rot here till I die, than escape by your treacherous hand."

Antoine heard him, and so solved his mystery.

Poor Madeleine felt the tears gush into her eyes. She did not reproach him with this rude heartlessness. She explained it in her own way. But she could not allow him to see her

wretchedness, and rising she took up her work, and went towards the door. She knocked and was let out, and then hurried away, and when once in the open air, let free these showers from her eyes.

It relieved her. She went down to her lodging, and on her knees thanked God that he had removed all temptation; that this man loved her not, and she had almost ceased to love him. And yet, when she had done praying, the woman's pity overcame her, and she got up and worked away at the deceitful gown which was to save him from a miserable existence.

In the morning she rose calm and grateful. It was only five o'clock, but the summer sun was already up, and the fresh light breeze from the distant ocean cheered her. She looked out upon the quiet little street, and was trying to make up her mind how to act.

"I may not see him again yet. Indeed I dare not, but I must do so soon. If he is to escape—and he shall—I must make all the arrangements with him. He is certainly stronger. By Saturday week, he will be able to walk, even as far as Arranches. I know that often after a fever, when the patient gets out into fine fresh air, he gains strength rapidly."

A sleepy soldier was coming down the street, rubbing his eyes, and looking uncomfortable. He saw her face at the window, and stopped in front of the house.

"Ah! *c'est là*," and he held up a note. He knew Madeleine well by sight, for he had often been sentry in front of the prison.

"*C'est pour vous, ma'mselle.*"

She came down in a hurry, and tore open the note.

"MADAME—No. 6 is much worse again this morning, and desires to see you immediately, or as soon as you can conveniently come. As the governor and deputy are not yet up I have taken on myself the responsibility of preferring this request, JAILOR, ANTOINE."

"So; his name is Antoine! Ah! how that face has haunted me!" So she thought, as she hurried up to the prison, with much fear at her heart.

Barberousse was waiting for her inside the gate. Madeleine looked into his face more narrowly than she had yet done. There might be some resemblance, but it was a great part of Antoine's plan to alter his manner with every new disguise. This stiff, respectful and respectable gait was so different to the impetuous action of Antoine Legrand.

"What is the matter with No. 6, Monsieur Antoine?"

She watched his face as she pronounced the name. Not a muscle moved.

"Madame, he has been groaning aloud all night. I sat outside in case of accident. He got up in the middle of the night, and insisted on sitting on the floor. I tried to persuade him to get into bed again, and he then asked if you were in the prison. So I promised to send for you as early as possible."

They went first to the sick ward, for she wished to fetch a bottle of wine. She found Elizabeth there, drinking a little coffee, and looking very much worn. The poor girl almost wept when she saw her sister.

"I have had such a night of it. He is dying, there is no doubt, and to-night will be his last; but he is perfectly conscious, which is the worst part of it. To-night he said to me, 'I wish to make you my confessor. I know I shall die, and I do so, believing firmly in God. You have taught me to look for mercy from Him, and I do look for it; but I cannot bear the priest. He seems to look through and through me, and to be judging me severely all the time. You will judge me mercifully.' He told me several horrible things about his early life. He told me all his political career, and then he came to tell me something very strange about you. I know it is you he spoke of. His name is Ludowsky, and the name of the lady he mentioned was Madeleine de Ronville. Was not your name De Ronville, when you were in the world?"

Madeleine trembled.

"Yes," she answered.

"Do you wish me to tell you all he said. He commissioned me to do so, if ever I met you anywhere. Of course, I did not tell him that you were here."

"Yes, yes, tell me all."

"He said that he had first been introduced to you as an heiress; that he found you so cold and haughty, that at first he never liked you, but he soon learned your real worth, poor dear sister," and she took her hand lovingly. "Who could help knowing your worth? Well, then he told me, that after a time he learned something about you and a gamekeeper, who had saved your life. He said he never knew the whole story, but he was afraid that you secretly returned the love of this man, and that he began to love you himself, out of mere opposition as it were. I'm sure I don't know how that could be. As if he could not love you enough for yourself."

"Go on, dear child."

"He said he loved you as much as a man of the bad life he had led could love, but that you repulsed him with so much coldness, that at last he turned against you, and almost hated you. Now comes the important part of the story. He says that in this very prison there is another conspirator, an Englishman, whom one day he met under the crypt—oh! he told me horrible stories about that crypt, but I will tell you another time—and who, he discovered, from the way he spoke of you, was also in love with you. He said that he had always hated this Englishman, and that, in a wicked moment, he told him a terrible lie—"

"What, what?" betraying her agitation.

"Poor child; I have told you too much, too suddenly."

"No, no; go on, dearest."

"He told him," said Elizabeth, growing very solemn, "that you had once been guilty of a wicked connection with this gamekeeper—"

Madeleine passed her hand across her burning forehead. It seemed as if her troubles only thickened, as if the whole world were set against her.

"Poor, dear Madeleine," said Elizabeth fondly, "he confessed it was all a lie, invented at the time; and he wept, oh, it is horrible to see a man weep! so bitterly."

"Tell him I forgive him," said Madeleine softly. Then taking her bottle of wine, she went sadly to Paul's cell.

(To be continued.)

THE POPULATION AND RELIGIONS IN THE WORLD.

The Director of the Statistical Bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:—

The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1,288,000,000, viz: Europe, 272,000,000; Asia, 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 59,000,000; and Australia, 2,000,000.

The population of Europe is thus subdivided: Russia contains 62,000,000; the Austrian States, 36,398,620; France, 36,039,364; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407; Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 15,518,000; the two Sicilies, 8,616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,820; Sardinia, 4,976,034; Belgium, 4,607,066; Bavaria, 4,547,239; the Netherlands, 3,487,617; Portugal, 1,347,190; the Papal States, 8,100,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,648.

In Asia, the Chinese Empire contains 400,000,000; the East Indies, 171,000,000; the Indian Archipelago, 80,000,000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000.

In America, the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7,677,800; Mexico, 7,661,520.

In the several nations of the earth there are 835,000,000 Christians (of whom 170,000,000 are Papists, 69,000,000 Protestants, and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek Church). The number of Jews amounts to 5,000,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe, viz: 1,250,000 in European Russia, 853,804 in Austria, 234,248 in Prussia, 192,176 in other parts of Germany, 62,470 in the Netherlands, 38,953 in Italy, 78,995 in France, 38,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600,000,000, Mahomedans at 160,000,000, and "Heathen" (the Gentiles proper), at 200,000,000.



INHABITANTS OF KERY CARRIED AS SLAVES TO THE EGYPTIAN PROVINCES.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair ;
I'm stepping towards the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I tread the crowded street :
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy !
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer ;
Whatever I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there ! Where then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear ;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
'Tis but his wardrobe locked—he is not there !

He lives !—in all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair :
In dreams I see him now ;
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there !"

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there !

EGYPTIAN SLAVERY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the boasted civilization of the present day, slavery still exists in its very worst and most repulsive form in many countries, which from their isolation escape with comparatively little notice. The abolitionists of this country take care that the doings in Cuba, in Brasil, and in many of the West India Islands, shall not be forgotten, but they know but little of the extent to which slavery is sometimes carried.

The cruelty and magnitude of slavery amongst many of the less civilized nations of the East are hardly thought of, and consequently are but seldom condemned.

In Egypt and the provinces belonging to it, it is in no ways uncommon for the governor of one of the more distant provinces to let loose his soldiery on some innocent village not

strong enough to protect itself, who level the houses to the ground, and carry back to their tyrant master the fruits of their murder and rapine. The poor wretches of villagers, who are first bound to heavy blocks of timber and then fastened to the horses or camels of their captors, first witness the destruction of their peaceful homes, the murder of their defenceless wives and children, and are afterwards tortured and driven like wild cattle to some far distant part of the country, often to become in their turn the tyrants of other hapless victims as miserable as themselves.

During the progress of these unfortunate wretches to the homes of their future masters they often fall dead by the side of the track. Happy indeed are they who procure such a merciful relief to their sufferings, for death would be ten thousand times more to be preferred than the tortures which they endure on their journey. If tired out by the weight of the log of wood to which they are attached, they halt but for one moment, they are again goaded into action by the sharp points of the bayonets of their guards ; and when in motion the sharp edges of the wood works its way into the flesh, causing tortures and suffering which the Christian reader can scarcely imagine. To these horrors let him add the lash, the fierce heat of a tropical sun, thirst and hunger, and he will have a faint idea of the atrocities practised in order to gratify the insatiable avarice of the Egyptian governors of provinces.

Even in the villages which are not treated in this manner a man can never raise himself above his original condition, as, directly he has accumulated a little substance, the governor swoops down upon his riches, and he may count himself happy if he is not, with his family, carried off into slavery.

Under such an accumulation of miseries which seem to crowd upon the unhappy inhabitants of the provinces upon the frontiers of Egypt, it should be no matter of surprise that they have sunk into the very lowest depths of barbarism.

For many hundreds of years civilization has apparently been within the reach of these benighted regions, but it has made no impression, ameliorated no suffering ; the inhabitants only appear to sink into deeper degradation, as other and more western nations improve.

Are the defects of these people radical ? are they incapable of improvement, and is their lot to be for ever like that of Canaan, to be servants of servants to their brethren ?

In the spirited drawing which we engrave this month, representing the inhabitants of a small village called Kery-Redints being carried into bondage, we have an illustrative example of the evils to which we have alluded.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

A FEW years ago I was whiling away some weeks of my summer vacation on the shores of the Mediterranean, having chosen Marseilles as the centre of a series of excursions in the South of France. One day, on returning home from a pleasant stroll under the shade of the leafy plane-trees that form the magnificent avenue of the Prado, I found at my lodgings a letter from a correspondent in London, stating that affairs of the utmost importance to myself required my presence in the city on the 17th of the month, and this was the morning of the 18th. By the date of the letter it was evident that it had been delayed during its transit, affording a proof of the irregularity that forms the rule in the French post-office.

Not a moment was to be lost ; I hurried to the office of the Messageries Nationales, intending to secure, if possible, a through ticket to Boulogne ; but found, as might have been anticipated, every place taken already for several days in advance. Having, however, a slight acquaintance with one of the individuals who was booked for that evening's *malle-poste*, I sought him out, bought the place of him, and at four o'clock found myself at the Gare, carpet-bag in hand, all ready for a start, and a few minutes later the train was *en route* for Avignon.

Whizzing along at the respectable pace maintained on French railways, we passed through the succession of deep cuttings in the limestone rocks that are met with in the first few miles

from Marseilles, catching now and then brief glimpses of the Mediterranean, stretched out far below us, and dotted here and there with the picturesque fishing craft of the bay—on through leafy vineyards, where the grapes were just beginning to turn from green to brown; through the gray olive-orchards, stretching in monotonous rows over the arid soil; past the great Etang, where Marseillais sportsmen love to resort for their favorite duck-shooting; on through the great tunnel, said to be the longest in the world; past Arles, famous for its lovely women; past Beaucaire, where still is annually held the fair which once rivalled that of Leipzig in extent and amount of wealth, but is now reduced to the shadow only of its former self; until the shades of evening had quite closed in, and I, the sole occupant of a second-class carriage, gradually yielded to the soporific influences of a comfortably cushioned seat, of the easy motion of the train, and of the hour itself.

Not long, however, was I permitted to dally in the arms of Morpheus; the train drew up with an abrupt jerk before a station; lights flashed in at the windows, and the cry of "Avignon," as I imagined, resounded along the line. In my anxiety to reach the mail-coach in time, I hastily seized my carpet-bag, and sprang upon the platform the moment that the carriage-door was opened by the conductor. On looking around, however, I speedily discovered that I was mistaken in imagining we had reached the terminus of our route; instead of having arrived at Avignon, the train had merely halted at an insignificant way-station, the last encountered before reaching the city. I immediately turned around to resume my place, but at the same moment the engine ceased hissing, snorted like an impatient steed, backed and slowly recommenced its onward course. I endeavored to re-enter the carriage, but was rudely pushed back to the platform by a bearded conductor, who shouted, "*Il n'est pas permis d'entrer quand les wagons roulent*," as, with a demoniacally mocking scream, the train passed onward, leaving me behind.

A couple of surly officials stood on the platform, from whom I elicited the not very cheering fact that I was eight miles from Avignon, and that the wretched village possessed no means of conveyance that could carry me thither. It was already after half-past seven, and at eight o'clock the *malle-poste* in which my place was secured started, I knew, from Avignon. If I missed this trip I should be delayed at least twelve hours, rendering it impossible to reach London on the specified day, besides losing the ticket I had secured for the entire journey. Whilst these unpleasant reflections were crowding upon my mind, I caught sight of a peasant lazily lounging by the waiting-room door, and, with hands in pockets, enjoying the spectacle of my discomfiture. I accosted him.

"Do you wish to earn a Napoleon to night?"

"*Un Napoleon*?" he repeated, apparently not comprehending the question.

"Yes," I replied, "show me the way to Avignon at once, and you shall have a Napoleon-d'or for your pains. Come, be quick! Will you guide me?"

"*C'est y heu!*" (I believe you!) exclaimed the Provençal, with great alacrity, his eyes glistening with delight at the prospect of earning such a sum with so little trouble.

"*Ven aca!*" (come this way), motioning me to follow him, as he set off at once in the direction of the city.

Having explained to my guide how necessary it was that I should be in Avignon within as short a time as possible, he willingly consented to run with me the whole way, "if M'sieu wished it," and set off with such hearty good will that we had soon left the village behind, and were in the open country beyond. As we ran, a small quantity of five franc pieces, which I carried, as is the custom in travelling upon the Continent, in a small leather pouch slung by my side, for the immediate exigencies of the journey, maintained an incessant jingle, inducing a pleasant train of speculation in my mind as to the precise amount of temptation that would be required to induce my guide to murder an unknown traveller in so lonely a road as that over which we were then passing. Not a habitation was in sight as far as the eye could range; on either hand stretched interminable fields of madder, though which the dusty by-road meandered, glittering white in the clear cold

moonbeams, save where some melancholy poplar projected its tall shadow along the path. Certainly, if my companion harbored any evil intentions with regard to myself, there was no hope of escape; but, as there was no help for it, and my guide, though a Provençal, might possibly entertain some scruples on the subject of murder or robbery, I did not give way to any serious apprehension, but laying my hand familiarly on his shoulder for support, conversed with him until both became too much exhausted and out of breath to ask or answer any more questions on the madder crop, the late inundations and the politics of France—a subject on which he had, I found, a solitary idea—hatred of the unfortunate Guizot, against whom he inveighed in a mixture of patois and broken French, until compelled to desist by sheer want of breath. Still we ran on; mile after mile went by, but Avignon seemed as far as ever, and we were more than once compelled to halt and rest. At last houses began to appear at long intervals along the road—soon we struck the pavement, and a few minutes before nine o'clock we passed beneath the shadow of the grim old Castle of the Popes, and into the courtyard of the Hotel d'Europe. No sooner had we entered the coffee-room than I sank, almost fainting, in a chair, and for some time could not articulate a word of explanation to the crowd of astonished waiters who gathered around us. A stiff glass of brandy and water, however, gave me temporary strength, and the like remedy having been administered to my guide, together with the promised Napoleon-d'or, he went rejoicing on his way. The kindly landlady of the Hotel d'Europe, an old acquaintance of mine, on hearing the state of my case, immediately ordered a postchaise to be got out, and designated a certain Jean Baptiste as the postilion who was to drive me in pursuit of the mail. Amidst a crowd of sympathising bystanders I was lifted into the vehicle, being too much exhausted to use the slightest exertion in my own behalf, when with a cheery "*Bon Voyage*" from madame, who handed me at the last moment a flask of her primest cognac, together with a small basket of cold provisions which she had hastily put together, for my solace on the road, and a loud crack of the postilion's whip, we trundled out of the yard and through the quiet streets of Avignon, at a pace which must have astonished some of the worthy citizens who happened still to be out of doors.

Jean Baptiste, stimulated by promise of a reward, did not spare his steeds, but it was a quarter past nine o'clock, and the mail-coach, with its four excellent horses, had set out at eight. I began to fear that I should be compelled to post all the way to Lyons, in which case, if any delay, as usual, occurred upon the road, I was certain to arrive in London too late for my engagement. At the first stage I received the comforting assurance from the postmaster that to catch the mail was impossible, *une chose inconnue!*

"So it may be," I replied; "but at all events we will try. *En avant*, Jean Baptiste!"

Onward we flew, the chaise swaying from side to side, like a vessel laboring in a heavy sea; ten o'clock passed, eleven, half past eleven, still no signs of the mail, and even Jean Baptiste shrugs his shoulders doubtfully when I ask him, for the twentieth time, if he thinks we shall be able to overhaul the chase. At last, as we reach the brow of a hill, and look down upon the chaussée winding like a huge gray serpent upon the dark plain beneath; a black mass is visible far ahead of us upon the road.

"*La voilà!*" "*V'là la malle!*" breaks simultaneously and triumphantly from myself and Jean Baptiste, who, without stopping to apply the drag, dashed furiously down the hill in pursuit.

Arrived on level ground, he raised himself in his stirrups and shouted at the top of his voice; but we were still at too great a distance to be heard. A similar attempt, however, made a few minutes afterwards, attracted the attention of the mail guard, who ordered the driver to draw up on one side, whilst we, redoubling our speed, were soon alongside the coach. It was just midnight. I was speedily seated in the coupé, the door was banged, and Jean Baptiste, well fed, dismissed on his homeward route.

The two other occupants of the coupé were both, I found,

countrymen of mine, returning home on leave from the Indian army. These gentlemen were astonished on hearing of my misadventure, and the fortunate manner in which I had been able to avoid its evil consequences; but the guard's surprise far exceeded theirs, and at the first halt we made for change of horses, he took occasion to inform me that I was the first passenger he had ever known who had been left behind by a train, and yet had beaten the mail.

It only remains for me to add, that I was in London on the appointed day, and that my exploit, such as it is, can be vouched for.

IMPERIAL BEAR HUNTS.

Bear hunting is the Russian sport *par excellence*, and one of the most exciting of amusements, from the fact that those engaged in it run the chance of getting roughly handed by master Bruin. Now the Czar, Alexander the Second, looking upon it as a manly pastime, shoulders his rifle and starts on a bear's trail, with the same zeal as would be felt by the most inveterate hunter, and prepares himself for the expedition in the same off-hand manner as would any of his subjects, trusting to the keenness of his eye to serve him at need. His predecessors, thinking, no doubt, it would be derogatory for an emperor to be hugged by a surly brute like Bruin, used to shelter themselves behind a barricade of stout matted cords, rather than run the risk of thus compromising their dignity. The present Czar, disclaiming these timid precautions, finds delight in the dangers of the chase, and takes his place in the foremost rank with the trackers. Although the bear at the best is but a coward in a state of revolt, and seldom turns against man unless maddened by wounds, yet each year numerous accidents testify to the perils encountered by his pursuers. He is of prodigious strength, and capable of an agility hardly to be suspected from his unwieldy proportions. It is not so much for his molars as for the gripe of his shaggy, muscular arms, that he is to be feared; those who have to submit to his embraces are seldom released until every rib in their bodies is broken; and should he perchance playfully pat one on the head, the scalp is gone more expeditiously and skilfully than if taken by a Pawnee or Sioux.

Another of the risks of bear-hunting is that of having the nose, ears, cheeks, fingers or toes frost-bitten; for the best time to pursue this sport is when three months' hard frost has accumulated three feet of hard snow, when the thermometer is at something like twenty degrees below freezing point, and when the most remarkable phenomena are produced by the state of the atmosphere. Occasionally, the sun is seen to rise between two paler suns, or flanked by two columns of fire stretching from the horizon to the zenith. Again, at evening, the aurora borealis sheds its fantastic lights over the heavens, making night luminous. The air cuts the skin like a razor blade, the teeth are cold in one's gums, the eyelashes become coated with hoarfrost, and the eyelids freeze together; first partial and then complete blindness ensues. It is necessary, above all things, for the huntsmen to keep careful watch and ward over each other's faces, and to note the approach of the "white canker." Happily the remedy to this evil is simple when applied in time. Immediately the extremity of the nose, ear or finger takes an unnatural hue of whiteness, the part affected must be rubbed with snow, *similia similibus*. The sudden reaction caused by this proceeding restores circulation to the blood and brings back vitality.

In the heart of the wildest and most gloomy of forests, far away from the habitations of man, beneath overthrown trunks, and in the cavities of hollow trees, the bear chooses his retreat, and from it he never stirs while winter lasts. There, curled into a round ball, his muzzle resting on his belly, he passes the coldest period of the year, motionless as a marmot, except that now and then he gravely sucks his four paws, partly as a means of sustaining life and partly as an amusement. This is also the period of the females littering, and these ursine mammas are frequently found in company with a couple of young cubs, for which they display great affection, and which get remarkably

well licked during their infancy, in the absence of a more nutritious class of diet.

When the peasants of a village, shut up in some vast woodland solitude of Northern Russia, discover the track of a bear, he is immediately denounced by them, "for a consideration," to hunters from St. Petersburg, and a siege *en règle* is at once laid to his stronghold. A cordon of beaters is silently drawn round the spot, as circumscribed in extent as possible, within which are the hunters, ready at a moment's notice to discharge their rifles at master Bruin. When everything is ready the signal is given. A frightful din is raised, and the bear, troubled and disgusted at this unlooked-for interruption to his slumbers, yawns, shakes himself, withdraws his paws from his mouth, and starts off at a gallop, seeking for some means of egress. But it is not always that he takes to flight. Frequently he prowls about within the circle of his enemies, with nose to wind and ears anxiously bent forward, undecided as to the prudence of forcing the line. Frequently also (when it is a female with her cubs) she will stick to her hole, replying to the shouts of the trackers by threatening growls. In this latter case, Bruin has to be attacked at close quarters; dogs must be sent in to worry her, and even in many cases a good deal of poking is required to make her stir. This is the most dangerous method of becoming introduced to her notice. The approaches to the den are generally next to impracticable, defended as it usually is by overthrown trees and treacherous snow-pits; and on ground of this description the hunter is exposed to all the fury of an enraged animal driven to bay.

WHISPERING IN ST. PAUL'S.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Institute of Architects, Mr. Parris, who renovated the painting in the dome of St. Paul's, said he had remarked, from his experience of that cathedral, that he could be heard distinctly at a distance of two hundred and twenty feet, when he was immediately under the eye of the dome. Any person standing on a particular part of the pavement below, at a right angle, or nearly at a right angle, from where his voice would strike the roof, could hear even a whisper with the greatest distinctness; in fact, he had often held conversations in that way. He believed Mr. Pennise likewise tried the experiment. As he moved to a different part of the dome, the person below would have to move to a different position, but in the same angle; when this became too great, the voice was lost. He had often tried the experiment, and found that the reverberations in a dome were always repeated thirty-two times, exactly corresponding with the points of the compass. It was the same at the Colosseum (London), where he had tried it with the flute, voice, and every means. He had tried experiments in the same way in St. Paul's, upon the level of the organ, and above and beneath it; and he found invariably that the sound was always best heard at the point opposite to where the voice had struck. It was precisely the same with the voice ascending as descending; in fact, his attention had been called to the matter by hearing a man below ask another for sixpence; he exclaimed, "Take care, he is giving you a bad one;" and the man immediately turned round, surprised as to where the voice could be coming from.

A GOOD IDEA.—The English druggists are about adopting a hexangular bottle with deep flutings, to put poisons in which are sold by retail. This is to prevent persons making mistakes by getting hold of the wrong bottle. As an additional security, the neck of the bottle is so contracted that but a drop at a time can be poured out. The very deliberate and cautious action thus produced will it is believed deter any one from taking over doses of medicine; while it is difficult to imagine a case in which a person could pour out and take the whole contents of one of these bottles in mistake for something else.

In a few years more I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time; and that no high enjoyment, either in picture-seeing or any other occupation, is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.—*Ruskin*.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

With the immediate ancestors of any noteworthy personage a memoir of that personage naturally begins, and before the illustrious character whose name we have written at the head of our page comes in person upon the scene, we have a brief mention to make of the family from which he was descended.

The grandfather of Alphonse de Lamartine, who had fought in the armies of Louis XV., and at the battle of Fontenoy won the cross of St. Louis, was married to a lady who brought him a large accession of property situated in Franche-Comté, towards the eastern frontier of France, so that he occupied an eminent place in the estimation of his neighbors, and was regarded as the most distinguished character of an extensive district. This old gentleman had a progeny of six children, consisting of three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, according to the feudal principles of succession then in vogue, inherited the entire estate of both father and mother; all the three daughters became inmates of a nunnery; the second son also embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and the youngest entered the same regiment in which his father had served before him.

At the age of thirty-eight this youngest son was married to a Mademoiselle Alicia des Roys, daughter of a gentleman filling



LAMARTINE.

the situation of intendent of the finances to the Duke of Orleans. This lady was destined to become the mother of the future poet, historian and statesman.

On the 21st of October, 1791, in the family mansion at Maçon, Alphonse de Lamartine first saw the light. When, on that fatal 10th of August, 1792, the life and throne of Louis XVI. were in danger, the Chevalier de Lamartine was among the few brave adherents who mustered at the Tuileries to defend the cause of royalty. Escaping with a slight wound from the butchery which followed, and having performed all that duty demanded of him, he retreated to his domestic circle. But the peaceful home of the Lamartines was not to be spared the persecution of the Jacobins, and one winter night it was invaded by the brigands of the Convention, who carried off the venerable sire and his infirm wife, both upwards of eighty years of age, their two eldest sons and the three daughters, who had already fled from the invaded sanctuary of their cloisters. They were removed to the great central prison of the district at Autun; but by an unexplained chance the chevalier was

confined at Maçon itself, in an old convent which had been converted into a prison for revolutionary victims, whilst his wife was left alone in the deserted house, guarded by the new gendarmerie of the people. She was then suckling her pining infant—who has attributed in his manhood the melancholy tendency of his mind to this awful scene of sorrow and desolation. Yet she bore up against the calamity with true matronly spirit, and having removed into some back premises, standing immediately opposite the prison of her husband, she enjoyed at least the satisfaction of gazing on the gloomy walls which encircled him. Her husband, fortunately, had secured for his cell an upper garret of the convent, the window of which looked towards the room in which she had fixed her abode.

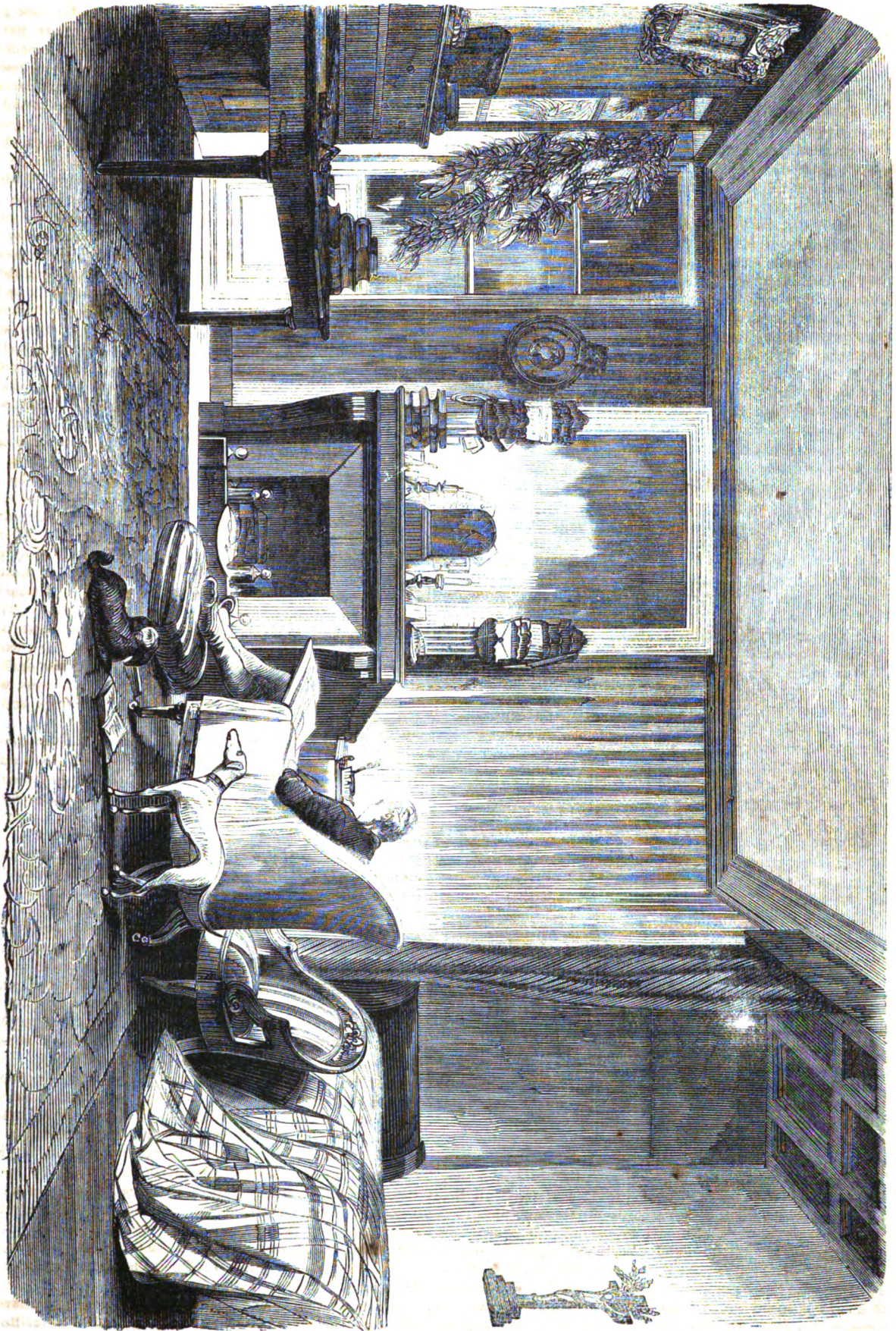
"Eyes perpetually in search of each other," says the poet, "never fail at last to meet;" and on one auspicious day the chevalier and his wife exchanged glances which were to them a revelation of bliss. An intercourse was at once established between them by signs, and the enraptured mother held up her little child to the view of its other equally enraptured parent. Not content with this imperfect communication, they soon contrived, with the proverbial ingenuity of wit sharpened by love, to correspond by letter. Mounting the ruined turret of her domicile, Alicia took her husband's bow and arrow, and shot into his opposite garret a letter at the end of a string, with which she drew back again his tender effusions. This dangerous operation was effected under cover of the night; and as it met with complete success, they were emboldened to a yet further act of audacity. A strong cord was thrown by the skilful hand of the shooter across the narrow street, and when all was hushed in gloom and repose, the eager captive flung himself upon the frail support, and landed happily in the arms of his trembling wife. Through this bold device they procured nightly interviews, all the sweetness of which must be left to sympathetic imaginations, and whereof M. de Lamartine with justice supposed himself the ever-fondled darling. These continued until that bright day of deliverance shone upon France, when the axe fell at last from the hands of the executioner as the head of Robespierre rolled upon the scaffold, when the prison gates were thrown open to thousands, who, like the Lamartines, were rescued from living tombs, and restored to the arms of despairing kindred.

Lamartine's father, who had risen to the grade of cavalry major in the royal forces, fearing for his wife and child, rather than himself, a return of the revolutionary tempest, resolved to lead the life of a quiet country gentleman, and chose for his retreat the old chateau of Milly, lost in a rude and nearly uncivilized part of the country.

It was here, on this secluded farm of Milly, that the young Alphonse received the first rudiments of his education—his mother being the while his principal instructor. It is a fact so universal as scarcely to call for remark, that all men of great intelligence, of lofty soul, of noble hearts and pure genius, have in childhood been watched over by a religious mother (and when we say religious we do not in any manner mean pious); one of those angels upon earth, who, with calm and almost holy faces, teach us to believe, to love, to bless God for His ever-manifest goodness. The influence of such a mother's early lessons upon the development of Lamartine's mind in after life, can scarcely be set down at its just estimate.

Up to the age of twelve Alphonse resided with his parents, subject to the excellent moral training of his mother; but with regard to physical education, left almost entirely to his natural instincts. To be sure, an attempt was made to place him at a public academy in Lyons, but disgusted with the unusual thralldom and the cold scholastic forms of the institution, he had made his escape from it, and with three francs in his pocket, set out to seek his distant home. At the very first stage from Lyons, however, he was captured by the redoubtable head of the establishment in person, accompanied by a gendarme, and carried back to his prison in the discreditable character of a deserter.

So decided a proof of his repugnance did not fail to have an effect upon his relatives, and he was removed to an institution at Bellay, on the frontier of Savoy, which was under the management of a company of Jesuits. Naturally gentle and con-



THE WORKING STUDY OR CABINET OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

finding in his disposition. he was soon reconciled to his new instructors, who so skilfully combined religious with secular education; and during the four years he remained at the college, he passed his time happily and beneficially, returning home at length, crowned with academic laurels.

Already the muse of Lamartine had begun to try its wings, and the several pieces he composed at this period bear decided marks of talent even under their inexperience.

On his exit from college a family council was held at Milly, to decide upon the future career of the eldest-born. The father, with the natural inclinations of an old soldier, wished his son to enter the army. But to this the tender-hearted mother entertained most decided objections. In vain did Napoleon, the Caesar of those times, wave his glorious colors as he traversed Europe from one end to the other with the triumphant armies of France; she was not to be dazzled with this fictitious brilliancy, and refused to place her son among the human hecatombs daily offered up to victory.

A youthful indiscretion of Lamartine in a love affair with a young lady in the neighborhood, now came to cut short these parental debates, and Alphonse was hastily sent off to travel in Italy, under the guardianship of a relation.

But the young man soon tired of a companionship which did not leave him entirely free; and, breaking the parental injunction, he started as a truant for Rome.

On the way he fell in with an opera-singer, a first tenor, who was going to make his *début* at the theatre of San-Carlo, at Naples.

This tenor was accompanied by his nephew, a handsome young traveller of the same age as Lamartine. A great friendship sprang up between these two; they talked and laughed very gaily together, and while sleeping in the carriage pillowed their heads upon each other's shoulders.

Arriving at Rome, they put up at the same inn.

The next day Lamartine is awakened by the voice of his travelling companion, who knocks at the door to inform him that breakfast is ready.

Hastily slipping on his clothes, he runs to the door, opens it, and utters an exclamation of astonishment.

Instead of the tenor's nephew, he sees before him the charming face of a young Italian girl, elegantly dressed, and whose ebony black hair, arranged in bands about her forehead, is fastened behind by two long gold pins with heads of pearls, exactly the same as are worn by the women of Tivoli.

This was his affectionate friend, who on her arrival at Rome had resumed the costume of her sex.

"The heart does not change with the dress," said the beautiful creature, with a blush; "but you cannot sleep on my shoulder any more now."

Ah! poet! poet! why didst thou set at naught the commands of thy father?

After divers other adventures Lamartine reached Naples. There he had just come to the bottom of his purse, when he met his dearest college chum, Aymon de Virieu, who was travelling with unlimited credit on all the banking-houses of Italy. Here again did fate most decidedly show itself opposed to fathers.

This De Virieu, of about the same age as Lamartine, was ready to join the latter in any romantic enterprise he might suggest. There were no pirates or robbers with whom they might conveniently associate themselves, so they made shift to be content with a fisherman, whose rough and adventurous calling they embraced, living with him in a cave on the shore of the bay, accompanying him to sea in his excursions; dancing among the lazzaroni and their black-eyed mistresses in the evenings, and enjoying that careless and wild existence which has such peculiar charms to the youthful imagination.

One night they were overtaken by a storm, and being unable to round Cape Misenum, their little bark was driven by the waves on the rocks of Procida, where it was soon dashed to pieces. On this island, however, it happened that the fisherman had a cottage, in which, during the summer, his wife and grand-daughter resided, for the purpose of raising figs and grapes, to be sold in the market of Naples; and to this cottage, accordingly, the shipwrecked mariners forthwith directed their steps, creeping wearily along the steep and broken rocks. Here

they at length found shelter, though not without incurring the muttered curses of the old grandmother, who ascribed the disaster to the presence of two Frenchmen, who were notorious in the world as infidels and sons of the devil. Graziella, her beautiful grand-daughter, received the strangers with different eyes, and interceded in their favor; but the good woman was inexorable in her denunciations, until, on the following day, they purchased for her husband a new boat and fitted it out with the requisite tackle. Then her anger was turned to exuberant joy, and from that moment the Frenchmen became welcome inmates of her household. They remained a considerable time, following the same idle, thoughtless life, until the companion of Lamartine was peremptorily summoned to France, and the latter was left alone. Then came the inevitable catastrophe. Graziella had fallen in love with him, although he denied having given her the least encouragement. On his leaving the place, she pined and died, apparently from mere distress at his desertion.

When you read that moving story of "Graziella," written entirely from the sad memories of those days, you can understand the melancholy of the young man on his return from this journey, in which three precious years had been consumed.

Like most young men Lamartine easily made for himself a patchwork of opinions, formed of the disconnected ideas of others. At Rome he was a Republican, and cursed Cæsar; at Paris, talking with Talma, who gave him advice as to the plan of the tragedy of "Saul," he was momentarily a Bonapartist; finally, in the aristocratic quarters of the faubourg St. Germain, he became a Legitimist. These weathercock politics of the poet have been the cause of much of the distrust with which he is regarded as a statesman. *Après* of his sudden abnegation of the Empire and espousing of the cause of the Bourbons, a few of our readers may remember some wicked old lines of Tom Moore's, in which, for an ailment of a member of the Bourbon family, that prince was advised to get, from Lamartine,

"Some of his own famed Jordan water,
Marie Louise not having quite
Used all that for young Nap he brought her."

Upon the flight of Louis XVIII. to Ghent, Lamartine, who had been enrolled as one of the king's body guard, again sought the shelter of the paternal roof. Disgusted with the reign of Napoleon, the young man again left France for a journey in Italy. Renouncing the gay distractions of the world which for a moment had made him untrue to his souvenirs, Lamartine recrossed the Alps. He went to weep over the grave of his gentle Graziella, to ask forgiveness of her injured memory. Near the places where he had known her, under the flowering orange-trees which had shadowed their loves, in the solitary inlets where the waves had cradled them together, he composed the greater part of the first volume of his "Poetic Meditations," those sublime and melancholy elegies, dictated by his regrets and his sorrow.

For two years Lamartine had vainly sought a publisher for this his first important work. But the Parisian publishers, with the proverbial blindness of their brethren all over the world, could not see the unusual talents of the young poet. Finally one of the craft, named Nicolle, consented as a favor to print the young author's manuscript. He made a fortune by it. In less than two years forty-five thousand copies of the first series of the "Meditations" were sold.

Never more than at this period had the century been given up to prose. The dry versifiers and silly manufacturers of idylls under the Empire had given the public a perfect nausea of poetry, so-called.

Real poetry was believed to have disappeared for ever. When, at Lamartine's advent, it was seen to appear again with its brilliant aureole, when the sounds of another æolian harp were heard, a cry of admiration resounded from one end of France to the other. The poet himself was saluted as the new redeemer, who, cross in hand, broke the idol of materialism and dethroned Voltaire.

Strange as it may seem now, more strange did it seem then, that Lamartine should take advantage of this magnificent success to enter upon the career of diplomacy. But let us not anticipate events.

This first volume of poetry had not been signed, and yet all Europe was familiar with the name of Lamartine at the end of three months.

With success Providence accorded him happiness. The poet had been sent to Tuscany as an attaché to the embassy. There, under the soft sky of Florence, appeared to him a beautiful English blonde whom he had already met at the watering-place of Aix. Two months afterward they were married, the young wife bringing with her heart a splendid fortune to her husband. This lady's maiden name was Birch.

In 1823 the second series of the "Meditations" appeared, and fully sustained the former fame of the author. At this period one of his uncles died, and instituted him his sole heir. He now had a considerable fortune, the income of which he spent like a prince, both at London and at Naples, where he was successively sent as secretary to the ambassador. Soon he mounted another round of the diplomatic ladder, and returned to Tuscany with the title of *chargé d'affaires*.

Amid all these diplomatic labors Lamartine did not neglect his muse. His talent, fostered by the universal praise, manifestly increased. On his return to Paris in the month of May, 1829, he published his "Poetic and Religious Harmonies"—a book of sublime inspiration, which carried its author triumphantly into the French Academy in the following year.

It had been the intention of the government of Charles X. to send Lamartine as minister plenipotentiary to Greece; but the revolution of July 1830 broke out, and the diplomatic hopes of our poet were thereby dashed to the ground. Refusing to serve under the new government of Louis Philippe, he retired with a haughty disgust to the noble old manor of Saint Point, which had been left him by his uncle.

Speedily tired of rural inactivity, and having ineffectually striven for a nomination to the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Lamartine resolved to deprive his ungrateful country of his presence. He soon after embarked at Marseilles with his wife and his daughter Julia, in a ship which belonged to him, and whose crew were subject to his orders.

If politics lost by this departure, literature gained a glorious book. The "Voyage en Orient," or "Journey in the East," is one of the finest prose poems ever written; it is scarcely a book of travels, but rather a succession of pictures of ravishing beauty, richly interspersed with pious, sentimental and philosophical reflections.

A touching episode in his Eastern adventures was the death of his second child, his daughter Julia, at Beyrout, where she had been left under the care of her mother. Of the lamentation of the poet-father at this time, the following is the best idea that can be given in a translation:

* * * * *

I late had left, beneath a mother's wing,
My child, my girl, my treasure and my care,
Whose brow fresh charms yet came to deck each spring,
Although her soul was ripe for heavenly air.
Her form was one that could not leave the eye,
For by its light her trace might followed be;
And never father saw her passing by,
But threw an envying glance on me.

Sole relic she of my storm-vexed career—
Sole fruit of many flowers, love's single birth;
Sweet as a welcome kiss, or parting tear,
Perpetual blessing of my wandering hearth,
A sunny ray that gave my excrement light,
A bird that sipped the food my own lips broke,
A sign of music near my couch by night,
A kind caress when I awoke.

* * * * *

* Low sob: I heard, as I my home drew nigh;
Love but delayed for me the hour of dread—
She waited but for me, to die!

Now all is still within my lifeless home,
Two weeping eyes: ever my own oppose;
I know not what I seek, nor where I roam,
My arms on nothing ope, on nothing close.
One color all my days and nights now wear;
Prayer in my bosom was with hope laid low;
But bear, my soul, God's chastening, bravely bear,
And kiss the hand that gave the blow.

During Lamartine's absence the electoral college of Dunkerque, worked by partisan friends, had finally decided to confide to the poet a legislative nomination.

Here our task of biographer should rightly end. Henceforward, instead of the sublime poet, we find the cloudy orator, the empty and sonorous speechifier, the violent man of party carried away by every gale, wrecked on every political reef. Instead of the Christian, we see the unsettled, irresolute philosopher, knocking at the door of every system, entering to-day into the ideas of one, to-morrow into those of another, groping, tumbling in all, no longer seeing clearly, and not having the courage to mount again the high channel of poesy from which he had voluntarily descended.

To what cause must we attribute the decadence of so noble and elevated a mind? Like all the angels of light, Lamartine was ruined by pride. The deputy of Dunkerque at first met with no success in the chamber, for his oratory was marked by a dreamy and inflated style, utterly inappropriate to a popular assembly, and he was seldom listened to with anything like regard or attention. After a time, however, the character of his oratory underwent a great change, and his speeches came to be regarded as masterpieces of eloquence.

Shifting about from side to side at every gust of his spleen or caprice, we at last find him in the ranks of the radicals. Here his constitutional egotism is humored till every fibre of his self-love tingles with delight. But his new friends are poor, and he must needs cover them with his opulent cloak; but after giving a part to each one, there remains none for himself. Our poet finds himself in the end completely impoverished.

Even as early as the time of his ambassadorship Lamartine had already expended more than his income. His excursion in the Holy Land had cost him nearly half a million of francs (one hundred thousand dollars). Retrenching nothing from his magnificence, he saw his fortune rapidly decrease, and the sale of his books was far from supplying the deficit. Under his noble hand, a crucible where gold never ceased to melt, was always open to the hands of strangers. Lamartine gave, gave, gave always. When his purse was empty he borrowed. This foolish generosity more than once reduced our poet to unpleasant expedients. His purse once empty he was obliged to dip into those of the publishers to refill it. His present publisher says: "When I publish a book of Lamartine's the public is the only gainer; I always lose by it. He knows so well how to talk to me of his horses, his servants and his poor, that he always gets from me double what I had first intended to give him."

In 1847 his "History of the Girondins" appeared. Viewed as a literary performance the book is, perhaps, entitled to our praise, but in a humane point of view it cannot but be condemned. If the leaders of the Reign of Terror were ever to be invested with the fascinating attributes of heroes, Lamartine should have been the last man to engage in such a work. Never can the ink from his pen, nor that of M. Thiers, efface the blood-stains on that page of the history of France which is dated February 22d, 1848. Lamartine was from the first in intimate communion with the leaders of the republican faction, and such was the paramount influence the republicans ascribed to him, that on the morning of the 24th of February, the third day of the insurrection, when the popular victory was in fact assured, they left to his sole determination the establishment of a regency under the Duchess of Orleans, with himself as her controlling minister, or the immediate proclamation of a republic. Lamartine decided for the latter, and in face of the revolutionary lion who was already sharpening his claws and preparing to drink the blood of the royalists, exhibited no signs of fear or weakness. He stretched forth his powerful hand, mastered the monster and forced him to crawl on his knees before him. For a moment he might have believed himself the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. But the dream was short and the awakening a sad one. Lamartine disappeared from the scene, and left his country plunged in a chaos of ruin and turmoil from which it was slow to recover.

The birds of our prosperity take to flight when misfortune shows itself. To-day Lamartine has but his family mansion, his court is dispersed. Ruin has established herself as his nearest

neighbor. Still, with a brave heart he keeps her at a distance by work. Work, work, ceaseless work; he works now at the age of sixty-seven, when he should rest on his laurels. He works that hungry creditors shall not tear from him, acre by acre, wall by wall, shade tree by shade tree, that old family manor where his ancestors sleep the sleep of the just, and which he religiously preserves at all costs, spite of writ and warrant and mortgage. Here every year he spends the autumn with Madame de Lamartine, the angel by his hearth-side, the consolation of his declining years.

That Lamartine is now irremediably involved in debt, the subscription which has recently been set on foot, for the two millions necessary to rid him of embarrassments, amply attests. This subscription redounds not at all to his honor, and the illustrious poet, lest he be visited with the unenviable title of a public beggar, would do well to have it at once discontinued. As the project itself is in no immediate danger of success, having as yet been but feebly responded to, it is feared that after all the estates must come to the hammer.

As we write, the last mail brings us from Europe two new items, which may be here appropriately cited:

1. The Paris correspondent of an English paper states that a few days ago the emperor sent M. de la Guéronnière to M. Lamartine, desiring him to say that he intended to propose to the *Corps Législatif* a vote of one hundred thousand francs (four thousand pounds) a year to be paid to Lamartine during his lifetime. The poet refused, begged M. de la Guéronnière to request the emperor to give up any design of the kind, adding: "I should be obliged to refuse the sum if voted, for I cannot recognise the emperor merely because he makes his power serve my convenience, having refused to acknowledge that power when it oppressed me in common with my fellow-citizens."

2. A young lady named Martin, who resided at L'Aigle, (Orne) lately died, bequeathing to Lamartine a farm and a house in the town.

Touching this latter gift, which, unlike the first, must perforce be accepted, let us hope for the sake of our extravagant author, that the rental of the mansion be considerable, and the number of the acres exceeding great.

The wondrous *verve* and activity for which the poet was always distinguished still exist, both mentally and physically, and to listen to the history of his day is to learn the secret of the immense quantity of work he has been able to accomplish, and the never-failing supplies he has been able to furnish to the booksellers. He rises at four, and sets about work immediately, never stirring from his library until eleven, by which time, having accomplished the most incredible quantity of writing, he considers his task for the day at an end, and, after dressing, he repairs to the drawing-room, where, by this time, his guests are all assembled, some of them but that moment out of their rooms, and scarcely as yet awake to the business of the day and the bustle of the world around them. Madame Lamartine, whose task is that of entertaining the various guests to the chateau during the hours at which the host is forcibly engaged in his study, and who does so with a courtesy and grace which all but consoles many persons for the temporary absence of her husband, then leads the way to the breakfast-room, where a *déjeuner à la fourchette* is served, and Lamartine, for the first time in the day, takes food.

His sparing and frugal habits render him soon satisfied, and asking leave of his guests, he then, in order neither to lose time nor the society of his friends, calls for the letters which may have arrived by that morning's post. Those are brought in a large wicker basket, and deposited on a table at Lamartine's elbow. He looks at the address of each (they sometimes amount to a formidable number), and placing a few before him, he hands the others to Madame Lamartine, who, in her turn, requests the assistance of volunteers to unseal and read the appalling shower of missives which now and then literally pours in thick as a hail-storm. No mortal being could ever be made to believe, without seeing, the variety, the number, the absurdity, the passion of these letters. Most of them, and Lamartine seems to know them by instinct, are declarations of love and devotion from ladies old, young and middle aged, of every clime and country under heaven. These sometimes cause a

smile of pity, at others a feeling of interest in the poet, who, as the letters are read aloud, will interrupt the reader to express approbation if any new or original idea, or any happy rhyme (for these notes are almost invariably written in verse) happens to strike upon his ear.

One of the correspondents is a young English lady, who vows to remain for ever single for his sake, and, with true Platonic disinterestedness, declares almost as much love and admiration for Madame Lamartine.

The operation of reading the correspondence, some of which treats of far other matters than love and poetry, being demands for help, yearning cries from brother poets in their pain, loud wailings from the helpless in their trouble, with here and there a threatening, insolent letter from a dun who will wait no longer, and must be paid at once. In general these latter are thrown aside; while the former are all, without exception, marked on the cover with figures by the hand of the poet himself, who thereby announces to his man of business in Paris, to whom they are despatched, the amount which he wishes to bestow in each case. Perhaps never in this world did any private individual bestow so much in charity as Lamartine; the immense and overwhelming pride, while a curse to himself, has proved a blessing to thousands, and should rescue his name from the obloquy which is thrown upon it, by finding some slight excuse for the utter want of dignity and immense platitude of which he is guilty in the begging system he has adopted; but this inconceivable pride blinds him even to his own self-respect, and he exclaims "*Noblesse oblige*," with as much self-delusion as though his ancestors worn spurs of gold and banner of silk at the First Crusade.

After the repast the assembled guests are free to wander hither and thither wheresoever they please. Here Lamartine assumes a new character, but the poet stands revealed in spite of the disguise, for no real farmer would consent to wear such thick hobnail shoes nor such a broad-brimmed hat, and surely such stout leathern leggings are not necessary anywhere but upon the Mississippi or Delaware. But here Lamartine is at home. If there is anything he prides himself upon it is his ability in business. "Poetry," said he, with great simplicity one day to a friend, "is my trade—literature my profession—but buying and selling is my vocation, and for this was I born."

It is, meanwhile, a favorite saying in the country that the *gros* (the name by which the squire is distinguished in that part of the world) has been sent by Providence to prevent the *escrocs* from leaving it, as they always can find plenty of work to do with him. The "bargains" made by Lamartine with the "honest" peasantry on his estate would have furnished Gil Blas with many a merry page. The diseased cattle, the rotten timber, the fermenting forage with which he has managed to encumber the premises has always excited pity and astonishment even in the minds of his city visitors.

The day closes early at this season of the year, and the guests return to the chateau either to retire to their respective rooms, or to assemble around the fire in the drawing room until dinner. Meanwhile Lamartine is closeted in his study with his secretary, and busily occupied in answering the letters received in the morning—scarcely leaving himself time to make a hasty toilet ere the dinner-bell sounds, and he appears amongst the company all smiles and freshness—the farmer who has sometimes walked over many miles of ploughed land, in heavy boots and stiff leggings, entirely forgotten, and now resuming his own character of the highly-polished and finished gentleman, standing on the rug before the fire, dispensing kind inquiries and courteous speeches to all.

After dinner begins the real enjoyment of the day for strangers. Lamartine then indulges in that flow of anecdote which none but himself in our day can keep up so valiantly or so long. His memory is still so wonderful that many people have imagined he must be in possession of some secret for retaining facts and names. Dates have always escaped him altogether. At ten o'clock he retires; and although the company is free to remain in the drawing-room as long as it suits them, but a very short time elapses after his departure before the lights are extinguished and stillness reigns at Milly.



THE TIRE BOOTBLACK.

THE BRILLIANT RING—A ROMANCE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE LOUVRE AND THE RIVALS.

Nor the least interesting sight in the grand gallery of the Louvre, is the congregation of artists reverentially copying the masterpieces of ancient art that clothe those walls with "riches fineless." Here we see a practised pencil reproducing the undulating beauties of a Correggio; there a youth vainly seeking to imitate the magic glooms of Rembrandt; further on, mounted high upon the ladder of a gigantic easel, an earnest-looking French woman sketching in, with masterly skill, the background of an immense altar-piece. Half of the artists at work in the Louvre are of the gentler sex; and this, too, is pleasant to behold. Woman in France claims a place in art, and has that claim acknowledged. During the early part of my professional studies, I passed a couple of years in Paris, for the sake of frequenting this glorious school. There I first learnt the limitless resources and the limitless ambition of the painter. There my soul travelled back into the dim past, and my hopes pierced onward to the future. Dreams of beauty and of fame, where have ye fled?

By nature reserved and shy, I rarely formed acquaintances abroad; but it is impossible for an artist to work for two years in the Louvre without finding a friend among his agreeable and communicative fellow-laborers. I found two.

Eugenie Laporte was a lively, black-eyed girl about sixteen years of age; rather *petite*, and exquisitely formed. She had the glossiest dark hair I ever saw, and the tiniest white hand in the world. She used to come in smiling every morning, and had a pleasant glance for each guardian and student as she passed. The first picture I attempted to copy was a Madonna of Guido, hanging half way down the gallery. She was occupied upon the same subject, and our easels were scarcely a yard apart. Our acquaintance began with the loan of a rest-stick, and from neighbors we speedily became friends. Eugenie was a flirt; but she never flirted with me. Our dispositions were too dissimilar for aught but friendship. I was grave; she was as lighthearted as a bird in the spring time. I was absorbed in my art, and had almost an aversion for the public amusements of Paris; Eugenie was passionately fond of fêtes, theatres and excursions. I was always serious; she was never in earnest about anything but painting. In short, she came to me for advice, sympathy and encouragement—but never for affection. The pale, silent Englishman was the very model of a friend; but he would never do for a lover.

Besides, she was engaged in a very elaborate flirtation when I entered the Louvre. But I cannot jest on this subject. I used to wonder at first what this graceful creature could find to love, or even tolerate, in M. de Beauvais. I disliked him from the first moment that I saw him on the opposite side of the gallery, stooping low over his easel, copying a small cabinet picture of Gerard Douw; and turning that pale face, that cold bright eye, and that false smile, every now and then upon my pretty neighbor. However, I was not long in discovering the secret. Eugenie was a flirt, as I have already said. She cared less for De Beauvais than for the palette on her finger. She had had a dozen lovers already on the same terms. He was an escort to Versailles on a fête day; or to the Comedie Française when Rachel played; or to the Champ de Mars on the day of a review—*voilà tout*. She did not scruple to confess it, when I knew her well enough to speak upon the subject.

"Bah, *mon ami*! one must sometimes go out. Mamma is elderly, and loves quiet; I cannot go alone. I work very hard for mamma, and Fanchette my cat, and Poupon my bird—I deserve a little pleasure now and then. M. de Beauvais spends his time and his money—*Eh bien!* he has my society. We are quits."

It was of no use to reason with the wilful creature. She laughed at all my lectures, and at my English notions of propriety. When I told her that she was doing an injustice to the gentleman, and asked her how she could be happy if she broke his heart, she absolutely danced round me in an ecstasy of mirth.

"Break his heart, *mon ami*! his heart! Oh, *mon dieu*! He never had a heart!"

I had often thought the same myself, and yet sometimes I had seen a fierce gleam shot from those dark eyes that seemed to mark the seat of deeper passions than that scoffing lip revealed. He was a strange man; sallow, thin and subtle-looking. He was perfectly well-bred and civil, and evidently sought my acquaintance. He smiled whenever he spoke; but the smile too closely resembled a sneer, and I never heard him laugh. To Eugenie, however, he was a most devoted lover, as far as deeds and words could go. I scarcely remember a day when he did not bring her a bouquet of the choicest flowers, a ticket for the Vaudevilles or the Ambigu Comique, or the last volume of Alexandre Dumas: but his manner was not like that of other men. He gave his present with the same unvarying smile, the same stereotyped compliments; lingered for a few moments by her side, inquired for madame, praised her progress in the Madonna, and then retired to the other side of the room, and seldom spoke again till the voice of the guardian warned us to depart at four o'clock. He would then assist her to put away her work, or adjust her shawl; request permission to escort her home, or to take her to the promenade or the theatre in the evening; extend his cold hand to me in farewell, and go away with her like a shadow beside a sunbeam.

Yet he watched her strangely all the day. He was silent as a statue, but his attentive ear caught every word she uttered. If a student passing by stopped for a moment at her side to speak, I observed him suspend his pencil and his breath till the intruder was gone. Some Englishmen one day, strolling through the gallery, stopped and spoke to each other in admiration of the charming little artist. Involuntarily I glanced over at De Beauvais; the expression of his face startled me. Always pale, he was ghastly now with jealous rage, and his eyes glared like a tiger's. I never forgot it; and I trembled at the game which Eugenie was playing with this man.

"He has a heart," said I, "but its love is almost hatred." So matters went on. Two months passed away, and the Madonnas (Eugenie's and mine) were progressing famously, when a new comer made his appearance in the Louvre; and, singularly enough, applied himself to copying the same picture.

Dear, noble-hearted Henri Lemonnier! precious as thy generous friendship, thy rich, deep enthusiasm, and thy brilliant wit was, and ever will be in memory, to me, would—would that I had never seen or known thee! I behold now that fair and noble head—that dark blue eye—that princely lip and brow. His was, indeed, a heart for love and friendship!

From the day of his arrival we were intimates. I have said that I am a reserved man, and that I formed few acquaintances; but my whole soul was drawn to this stranger by an irresistible sympathy for which I did not even try to account.

"We are a trio, it appears," he said, with a frank smile, holding out a hand to each of us, as we were stationed opposite the Madonna; "let us be friends."

And we were friends. If it could but have lasted thus! But it could not. Eugenie was fascinating, *spirituelle*, *espégle*; Henri was mortal. His sensitive heart yielding rapidly to the coquetry of his neighbor, who, I really believe, intended at first only to tease De Beauvais, and laugh with the new comer. By degrees her sallies grew less frequent, her laugh less ringing, her glance less fearless. Sometimes the tears rushed to her eyes when an affecting anecdote was related; sometimes she would pause in the midst of a jest, falter, blush and become silent. Eugenie Laporte loved for the first time in her thoughtless life, and Henri was utterly devoted to her. Yet no words of love had passed between them, and she was still nominally engaged to De Beauvais.

And, it will be asked, how did he bear all this? With a strange, cold patience that alarmed me more than the most violent outbreak of passion. He remained outwardly the same; but I observed his cheeks and lips grow whiter every day; he seemed to be always engaged intently on his picture, yet it appeared to have progressed no further whenever I looked at it; he smiled more than ever; affected an entire ignorance of what was so plain to every eye; shook hands

formally night and morning with Henri: brought his books and bouquets, and escorted Eugenie as usual every afternoon.

The explosion came at last.

One morning, it was a glorious summer day, De Beauvais and myself were first. We exchanged a few words, and set to work. He had a superb bunch of white roses in his hand, and to preserve them the more effectually he removed his hat and laid them in it upon a bench. Presently Eugenie came slowly down the room with her hands crossed and her eyes fixed on the floor. How different to her old manner, when she had a smile and a word for every one by the way! She looked pale and dejected as she held her hand to me, and she listened with an absent air to the morning salutations of her affianced lover.

"The head is divine," said he, with the perpetual smile, "and the flesh tints equal to the original. You must try a composition of your own next, my love—you will be famous."

"You think so?" she replied listlessly, as if she scarce thought of the meaning of his words.

"I have brought you some roses. They are the best of the season. I went this morning to the *Marché aux Fleurs* at the Madeleine, on purpose to get them for you. You do not seem pleased?"

"Thanks, *mon ami*. You are too good. I am delighted," said Eugenie, with a sigh, as she took the flowers and laid them, without even a glance at their beauty, on the chair which served us for a table.

De Beauvais retreated to his easel, but I saw the smiling lip quiver with rage, and his hand shook as he resumed the pencil.

Henri was late that morning, and when an hour had elapsed without his coming, I began to think that, for the first time, he would be absent the whole day. De Beauvais looked gratified—Eugenie was silent and depressed, and I was secretly troubled by the drama which was acting daily before me. At last he came—flushed, laughing, almost breathless, with a bunch of violets and forget-me-nots in his button-hole.

After the first salutation,

"I am late," said he, "but I have been this morning to Neuilly. I felt ill, and longed for a glimpse of the sweet country. How I wished," he continued, turning to Eugenie, "that you had been with me. The air was so fresh, the river ran on so joyously, the willows dipped so gratefully into the clear waters, and the view from the bridge was so sylvanly beautiful! I gathered these wild flowers on the banks for you—they are still wet with the morning dew."

Her hand shook visibly as she extended it for the flowers. Henri gave them, held the hand in his own for a moment, and looked earnestly into her eyes. She colored deeply and placed them in her bosom.

De Beauvais crossed the room and seized her by the arm.

"Eugenie," he said, in a low hoarse voice, "speak—have you ceased to love me?"

She turned very pale, and uttered an exclamation of pain.

He released her arm, and went on:

"There lies the bouquet that I gave you. Throw those violets on the floor and put the roses in their place."

She was silent. I seized Henri by the hand, and entreated him not to interfere.

"You will not? Then I will do it myself!"

And he tore them from her breast, and crushed them with his heel.

In a moment her self-possession returned. She took the roses from the chair and gave them into his hand.

"Take your bouquet, monsieur," she said haughtily; "my choice is here." And she lifted the trodden violets from the floor, and replaced them whence they had been torn.

De Beauvais stood for an instant silent and struggling with his emotions. Gradually the sneering smile returned to his lip. He bowed, first to Eugenie, then to his rival, took his hat, and slowly left the gallery.

She was deeply agitated, and Henri consoled her. I need scarcely add, that a few whispered words restored the brightness to her eye, and banished the momentary remorse from her heart. When four o'clock came, Henri escorted her home for the first time—as her betrothed husband.

The next day a porter removed the easels and painting of De Beauvais. He never returned, and he was soon forgotten.

How they loved each other! I lost all my apprehensions and regrets in the satisfaction of beholding their happiness.

"Why do you not love some one, *mon ami*?" said Eugenie to me one morning, as she came in leaning upon Henri, and radiant with joy; "it is so pleasant to be really loved!"

And I thought so, to look upon them, and I sighed.

Another time, when Lemonnier was walking with me in the gardens of the Tuileries before dinner (for we always dined together), he drew off his glove.

"Look," said he, "look at Eugenie's present to me! Poor little darling, she has wasted at least a hundred and fifty francs on this gift for me, out of her little savings. Ah, what a wife she will be! What a happy man I am!"

It was a brilliant ring of peculiar setting, representing a snake in green enamel, chased like scales, with the bright, pure stone depending from his mouth.

"What a remarkable ring!" I exclaimed.

"It was her own design," he said smiling; "it is meant for eternity."

"Will you take it off and let me look more closely at it?"

"Pardon, *mon ami*," replied Henri gravely, "I have sworn, that I will never remove it from my finger while I live."

In spite of me, the ring seemed to haunt my sight all night. The next day, when we met, it attracted my eyes constantly, and the next again. In time, however, that curious impression wore away, and I ceased even to observe it upon his finger.

The autumn came—the vintage was gathered in—the many colored leaves began to fall, and the chill evenings announced the slow approach of winter. The wedding day was fixed; and it was to be spent in the forest of St. Germain. Eugenie and her mother, Henri and myself, were to be all the party. The bride was occupied with her *trousseau* for three weeks beforehand; for the Madonna was finished, and sold to a neighboring church for three hundred francs, and the little artist was quite rich. Henri was equally busy. He had engaged two pretty rooms at the other side of the Seine, in the Rue des Arts, and was fitting them up for the reception of his wife. I went often to inspect the arrangements. He had filled the balcony with flowers; red damask curtains hung at the windows; the floors were of dark polished wood, with a gaily colored carpet in the middle; a handsome *pendule* and looking glass adorned the chimney-piece; and the furniture was of mahogany, and covered with red damask, like the curtains. To use his own words, "it was a real paradise."

"With an Eve to grace it, Henri," I said smiling one day, in reply to his oft repeated exclamation. "Your Eden is, at all events, complete."

"You should possess an Eve and an Eden too, my friend," he said earnestly. "Eugenie is always telling you so. Why not be advised? You have genius, and are certain to prosper. Marry, and live near us in our own beautiful Paris."

But I had other views than these. The artist's dream—Italy, the land of painting, poetry and song, haunts me by night and day. To wander through the matchless galleries of Florence—to behold the glories of the Vatican—to stand beneath the vast dome of St. Peter's—to wake the slumbering echoes of the Coliseum—to tread the ruins of the Forum—to breathe the air that Raffaele breathed—to gaze upon the sky that Canaletti painted—to float upon the sunny waves that mirror Vesuvius—to glide in the dark gondola beneath the Venetian Rialto—to dream for hours over the "St. Peter Martyr," the "Transfiguration," the "Last Judgment"—this was the earthly paradise to which my every hope inclined. Hither I meant to go when my two years of study at the Louvre should be completed. Like most dreams, it proved fallacious—but the conclusion of my narrative will explain all.

CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Six months wore away in the usual manner. Henri and Eugenie came every morning together, painted together and left together very, very often. I accompanied them to their pretty little home, which was indeed a perfect nest of comfort. It was something worth living for, to see Henri's courteous at-

tention to Eugenie's mother; it was the pure chivalry of tenderness! Nothing more thoroughly evinces the love of a true man for his wife as a sincere deference to her mother; and there is a profound philosophy in this, since a good daughter is the natural result of the good mother. Men do not gather figs from thistles, nor yet find virtuous wives without their having been first trained up in the way they should go.

There was something infinitely pleasing in Madame Laporte, as well as noble. Left a widow when Eugenie was quite an infant, she had, on a miserable pittance allowed by her husband's family, increased a trifle by her own industry, managed to give her child an excellent education, and finally to give her the opportunity of following the bent of her genius, which was for the divine art of painting. Nor was she deficient of great taste for music; she had the voice of a nightingale, and from her throat there gushed strains of melody as rich as any that ever flowed from the honied lips of Alboni. Indeed, whatever she did had that natural air so perfectly charming in both young and old. Her conversation was from her heart; there seemed no effort of the brain; good sense in simple words, dashed with a charming *naïveté*, made an evening with her resemble more a bird warbling thought than a rational being talking.

Our Sundays were not often passed together, for I could not outgrow my English reverence for the Sabbath, which, though possibly the dying shade of Puritanism, had nevertheless saved, as I believed, my native country from that inroad of revolution and infidelity which every thirty years seems to prostrate France in the dust.

They were thoroughly French, and to them the Sunday was a day of unmitigated recreation. Mass in the morning, a drive in the afternoon, or else a promenade, and the opera or the theatre closed the day.

"*Mon ami*," said Eugenie to me one Monday morning, "you should have been with us yesterday; you little know what you lost—such a charming picnic. There was *mon caro* Henri; see how fresh he looks after it. Dear mamma wanted you sadly for a beau; what a pity that you are not twenty years older."

"I am much obliged to you, my friend," I replied, laughing at her idea of marrying me to her mother; "but I don't want to slide through two decades thus blindly."

With one of her gushing laughs, she said:

"Well, then, what a pity mamma is not twenty years younger."

"Ah!" cried Henri, "is that so? Then what would have become of me, *ma petite mignonne*? You then would be two years less than nothing!"

"But," I said, "since the picnic yesterday was so charming, on the Sunday, let us try how it is on another day."

Tossing her beautiful ringlets, she exclaimed:

"Oh! but then we should lose a day, and I shall weep over its loss, as Titus the Roman did. It seems something unnatural to rest while all the world is at work."

"To me, my charming friend," I answered, "that would be its greatest zest. The idea that we had, as it were, stepped out of the heavy tramp of man's daily march, and thrown ourselves in some quiet spot, while the great world rushed on, is to me inexpressibly pleasant."

Shrugging her delicate shoulders, she merely replied:

"How truly English all that is! You aristocrats cannot enjoy anything if you share it with the *canaille*. *Pour moi*! I love to know all are as happy as I am; but, *mon cher* Henri, what say you? shall we humor our friend, and take a day from art to give it to nature?"

"With all my heart," was her fond husband's answer.

"How charmed mamma will be!" cried Eugenie.

"Well, let us then name to-morrow," observed Henri; "the weather promises to be charming."

It was arranged that I should call on them at six o'clock the next morning with a phaeton, while they were to provide the comestibles. The morning was magnificent, and Eugenie was attired to perfection. There is some truth in the saying that it takes a French woman to dress. Even her dear mother, Madame Laporte, looked twenty years younger, and drew from her lively daughter the remark that she should tremble for her conquest were her mamma a rival.

After a most delightful drive we reached the Bois de Boulogne, and choosing a most unfrequented spot we tied the horse to a tree, and spread ourselves for a happy day. The ride had made us hungry, and the chicken salad was all that could be desired, while the champagne I had provided stealthily came like a shower to thirsty souls; Henri had brought some excellent claret, and so between us we had nectar and ambrosia. Never had I seen Eugenie in such admirable spirits. Madame threw off, as it were at a bound, her cares and sedate smile, and seemed to share her daughter's youth as well as gaiety. After our déjeuner Henri took out a volume of Beranger, and read with much force and feeling some of that great poet's most exquisite lyrics. After that we strolled a short distance, then read again, talked, building castles in the air, and finally, when the first star shone on us, a sandwich and an excellent glass of Burgundy finished a day's pleasure which had been entirely without alloy. On our way home we sang some airs from "*Norma*," which left a sentiment on the mind somewhat oppressive to me, when I regained the solitude of my own chamber.

The next morning Eugenie and Henri were at their usual tasks, looking as cheerful and loving as though there were no such things as death and sorrow in the world. We chatted during the morning on the events of the previous day's excursion, and with that blindness to the future so characteristic of humanity planned innumerable repetitions of our happy picnic.

On the third day Henri received a letter from his uncle Eustace, a canon of Mirambeau, a place about six miles from the banks of the Gironde. It was written by another, although signed by him. It announced that he had been seized with an illness which might prove fatal; at all events he begged his nephew Henri to hasten to him that he might receive his blessing. Henri's grief was intense; he had been brought up by this noble-minded man, and although he was his heir, yet the idea of worldly advantage never entered his mind. His first thought was to take his dear Eugenie with him, but the journey was long, and her condition militated against travelling. He therefore committed both his Eugenie and Madame Laporte to my care, and after many tender adieus he went on his journey, promising to write immediately on his arrival at Mirambeau. A week, and then another week elapsed—no letter from Henri. Eugenie began to grow uneasy when the postman brought them a letter. I happened to be present. The address was in the old uncle's handwriting, and the postmark was Mirambeau. A sudden joy lit up all our faces. Eugenie takes the letter, and with hands trembling with excitement breaks the seal. Her eye runs hastily over the contents, a look of surprise and then alarm spreads over her beautiful countenance.

"God in heaven!" at last she cries. "Uncle Eustace has not been ill—there is some foul play, he has never written to Henri! Oh! heaven! a dreadful thought thunders at my brain! I shall never, never see Henri again!" The next instant she fell as though dead on the floor.

Madame Laporte applied restoratives, and after a time she regained her consciousness. We then read the letter, which was precisely as she had stated. There could be no question that the former letter addressed to Henri was a forgery. I immediately resolved on my course of action. It was to depart at once for Mirambeau. But a new apprehension struck me. I feared to leave my fair charge and her mother. They had been solemnly entrusted to me by Henri. I therefore consulted with madame, and they pressed me so eagerly to try and fathom the mystery that hung over this remarkable event, that I started for Mirambeau. Charging them on no account to leave their apartments, and engaging an attendant, in whom I had the most implicit confidence, to wait upon them and run on their errands, I bade them adieu, and in four days reached the vicarage of the canon Eustace. His astonishment and dismay were equal to mine when I showed him the letter; he instituted an inquiry at the post office, and we learnt that a man had posted the letter, and had disappeared the same day. My next step was to cause the police to be set at work, and in a few days they ascertained that a gentleman an-

swering to Henri Lemonnier had reached Soubran ten days previously, and there our clue stopped. The mysterious man whom the postmaster remembered posting the letter was certainly connected with his disappearance. Since that very night he had been seen crossing the heath between Soubran and Mirambeau. Every exertion and search were made without avail, and after a sorrowful adieu to the worthy canon, I left him with a very heavy heart, and proceeded on my road back again to Paris.

I need not dwell on the anguish of Eugenie when I slowly broke to her the result of my inquiries.

When I had finished she said, "I see in this the hand of that villain De Beauvais."

The same idea had crossed my mind directly I found that the letter was a forgery, inasmuch as I did not believe that Henri had an enemy living on the face of the earth. The shock was too much for the health of the unhappy Eugenie, and for four months she laid between life and death, tenderly nursed by her dear mother and myself. At last her youth and strength triumphed, and we had the satisfaction of seeing her slowly regain her former health—but her vivacity was entirely gone. She was as grave as she had formerly been lively, and the change seemed to have extended to her very form. She lost her *spirituelle* appearance, and truly looked twenty years older in one little summer.

A feeling of intense friendship for both Eugenie and her mother had prompted me to live within a few doors of their residence, which was the same as that they occupied when Henri disappeared. The time drew near for my visit to Rome, but the idea of leaving them alone was so distasteful that I delayed my departure from time to time. At last the thought occurred to me that a visit to the Eternal City would prove the only means of rousing Eugenie from the settled melancholy that had fallen upon her. I therefore proposed to her and Madame Laporte that they should accompany me.

"Alas!" said the unhappy Eugenie, "but should Henri return?"

"Well we can leave a message and letters; perhaps we may find him in Rome!"

"*Ides!*" cried the wretched lady "do not mock me with such vain hopes! There is something written in my heart which you cannot see, but I can read it, and it tells me that I and Henri shall only meet in heaven!"

With that inconsistency so frequently the companion of grief and one idea, a few days after she said, "My friend," then looking very earnestly at her she added, "Henri's friend, most sacred of names, mamma and I will accompany you to Rome!"

I was charmed—a vague hope stirred my heart; what it was the sequel will show. Suffice it to say, there was nothing selfish in it. In less than a week we were all on our way to Italy.

CHAPTER III.—RETRIBUTION AND REWARD.

THERE is a pleasure in travelling with a gifted friend of the other sex that partakes as much of expectation as repose. It is a feeling difficult to analyse, but still it is as definite as any chemical element in existence. The more active part of our grief for the fate of our friend had settled into a melancholy sentiment, not altogether divested of pleasure, for it may be received as an axiom that sentiment is not only an elevator but a consoler. Although the study of the divine art of painting was the ostensible aim of our visit to the home of the Casars, my object was principally to divert the mind of my charming friend Eugenie. We journeyed leisurely from Paris to Lyons, and in three weeks found ourselves on the sunny side of the Alps. The excitement of travelling had sent a rosy flush into the cheeks of the bereaved one, and her bright eyes had lost that abstracted glare so often the forerunner of consumption. Once, when she stood upon the Jungfrau, the world, as it were, stretched out at our feet like a map, she turned to her mother and said:

"I feel, dear mamma, that my grief is selfish. I owe a duty to the living as well as the dead."

Madame Laporte turned to me with a significant smile.

It had ever been a principle with me in travelling to consult

the pleasure of my companions rather than my own, and I have always derived more gratification by doing so than had I studied my own whims and wishes.

We had been three days at Milan, when Eugenie said at breakfast one morning:

"*Mon ami*, let us go to Venice. I think its quiet would ease me, and I long to glide along in those noiseless gondolas, of which I have read and heard so much."

To Venice we went. Many an hour we spent in gliding up and down those silent highways, looking up at those stately palaces, which stood like the spectres of Venetia's olden glories.

A week passed away in this quiet pursuit of amusement, and the birthday of Eugenie approached. I had on the last two anniversaries made my fair friend a small present, and for this purpose I went to the famous jeweller Tiffanani, to purchase something appropriate. He had nothing that suited my taste; this was too costly—that not to my fancy—at all events, I did not think it would please Eugenie. At last he said:

"I have another case upstairs. If signor will wait I will send for it."

"Certainly, I will wait."

"Jacomio," cried Tiffanani, "bring down the case marked 'Cosmo.'"

It was brought.

"No, not this; these are the articles left for repair. The other."

Jacomio disappeared. I amused my leisure by looking over them.

"Signor," said I, with much agitation, holding up a ring, "to whom does this belong?"

It was a ring similar to that Eugenie had given to Henri.

"It belongs to a gentleman for whom I have repaired it. The stone had fallen out, and I have replaced it."

"Do you know his name?"

"I do."

"Favor me with it."

"Certainly. It is Signor Lemonnier."

"The same. It is my friend. Let me look once more at the ring."

He handed it to me. There could be no doubt on the subject; there were the initials E. L.

"Signor," I said, "I have just stumbled upon the dearest friend I had on earth. I will return in an hour and complete my purchase. The tidings I have just learned will not allow me to pause a moment. I must make others as happy as I am myself."

In a very short time I was at our hotel. The astonishment of Eugenie and madame was unbounded.

"My presentiment was right," cried Eugenie. "I was impelled by Divine power to come to Venice."

Then, as though a sudden thought had crushed her brain, she became pale as death, and said:

"Ha! but why did he separate from me? Some mystery is here worse than death. Oh, heavens! he loves me no longer, else why not seek us?"

This consideration had, of course, deeply impressed me, but I had sternly thrust it aside, as unwilling to admit any black shadow upon this gleam of hope. Could it be our Henri? Had he been murdered, and had the murderer who despoiled him of his ring assumed his name as well?

"Did Tiffanani give you any description of him?" asked Madame Laporte, eagerly.

"Fool that I was," I cried, "I forgot it! I will return."

"I will accompany you—who can tell but we may meet?"

It was in vain to argue with her when she was determined on anything. I therefore acquiesced, and sat in the greatest impatience while she dressed herself. When she came down, she looked angelic. Expectation lit her eye and flushed her cheek. We took a gondola, and were soon on our way to the jeweller's.

Entering his house, I said, "Signor, my friend here wishes to see the ring you have belonging to Signor Lemonnier!"

"How unfortunate!" cried the jeweller. "You had not left my house five minutes, but he came for it, paid my bill and has taken it away."

"Where can he be found? You surely told him what I said."

"I did—and he seemed much disturbed—'I am sorry,' he said, 'but I cannot wait. It must be some mistake. I have no friends here.' He then said, he was on the point of departing for Naples and that he could not call again."

A passion of tears burst from my fair companion. At last I inquired what description of person he was.

There could be no doubt—it was Henri, inexplicable mystery! Who could guess at his motives. We returned to our dwelling, where Eugenie abandoned herself to despair. I sought the authorities, and learned that a man answering his description had proceeded an hour before for Rome; as though the ring was to be his destined detector. The official said, "I noticed that this gentleman had a strange ring—it was a serpent holding a diamond between his fangs." Alas! I thought how often a serpent's fangs holds that priceless gem, a loving heart! I returned to madame with the intelligence.

In a few days we ourselves were on our way to the Eternal City. It is useless to recapitulate the ceaseless inquiries we made—nobody had seen—nobody heard of Signor Lemonnier; thus months passed away. Our hearts grew weary of this incessant search without hope, for even hope had abandoned all save Eugenie. She still clung with the desperation of a woman's heart to the hope that she might yet see her Henri again—that she might hear from his own lips that inexplicable mystery which now threw a blight upon her heart. I was sitting one day at the Café Tortoni, looking over some newspapers, when a voice arrested my attention. It sounded strangely familiar to me. I looked at the speaker, but could recognise no one I had ever seen. Was it De Beauvais? No! was it Lemonnier? I looked once more—and decided, no! And yet a strange conviction came over me that I had heard that voice ten thousand times in the days ago! The stranger was evidently not aware of my scrutiny, for he came to the table where I was sitting, and taking out a cigar lit it. I almost started from my seat as I recognized on his finger the diamond ring of Lemonnier. My involuntary ejaculation drew his attention to me—our eyes met.

"Frederick Bouverie!" was his ejaculation.

"De Beauvais," I cried, for the moment we looked at each other I knew him at a glance; "how came you by that ring? Remember the forest of Soubran!"

A deadly palor overspread his features. He stammered out: "This is not a place for explanation. Follow me to the Strada and I will tell you all."

"You are a murderer!" I exclaimed. "Certainly a robber!"

This exclamation of mine attracted the attention of some bystanders, among whom was an agent of the police. Coming forward he demanded the particulars. I told him my suspicions, which warranted him in taking De Beauvais into custody.

I went to madame and Eugenie, and broke to them gently that I had found the wearer of the ring, but that it was De Beauvais and not Henri.

"My heart has told me right," cried Eugenie. "I shall never see my Henri again upon earth!"

That same evening I was called upon by an officer, and told that De Beauvais wished to see me in prison. I went. He requested to be left alone with me. The jailor refused, though I had no fears for my safety since he was chained to the wall of his dungeon, which was rather a roomy one.

"Never mind," said De Beauvais. "The jailor does not understand a word of English and I do. I will use a language I hate to wound your heart."

He then told me, with a fiendish expression of countenance, that he had forged the letter, waylaid Henri, and murdered him; he also designated the tree beneath which we should find his remains.

"Do you think," said De Beauvais, "that I could see that fool take from me all that made up my life? The sun, moon, stars—in a word all that gave existence its relish—no! When he wedded Eugenie he met his fate; he stood then at an altar with death for his bride."

"Monster of malignity," I cried.

"Peace!" cried the man; "here is the ring. Give it to her,

tell her that while I have gloated over my vengeance I have always felt for her sorrows."

He handed the ring to me, and the next minute put something into his mouth. A few convulsed spasms and he was no more.

We found all was as the wretched man had stated. The body was taken to Père la Chaise, and a neat monument bears tribute to the worth of Henri Lemonnier.

In a year I offered my hand to Eugenie. She accepted it, saying: "You can have it, but my heart is in the coffin of Henri; but it is well that we never part, because we can then do nothing but talk of my dear Henri, now with the saints."

A NEW BABY.

HAVING been during the greater part of my life addicted to the study of the abstruse, it will not appear incredible that a single hour's careful perusal of the page of the philosophic Bradshaw led me to the conclusion that it was possible to proceed from the Paddington station of the Great Western Railway, to that of Pwllr-y-Gwllcrwddoes, South Wales, within the compass of an autumn day.

I rose early, and I did it.

The distance actually traversed was literally nothing—a poor hundred and seventy miles or so. But the immense number of branches and of lesser sprays resulting therefrom—combined with the elaborate and artistic non-correspondence of trains—spun out the journey to an affair of some thirteen hours. Why, in the name of common sense, the G train should be made to arrive punctually at fifty minutes past two, and the R and H depart from the same station five minutes earlier; or wherefore the latter should, with equal precision, reach its destination only to see the W V depart, shrieking spitefully, "Too late! Just too la-a-ate!" or lastly, for what reason a certain railway I could easily name (but I won't) should consume two hours and forty and five minutes of man's brief existence in going twenty miles; these are questions perhaps only to be resolved when some belated bishop or speculative solicitor shall demand the public ear.

So stealthily had our pace become before reaching Pwllr-y-Gwllcrwddoes, that it ended in our being totally unconscious of standing still. We had arrived, and didn't know it. It was, in truth, only by the guard dashing open the door, and uttering something that sounded like a violent clearing of the throat, that we were apprised of the welcome fact.

A walk of a mile, along a valley intersected by innumerable tramways, and lit up with mighty furnaces in full blast, brought me to my destination; the house of a friend who had medical charge of sixteen thousand stalwart bodies, in temporary bondage to one of the great iron-masters of the district; receiving for his attentions three-halfpence per month per body—total, twelve hundred pounds per annum, accidents extra. This, with the general practice of two farm-houses, a beer-shop (whose customers availed themselves unhesitatingly of the legal permission to be as drunk as they pleased on the premises) and the toll-house, producing a very pretty little income. My friend was, moreover, allowed two horses, with forage; and, as for coal, he had full licence to dig in any part of his garden he pleased.

The name of my host was Properjohn—John Properjohn; and rarely has a suggestive patronymic been more happily applied. The orderly and exemplary character of my friend had won him to wife a youthful widow; whom, in virtue of a very distant connection, and a very old friendship, I was accustomed to call Cousin Cis. She was the freshest and fairest of little matrons. Not even two marriages had been able to chase the smile from her lip, the healthy pink from her smooth round cheek, or that pretty dimple which seemed expressly made for a baby's lip to fill. In all my life I never saw such milk-white teeth as Cousin Cis's! Moreover, she was the idol of that rude district; the bit of gold in the centre of an iron world; and, from the quiet soothing influence she exercised over those uncouth tribes, had in all probability as much to do with keeping the furnaces in full roar as the great iron-master himself. I may as well men-



GRANDMOTHER AND CHILD.

tion that I was once in love with this Cousin Cis of mine; but I forgot to tell her so, and, one morning, she married John Properjohn.

On arriving at the house, the door was opened to me by a man-servant, of grave and subdued demeanor. He spoke in a low, cautious key, and appeared to have a habit of glancing up the stairs, as if he were conscious of being watched over the banisters, or expected something would endeavor to make its escape from the house.

"How d'ye do, Benjamin? Dinner over, I suppose?" said I.

Benjamin smiled compassionately.

"Some time ago, sir."

"Indeed! Hours are changed, then?"

"No, sir; we always dined at one," replied the man, with some severity.

I opened my eyes, for I had dined some scores of times at my friend's board, and never at an earlier hour than six; but I said no more on the trivial subject, and Benjamin, relaxing his dignity, respectfully inquired if I would proceed at once to my apartment, or visit the drawing-room. I chose the latter.

My pleasant hostess was alone, and came forward in her cordial manner to welcome me. I was grieved to see that she moved across the soft carpet uneasily, as though she had received some injury in her feet. Nevertheless, she seemed to wish to anticipate my approach, and met me nearly at the door. To my warm greeting, she replied in a broken, smothered tone, which alarmed me still more. As I was about to inquire eagerly the cause of these sad appearances, she stopped me.

"He—he has just this moment dropped off," she murmured.

"Dropped off! God bless me! Off what, my dear cousin? Not seriously hurt? I—"

"Hurt, you odd thing! What do you mean? I say, he has but this very instant moment gone to seeps, or—"

"Seeps, cousin?"

"Sleep, I mean, or I'd have had him here to say ga-ga."

"Thank you very much, my dear cousin! But, I beg your pardon, say what?"

"Ga-ga—ga-ga."

"And what's ga-ga? and why should Properjohn say it? and why to me? Is it a new Welsh welcome?"

"Not Properjohn, you tease! It's Tiddlepops."

"Tiddlep—"

"Baby!"

"Aha! my little godson! How is he? A young giant by this time, no doubt. Two years old, is he not?"

"Oh, cousin!" said Cis, reproachfully, "where's your memory? Tiddlepops won't be two till the ninth of next month, and this is only the twenty-seventh! Won't you like to wash your hands? And then, unless you would prefer waiting till you have seen him, we will give you some dinner."

I elected to dine while the young gentleman had his "seeps" out, and then inquired for her husband.

Properjohn had ridden out to the neighboring village (about ten miles off) of Brynmawr, to purchase a coral for dear baby.

"Please'm," said Benjamin, who was hovering about the door, "nurse says, if Mr. Burkemyoung will take off them

thick boots, and walk up-stairs a tiptoe, and promise not to go no nearer than the landing, she thinks he can just see his nose."

Mr. Burkemyoung, however, declined this proposition, handsome as it was; and accepted the alternative of washing and dining. I was accordingly shown to a not very comfortable apartment, on the ground floor; and, on re-entering the drawing-room, encountered my friend Properjohn.

"Ha, Burkemyoung, old fellow!" said my jovial friend, "what d'ye think of him?"

"My dear, he's asleep!" said his wife.

"True, my life. Bless me, I forgot!" replied Properjohn, with some confusion. "Burkemyoung couldn't have seen him—how could he? Unless, indeed . . . By the way, he might have—and in fact I thought he had—"

"What, my dear?"

"There's a ladder, dear, against the peartree, close by the nursery window, which is open. I thought perhaps he'd slipped up just to see—"

"Open, John? The window open?"

And off flew Cousin Cis, like a flash of lightning.

Instead of the pleasant social repast to which I had been looking forward, I was set down in solitary state to my dinner, while my excellent friend, who had dined with his baby at one, sat and gazed at me—a thing I hate. I was dreadfully hungry; but I never ate so little, or that little at such imminent risk of choking. The meal dispatched, I suspected, from the increasing indifference to noise in the house, that the baby had awakened. Benjamin's face, as he came and went in attendance on me, grew more and more important. At last, he re-entered the room with tenfold dignity, looked full at me as if he said:

"Now, sir, collect yourself—prepare"—opened the door, and admitted the babine procession.

First, came nurse, walking backwards, partly to watch over the safety of the interesting charge, partly to enjoy the effect of the pageant. Then mamma, who would not on this occasion delegate her right, bearing the baby itself—excessively got up, and looking like a heavy roll-pudding, insufficiently boiled, and garnished with lace. It had a vicious little eye, like a weasel's, and a goblin aspect that made me feel uncomfortable.

The very ugliest babies are usually tolerated by adoring relatives; but this little contrivance was positively too bad. It did not fulfil the common conditions of humanity. One hand was stuck outside the lace in a theatrical manner, which convinced me it was not chance. Babies' hands are said to be exquisitely beautiful; and, certainly, if to be pink and bent and wrinkly is sufficient to constitute loveliness, baby's hands were all that could be desired.

To return to the procession: the nursemaid, carrying a very unnecessary candle, followed mamma; and Benjamin, instead of quitting the room, closed up the train; his eyes still fastened on mine, watching the effect of the scene.

I'm a good-natured man enough; I could not bear to disappoint so many people at once. So I nerved myself to the utmost, and I may say, without vanity, that the histrionic powers I evinced on this occasion would have startled a Macready, and driven Mr. Charles Kean into obscurity and a knight-hood.

I nourished a fervent hope that baby was either too sleepy or too sulky to go through any tricks to-night. Alas, not so. The little vicious eyes winked and gleamed. The creature opened an orifice in its face where the mouth is usually situated, and aped a human yawn with frightful fidelity.

"Isn't that pretty?" said my cousin, her kind eyes beaming with delight, as the little round orifice closed up again, and a bubble appeared.

I expressed my enthusiasm.

"Now, dear, say ga-ga."

A savage squall was the sole reply.

"There, there—he shan't!" cried the terrified mother. "But perhaps he'll walk. Oh, cousin, he walks so sweetly—you must just see."

Nurse demurred; it was enough, for one night, that the incomparable infant had displayed his beauty in repose. To-mor-

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row, Tiddlepops would do anything he was asked, and surprise us all. Wouldn't he?

Squall went the horrible Tiddlepops, and was thereupon conveyed to bed.

Now, at last, I hoped we should have a pleasant hour. I had much to say and to hear, and was quite impatient for the door to close on the retreating baby. But it didn't close. The door was left ajar. Nurse had gone down to her supper; and, although a trusty nursemaid kept guard over the infant treasure, it was clear that the attention of both parents was too much distracted to admit of any rational conversation.

At the slightest sound, mamma's voice paused, or sank to a listening pitch; and once, when a mouse squeaked behind the wainscot, she fairly started from her seat, as if prepared to rush up-stairs.

Nurse's supper appearing to be a prolonged one, and I being fairly tired out, withdrew to my chamber, really feeling that I was acting most considerately to my good friends in leaving them at liberty to repair on tiptoe to baby's bedside, and refresh themselves with one more look before retiring to their own well-deserved repose.

My host—but not my hostess—appeared at the breakfast-table in the morning.

"Poor Cis has had a dreadful night," said Properjohn, with a wearied sigh.

I expressed both sorrow and surprise, for I had never seen her looking better.

"Oh, she's all right," said Properjohn. "It's only the bother. She was up nineteen times with him."

"What's the matter?"

"Flushed, you know. Wakes and turns over. You understand. Keeps opening and shutting his little hand. I don't know what to make of it. We gave him paregoric every thirty-five minutes. Several times in the night the child looked as if he was going—"

"Going?"

"—to cry. Cis is breakfasting in bed, regularly done. But she will be down in an hour or so."

Eventually she appeared; and baby, too.

"He has been talking so pretty all the morning. Hasn't he, nurse?" said my cousin, exultingly.

Nurse replied, in substance, that his remarks had indeed been both numerous and profound.

It is possible he had taxed his intellectual and colloquial gifts too highly—for he looked both savage and sullen—but, of course, I assumed an air of interest, and endeavored, in my awkward way, to open an infantine conversation. The little wretch only sucked his apology for a finger and glared at me. At length:

"What has he been saying?" I asked, in despair.

"Whole sentences, my dear cousin," said his mamma. "You never heard such chat. I couldn't get in a word. What was it he said coming downstairs, nurse? 'Ga-ga,' say it again, ma's blessing, 'Ga-ga, toopid.'"

"Ga-ga, toopid, Minny tipsy," prompted nurse.

"Toopid is his favorite word," said Cis. "Everything's toopid; isn't it, my pet?"

I began to think it was.

Lest my readers should be of the same opinion, I shall not conduct them through every hour of this most tedious day. Whether the child had been over-dosed with paregoric, or what had been done to him by art or nature, I will not pretend to say; but he would neither speak nor walk, nor in fact do anything but suck his finger. This state of things so alarmed the family, that domestic business of every kind was suspended, and the energies of all were devoted to the one great end of restoring his spirits to their natural querulous tone.

After some anxious consultation, Properjohn mounted his horse, and rode off to visit a brother doctor at some distance; with the view, as far as I could understand, of taking his opinion how far the prolonged suction of one's forefinger is injurious to health; and, assuming that it be injurious, what is the gentlest method of removing the digit from the abnormal position?

I hardly know how we passed the morning. I believe I

looked a good deal out of the window. It seemed unkind to walk out and leave my poor cousin alone with her anxieties; and Properjohn did not return for several hours. I might, however, as well have had my walk. Cis only looked in occasionally, with a pale, anxious face; hoped I was amusing myself, and returned hastily to the nursery, where Tiddlepops was enjoying a placid slumber—his finger still in his mouth. There was, Cis informed me, a very curious appearance on his brow, about as big as that (making a mark on paper the size of a very small pin's-head), which caused her to be very impatient for her husband's return.

I offered to ride out and seek him; but this she was too nervous to allow. We had some cold meat during the day, but no regular dinner; and altogether I was truly delighted when evening and Properjohn arrived together; my friend a little ruffled, in consequence of some unfeeling remarks made by the doctor about Tiddlepop's ailments.

"But," sighed Properjohn, with Macduff, "he has no children." In the meantime, however, the finger had quitted its position, and the spot as big as that had become invisible to mortal mother's eye.

So ended the first day. The next opened better. It was known that he had passed a tranquil night; mamma having risen but three times, and papa twice, to see how he was getting on. We exchanged smiles of congratulation over the coffee, and shook hands more than once during the morning, as if in silent recognition of the gratifying aspect of affairs. I could scarcely forbear smiling at the interest I myself began to attach to the state of this dreadful Tiddlepops's health and temper. I had become infected with the general solicitude; and, had I remained a few days longer under that roof, I am persuaded I should have sunk into as abject slavery as any had. It was not that I liked the child a bit better than at first, but that the love and pity of these amiable people appealed to mine; and what right had I—though with a heart little used to such emotions—to stand selfishly aloof, thwarting and shocking their sensibilities.

But my visit was cut suddenly short. We were just preparing for a pleasant stroll, when the nurse, with an aspect I shall never forget, burst into the room, and, staggering up to her mistress, threw her arms round her, crying out:

"O—please 'm, bear up—bear up!"

"Bear up!" shrieked poor Cis. "Nurse, nurse! Is he—is—What?"

"He—he has—WHOOPED!"

"My dear Burkemyoung," said Properjohn, turning to me, pale as death, but calm and collected as a man should be in great and sudden trouble, "My very dear friend, you perceive the dispensation it has pleased Providence to bring on my domestic peace. I am wholly unfit to fulfil the duties of a host. I cannot—I will not—request you to prolong your present stay. At a happier moment, I—I—"

The good fellow pressed my hand warmly. Cis took the hand he had let fall.

"And, cousin dear," she answered, the tears bursting from her eyes—"you shall yet—please God—hear him say—'Ga-ga, toopid!'"

In that hope I live.

UNCOMMON GOOD EATING.

Nothing is more variable than national diet, except it be national appetite. An Italian is content with a handful of bread and grapes, but an Esquimaux will devour twenty pounds of flesh in a day; a Hindu picks up a few spoonfuls of rice between sunrise and sunset; and a Russian Tartar will eat, in the twenty four hours, forty pounds of meat. Nay, a Tartar mentioned by Captain Cochrane in his "Travels," consumed in that time the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for drink; and three of the same tribe—the Yakuti—think nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal. In London and New York the average consumption of meat is half a pound to

each person daily; in Paris it is one-sixth of a pound, with a lower fraction still for the villages and country; yet the Irishman's bone and muscle are elaborated from potatoes, not from flesh; and the brawny Highlander builds up his huge members from porridge, kail and whiskey. So that meat is not absolutely essential even to Northmen; when, by a little unconscious chemistry they supply efficient substitutes, tailing off by units the various properties concentrated in honest beef and mutton.

Food is very unequally distributed among us. There is the poor man, who can never give his children a hearty meal; and there is the rich man, gorged with unimaginable luxuries; on the one side Lazarus, with a hunger never sated; on the other Dives, who, between the ages of ten and twenty, consumes forty wagon loads of superfluous meat and drink at the cost of seven thousand pounds, according to the calculations of Sidney Smith.

But even more varied than amount is kind. There is no limit to the odd dainties affected by different people. The New Brunswickers find a special charm in the moufle, or loose nose of the moose deer. Sharks' fins and fish-maws, unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs and birds'-nests, are all prized by the omnivorous Chinese. The Esquimaux revels in the foreign luxury of a purser's candle; and the Abyssinians intoxicate himself with raw meat and warm blood; which are as intoxicating in their way as ardent spirits. Paris has lately gone mad about horseflesh; and, in the Exhibition of 1851 a Monsieur Brocchieri showed and sold delicious cakes, patties and bonbons of bullocks' blood; rivalling the famed marrons glacés, or baptismal dragées, of the confiseries of the Boulevards. This seems to us almost the triumph of the art.

Meat biscuits, made in Texas for the use of the American navy, were also exhibited. They are like light colored sugar cakes in appearance. One pound of meat biscuit contains rather more nutriment than five pounds of ordinary meat. Portable soup is another matter of culinary condensation, wherein nutritive power is out of all proportion to bulk; and pemmican, so well known to Arctic voyagers, is again a condensation of solid meat finely ground; then mixed with sugar, fat and currants. The Siamese dry elephants' flesh, as Germany hangs her beef and pork; Cuba feeds her slaves on dried meat imported in enormous quantities from Buenos Ayres and the United States; and, all through America, the trade in this article is brisk and lucrative, extending even to Europe; which imports and consumes a goodly quantity to her share.

The extreme north presents, perhaps, the oddest specimens of luxuries in food. Blubber, the unruminated food of reindeer serving as an accompanying salad; whales' skin, cut into cubes, black as ebony, and tasting like cocoa-nut; whales' gum, with the bone adhering, not unlike cream cheese in flavor, and called Tuski sugar—these were some of the chief dishes at a Tuski banquet; while, at a feast given by some respectable Greenlanders, were half raw and putrid seals' flesh, putrid whales' tail, preserved crowberries mixed with reindeer's chyle, and preserved crowberries mixed with train oil. Walrus is good eating. It is like coarse beef; and walrus liver, raw, is a dish on which to grow poetical. Frozen seal is excellent as a standby in travelling; and putrid seal, which has been buried under the grass all the summer, is a winter's special charm. The reindeer's maw is made into a dish called nerukak, or the eatable, and sent about, as presents of game or fruit might be with us. The entrails of the rypeu, mixed with fresh train oil and berries, make another favorite dish; and the Greenlanders' winter preserves are craneberries, angelica, and eggs in every stage of incubatory progress, flung all together into a sack of seal skin, which is then filled up with train oil. An Esquimaux will eat his sledge—when it is made of dried salmon sewn between two skins; the cross pieces being reindeer bones. This is not marvellous as it seems to be: it is not quite like feeding off a one-horse chaise or clarence with C springs; but it must be a curious sight to see a party turn out, and make a meal of their carriage. Reindeer is the great delight of the Esquimaux—when he can get it: and frozen reindeer, eaten raw, is better, to his taste, than all the royal venison ever cooked for royal feasts.

Keeping for awhile among the cetacea, we find that the manatus, or sea calf, gives a white delicate flesh, like young pork; a lean or fibrous part like very red beef; and fat which is like hog's lard, with an exceptional portion lying between the entrails and the skin, like almond oil in taste, and an excellent substitute for butter. The tail is the tit-bit, and is covered with a fat of firmer consistence and more delicate flavor, than that on the body. But the manatus is too human to be pleasant. "It appears horrible," says Mr. Lund Simmons in his "Curiosities of Food," "to chew and swallow the flesh of an animal which holds its young (it has never more than one at a litter) to its breast—which is formed exactly like that of a woman—with paws resembling human hands." The tongue of the sea-lion (*phoca jubata*) is preferred by some to ox tongue; and the heart is said to be equal to roast calf's heart. The walrus has a tongue, a heart and a liver, all servicable and palatable, though we think the meat coarse and strong; the female sea-bear is like lamb, and its cub the very counterpart of roast pig. Seal flesh we think strong and oily; but we have already taken the Greenlander's opinion on it. The black skin of the whale, too, we have tasted, and found its ebony cules with the cocoa-nut flavor simply delicious, but its coarse red flesh like inferior meat. Porpoise, or sea-pig, is not to be despised by British sailors suffering from salt junk and scurvy; but it is not much sought after now, though in the days when peacocks in their pride, swans and herons were at English tables, porpoises or sea-pigs, had their place of honor there as well. All sea things have the recommendable quality of being highly iodised. This is one of the virtues of cod-liver oil; one of the reasons why sea-side air is so good for the scrofulous and consumptive; and almost the sole benefit to be found in the Iceland moss, once so famous as a specific against consumption. Isinglass has also a fishy origin. The court plaster of the chemists' shops is isinglass and balsam spread on silk. Caviare is the dried roe or salted spawn of fish; the black, which is the best, comes from the sturgeon, the red is from the gray mullet and the carp. Botargo is a kind of caviare made from the spawn of the red mullet, and of great esteem in Sicily; the roe of the pollock makes commendable bread, and the roe of the molly (*Eotha maculosa*) can be baked into biscuits, which are used in the fur countries as tea-bread.

In Beloochistan the cattle are fed on a compound of dates and dried fish; the inhabitants living almost entirely on fish; and we here, in the United States, fling hundreds of pounds of porgies and other fish upon our fields to fertilise the land, poison the air, and deprive some hungry thousands of a dinner. The Atlantic tunny is like veal, but drier and firmer; and the sturgeon, so prized by Greece and Rome, is also of the veal type; that is, like flesh without blood. The sharp-nosed sturgeon is like beef, very coarse, rank and unsavory. The shark is dry and acid. Havana is the only place where shark is openly sold in the market, and the Chinese are the only people who ascribe any specially invigorating virtues to the fins and tail.

The Gold Coast negroes are all fond of sharks; as they are of hippopotami and alligators, and the Polynesians surfeit themselves to indigestion and disease by their love of sharks' flesh, quite raw.

Scotland, and some other northern countries, eat the picked shark and the dog-fish. The conger eel, dried and grated, thickens soup in Catholic countries, and is a Jersey dainty, tasting like veal. In Cornwall they make conger eels, as they do everything else, into pies. The Chinooks dry a little fish—something like a sardine—then burn it as a candle; and the scales of the delicious and delicate callipevi make exceedingly beautiful ornaments.

Other people beside the Gold Coast negroes feed on, and take pleasure in reptiles. We ourselves eat one of the tribe when we devour calipash and calipee. But though we revel in turtle, we keep an adverse countenance to tortoise; yet half the soup eaten by travellers in Italy and Sicily is made of land tortoise, boiled down to its essence. In Trinidad, and other of the West India islands, land tortoises are in much repute; the eggs of the close tortoise (*testudo clausa*) are held a supreme deli-

cacy in North America; and Sir Walter Raleigh fed his fainting men on "tortuggas eggs" while sailing up the Orinoco.

In both North and South America the salt-water terrapin is a fat and luscious luxury, if taken just at the close of summer, and its eggs in their parchment-like skin—they have no true shell—are always valued. The hiccatee, New Holland's curious snake-necked version of a tortoise, has a liver which would send the pâté de foie gras of Strasbourg out of the field altogether; while of turtle the world of gourmands is never tired, under any form of presentation that it may please the chef to serve him. The hideous, scaly, demoniacal-looking iguana is better in the trial than in outside promise; cooked skilfully, it is like chicken in flesh and like turtle in flavor; but, if one of its paws should happen to stick up in the dish, it is so frightfully suggestive of a pigmy alligator that many a stout European, afraid of nothing else under the sun, would be afraid of that. It is excellent eating, being omnigustatory; it is like chicken, like rabbit, when stewed or curried; like turtle, if dressed as turtle should be; like hare, when turned into soup, and a good dish of imitation minced veal might be made of it, with lemon-cream and streaky bacon superadded. It is of the range of white meats; and its small, soft-shelled, delicate eggs are equal to itself in purity and daintiness of flavor. Indeed, the eggs of most reptiles are wonderfully appetising; but none more so than those which bring forth the harmless, hideous, and delicious iguana; unless it be the eggs of the condemned land tortoise.

Caymans and crocodiles, lizards and frogs, are all eaten and enjoyed by certain people. The typical crocodile is like veal; but some species have a strong flavor of musk, which is nauseating enough; and some are like juicy young pork, while others resemble lobster. Others again have a powerful fishy taste, very disagreeable. On the whole, therefore, crocodile is uncertain eating, and not to be ventured on with undue rashness. Alligator is supposed to be invigorating and restorative; and at Manila is sold at high prices; the Chinese clutching at the dried skin, which they use in their awful messes of gelatinous soup. Alligator is likened to sucking pig, but the alligator's eggs have a musky flavor.

The Australians devour even the most venomous snakes; and, those who have tried say the flavor is like collared eel, though the general likeness is to veal. In olden times viper broth was, to a benighted world, what turtle soup is to us; and viper jelly is still considered a restorative in Italy. The hunters of the Mississippi have, at this day, a dish called musical jack, of which they are mightily fond, though it is only a stew of rattlesnakes.

The French are notoriously fond of frogs, and frogs command a high price in the markets of New York; where they sell the large bull-frog, weighing sometimes half-a-pound, as well as tender little green frog (*rana esculenta*), whose hind legs taste so like delicate chicken, when served up with white sauce in the restaurants of Paris and the hotels of Vienna. Of course, frogs do not escape in China, which devours everything with blood or fibre in it; and the horrid negroes of Surinam eat the still more horrid and most loathsome Surinam toad.

Snakes and frogs seem to go somehow, with monkeys and parrots; they are all of the same eerie class together, though the naturalist would scoff at such a notion, and no physical geographer would countenance it. To us they suggest a squituf. African epicures are never more charmed than when they can dine off a highly seasoned, tender young monkey, baked, gipsy fashion, in the earth. The Rio Janeiro monkeys are sold in the Leadenhall-markets of the place, together with parrots and the paca, a not very edible-looking rodent. The great red monkey, and the black spider monkey, the howling monkey and the couzio or jacketed monkey, are all eaten by the various people among whom they are found. Monkey tastes like rabbit, and is reported nutritious and pleasant.

Bats and fox-monkeys—the flying lemur—are also eaten; but neither of very respectable holding in the gastronomic aristocracy; they have a rank odor and are unpleasant, but are eaten, nevertheless, by the natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, &c. One species of bat is good eating; it is called by the naturalists the eatable bat, and is said to be

white, tender and delicate; it is much favored by the inhabitants of Timor; for all that, it is a hideous beast, like a weasel, with a ten-inch body, covered with close and shining black hair, and four-feet wings, when stretched to their full extent.

If the rank fox-monkey may be eaten, why not the fox? So he is. In Italy reckoned a crowning delicacy; and, in the Arctic regions where fresh meat is scarce, when judiciously interred in a pie, he is considered equal to any rabbit, under the same conditions, ever bred on the Sussex downs. But, strange to say, the Esquimaux dogs, which will eat anything else, will not touch fox. The skunk, the prairie wolf and the sloth are eaten. Cats and dogs find purchasers and consumers in China, where they are hung up in the butchers' shops, together with badgers—tasting like wild boar—and other oddities of food.

In the South Seas, too, dog is a favorite dish, and a puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar; but it is only justice to say, that where dog is eaten he is specially fattened for the table, and fed on milk and such like cleanly diet. The Australian native dog or dingo is eaten by the blacks, but by no one else; and a South African will give a large cow for a well-sized mastiff. The tiger is thought by the Malays to impart his own strength and courage to his consumer.

The American panther and the wild cat of Louisiana are said to be excellent eating; so is the puma, which is so like veal in flavor that you would not know the difference blindfold. The lion, too, is almost identical with veal in color, taste and texture. Bears' paws were long a German delicacy; the bears' flesh is held equal or superior to pork by connoisseurs, having a mixed flavor, which partakes of the joint excellences of both beef and pork. The fat is as white as snow, and "if a man were to drink a quart of it," said one amiable enthusiast, "it would never rise on his stomach!" The tongue and hams are cured, but the head is accounted worthless, and thrown away.

The badger tastes like wild boar; the kangaroo is not inferior to venison, and kangaroo-tail soup is better than half the messes which pass in London under the name of ox-tail soup. Hashed wallaby is a dish no one need disdain, and a small species of kangaroo, called pademelon, is as good as any hare ever cooked. An Australian native banquet is an odd mixture. Kangaroos and wallabies, opossums and flying squirrels, kangaroo-rats, wombats and bandicoots, all of them more or less of the venison type, represent the *pièces de résistance*; while rats, mice, snakes, snails, large white magots, called cobberras, worms and grubs, are the little dishes and most favored entrées. A nice fat marmot is a treat—why not? They are pure feeders. An Esquimaux strings mice together as a Londoner strings larks, and eats them with equal gusto.

The musk rat of Martinique is eaten, musky as it is, and indescribably loathsome to a European; and the sleek rats of the sugar-cane fields make one of the most delicious fricassees imaginable—so tender, plump, cleanly and luscious are they. Sugar plantations generally maintain a professional ratcatcher, but some people think that rat produces consumption, so discourage the sport. The Chinese are in a rat paradise in California, where the rats are incredibly large, highly flavored, and very abundant; they make a dish of rats' brains equal to the famous plat of nightingales' tongues spoken of in a certain Roman history; and rat-soup is thought by all right-minded Celestials to beat ox-tail or gravy-soup hollow.

Mr. Albert Smith gave his impressions of Chinese fare as consisting, for the most part, of "rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish dried in the most frightful attitudes," with the addition of a soup of "large caterpillars boiled in a thin gravy with onion." India is now about to supply China with salted rats, which it is hoped will open a new field of commercial enterprise and fortune quite unparalleled. The bandicoot, dear to Australian palates, is the pig-rat; and the vaulting rat, or jerboa, is of the same order. The Indians eat the beaver, which is said to be like pork; and porcupine is a prime favorite with the Dutch, the Hottentots, the Australians, the Hudson Bay trappers, and the Italians. Porcupine is a cross between fowl and sucking-pig, and accounted exceedingly nutritious.

Elephants' feet, pickled in strong toddy vinegar and cayenne pepper, are considered in Ceylon an Apician luxury. The trunk

is said to resemble buffalo's hump, and the fat is a godsend to the Bushmen, who will go almost any distance for a portion. Hippopotamus fat, too, is a treat; when salted it is thought superior to our best breakfast bacon; and the flesh is both palatable and nutritious; the fat is used instead of butter for making puddings, and, indeed, for all the ordinary uses of butter. The young tapir is like beef, and the peccary and musk hog are both superior to the common porker, if care is taken to cut out the fetid orifice in the back. Pig—the pig for which Charles Lamb would almost dare a crime, and the immortal Chinaman burnt down his house—the pig of our childhood, our maturity, and our old age—has detractors and calumniators; surely no man who has once tasted could ever forego again. America is the great pork-shop of the universe; not even excepting Ireland, where the pig element is strongly developed. In America they speak of pickled pork by the acre, and in Ohio alone they use about three-quarters of a million of swine yearly. In Spain pig is game, lean and highly flavored, without fat or unctuousness, devoid of any capability for bacon, and without a rasher or a cheek available for breakfast. It is fondly thought that sausages come from this member of the pachydermatous family; but sausages are deceptive, and sometimes contain as much horse flesh and donkey flesh as their more legitimate basis. Mr. Richardson, of Manchester, gave evidence in Mr. Scholefield's committee, to the effect that horse flesh is mixed with potted meats, and enters largely into the composition of collared brawn, sausages and polonies; and that, indeed, it is of material use in these preparations, as being harder and more fibrous than pork, it binds together the whole, which else would be inclined to run to waste and water.

Birds are of large importance in the supplies of human food; and not only birds but birds' nests as well—at least with the Chinese, whose dainties are always peculiar. These nests are brought from Java and Sumatra, the gathering taking place thrice in the year, and being inaugurated by solemn ceremonies. The nests are like fibrous, ill-concocted isinglass, inclining to red, about the size of a goose's egg, and as thick as a silver spoon. They hang upon the rocks like (according to Mr. Albert Smith) watchpockets. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled, and are sold for twice their weight in silver. The best are the whitest and cleanest; but even with these there is enormous labor in preparing them for the Chinese market, the end and aim of the trade being a soup with these nests floating about like lumps of soft, mucilaginous jelly. This nest, which is of the sea-swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*), is the only edible one known. Many are the delicious morsels afforded by birds. The beccafico in the fig season; the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia when the acacia seeds are ripe; the young, fat, hideous diabolito or goatsucker, if taken when a tender nestling, and the same bird when older, if taken when the palms are in fruit; the rice bunting of South Carolina, when the rice is ripening in the field; and the ortolan, mere lump of idealised fat as it is—these are among the most celebrated of the smaller titbits, not forgetting the snipes and woodcocks.

Some people eat insects. The grub of the palm weevil, about the size of one's thumb, is much favored in the East and West Indies; and the grubs of most beetles find their admirers and an esophageal tomb in some or other quarter of the globe. Locusts are a substitute for grain with the Arabs, and are ground up into a kind of bread; besides being salted, smoked and plainly boiled or roasted. The Moors think a fine fat locust superior even to pigeon, and the Hottentots make a coffee-colored soup of their eggs. Grasshoppers and cicadas are also eaten; and, indeed, the problem seems to be to find any living thing which does not pass through the furnace for the benefit of some one's bill of fare. The white ants—termites—are said to be good eating; so are ants generally, giving a pleasant acid to the preparation, whatever it may be. They are distilled with rye in Sweden for the purpose of flavoring inferior brandy. The grub or larva, of the termites, is like the most delicious bit of cream; but the lusciousness of a large white fat maggot, precious to the Australian native, is said to be without compare. Stupid native!—he devours the grubs of the most valuable and the rarest moths and butterflies; and certain species are almost extinct, in the plumed state, because the thirsty, parched, un-

entomological black seizes on that bit of living marrow, the grub, wherever he finds it. The thrifty Chinese first wind-off the cocoon, then send the chrysalis of the silkworm to table. It is a pleasant adjunct in a feast where half-hatched eggs, sea-slugs, rats, frogs and dogs are the principal dainties. Spiders are delicacies of the dessert kind to the Bushman; and Lalande and Anna Maria Schurman used to eat them like nuts, which it is said they resemble. Snails have their partisans, and Murillo's Seville boy ate a snail pie while he was being painted. Even we rear a certain large white race, which we sell in Covent Garden, to be made into soup and jelly for the consumptive, who believe them to be almost a specific for that complaint. The Chinese gloat over sea-slug or *bêche de mer*, and a dish of a certain sea-worm is one of the events of life to the dwellers in the Islands of the Southern Pacific. The people of Chili eat barnacles as we eat whelks; the Hottentots devour handfuls of roasted caterpillars which taste like sugared cream or almond paste, and stand to them in the place of sugarplums and comfits. What a blessing it would be if we could persuade our rising population to exchange daff and mineral-colored lozenges, for nice young harmless caterpillars roasted in the ashes. Think how the farmers would gain by the exchange!

EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES.

BULWER—DE GIRARDIN—TOM TAYLOR.

SELDOM does the foreign correspondence which reaches the stay-at-homes on this side of the water contain so much interesting detail on persons we all like to hear about, as we found in two of our city newspapers one lucky morning of last week. The reader, we know, will thank us for the bringing together and preserving of these otherwise unconsidered waifs in the columns of our Magazine. First, we copy a brief retrospective glance upon Bulwer and his works:

"E. L. Bulwer was born a poet and a politician in the year 1805. At the age of fifteen he published the first blossoms of his genius in a little volume of verses entitled *Ismael*. Five years later came his noble Prize Poem on Sculpture; then his *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, a bouquet of fugitive poems privately printed in Paris. In 1827 he entered the Horse Guards, and struck his true vein of authorship, and gave the world his brilliant maiden fiction, the rhetorical, sceptical, aspiring and despairing *Falkland*. This was speedily followed by *O'Neill*, or *the Rebel*; and in the midst of his mental and moral effervescence, Bulwer committed matrimony and retired from the army. In a lonely and lovely part of Oxfordshire, the somewhat subdued and disenchanting author gave himself up to study and meditation, throwing off annually, at least, a three-volume novel: *Pelham*, or *the Adventures of a Gentleman*; *The Disowned*; *Devereux*; *Paul Clifford*; *The Siamese Twins*; *Eugene Aram*; *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*; *Godolphin*; *The Student*; *England and the English*; *The Last Days of Pompeii*; *Rienzi*; *Lella*; *Calderon, the Courtier*—his maiden play; *The Duchess de la Vallière*; *Athens, its Rise and Fall*; *Ernest Maltravers*; *Alice, or the Mysteries*; *The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride*—one of the most popular dramas ever written; *Richelieu*, or *the Conspiracy*—the greatest play since Shakespeare; *The Sea-Captain*, or *the Birthright*; *Money*—a brilliant satirical comedy; *Not so Bad as We Seem*, or *Many Sides to a Character*—his latest theatrical production, written in 1851; *Night and Morning*; *Zanoni*; *Eva*, and *the Ill-Omened Marriage*; *The Last of the Barons*; *The New Timon*—an extraordinary poem, full of sarcastic hits at the times; *Lucretia*, or *the Children of Night*; *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*; *King Arthur*, an Epic in Twelve Books; *The Cartons*, a Family Picture; *My Novel*, or *Varieties of English Life*; and *What Will He Do With It?*—just completed and published in four volumes. These, with his numerous articles in *Blackwood*, the *New Monthly*, the *Monthly Chronicle*, the *Westminster*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, &c., &c., comprise the literary labors of the most prolific, the most powerful and the most successful author of the age. The appropriate motto upon Sir Edward's crest is: *Hoc virtutis opus*. And all this labor has been accomplished in the midst of every

possible temptation to idleness and luxury; under the depressing effects of physical debility; and, more than all, of domestic infelicity!

"Sir Edward is wealthy, independent of his salary as minister and his income as author. The Messrs. Routledge pay him one hundred thousand dollars for the copyright of a cheap edition of his works for ten years. As the lord of Knebworth Hall, with revenues equal to the most expansive taste; as a member of the British cabinet, and a leader of Parliament; but above all, as the best read romancist and writer of the day, Sir Bulwer Lytton, at the age of fifty-three, has achieved a fame, a future and a position unparalleled in the history of men of genius."

And now for a personal sketch of the author of "*The Cartons*," by one who has dined with him:

"In person, Bulwer is a little above the medium height, with a figure slight, almost to frailty. His fine head affords the most indubitable proof of the general veracity of phrenology. It is a splendid dome of intellect, widening in the region of ideality, and affording ample scope for all the superior faculties. There is nothing of the appearance or manner of the Englishman about him; but, on the contrary, he is entirely cosmopolitan in look, dress and tone of conversation. His hair, like his thin whiskers and moustache, is of a lightish brown color. He wears it cut close behind, and lifted up in front, giving his head a look of distinguished loftiness.

"The dinner party, yesterday, consisted of fifteen persons, mostly noblemen and members of Parliament; the hour, seven and a-half o'clock. There was no general talk at the table, each guest conversing *sotto voce* with the gentleman on either side of him. The courses were numerous, and the viands and the wines of the choicest qualities. The table was ornamented with tasteful pyramids of flowers; the service was of gold and silver; and the servants, in small clothes, white cravats and powdered hair, looked like the *dramatis personæ* in the School for Scandal.

"After dinner the conversation became more general and animated, but the topics were usually of more or less public interest. Being the only American present, and the only one who had ever seen America, I had many questions to answer. I suppose I could not have given the great novelist any information that would have gratified him more touching the Transatlantic appreciation of his works, than the fact that his sweet and simple little song,

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee, &c.,

is found on almost every pianoforte in America. Sir Edward greatly regrets that he had not visited the United States in his 'travelling days.' He expressed, as did several others, the most profound sorrow at the death of Prescott, for whose works he entertains the highest admiration; asked affectionately after Washington Irving, and remarked that he did not think the Americans had yet done justice to Cooper, adding, 'He may have offended a portion of his countrymen by his politics or his manners; but what have these to do with an author's works; let them be judged by themselves.'

"Knowing that Bulwer was a good smoker, I had the satisfaction of giving him, and seeing him enjoy, perhaps one of the best cigars that ever regaled his dainty senses. It was of the genuine New York Hotel 'No. One' brand, and the tapestried walls of Sir Edward's parlors were never perfumed with a more 'fragrant Havana.'

"The Lytton titles and estates will be inherited by Edward Robert, Bulwer's sole son and heir, whose matrimonial engagement to a Dutch lady is just announced. He is a young man of fine literary talents, and a poet of a high order. His latest production is just now receiving the universal commendation of the London critics. He left town a few days since, to resume the duties of his post as secretary to the embassy at Vienna."

Turn we now to *la belle France*. Here the life of that celebrated character, Emile de Girardin, affords us the instance of a first love vainly sought to be forgotten, and a most painful history it is:

"The promenader on the Champs Elysées must have ob-

served lately at one of the upper windows of the house of M. Emile de Girardin, and with the face presented to the street, the bust of his late wife, the regretted Delphine Gay; and perhaps the promenader does not know the history of this bust, or the reason why it is thrust into the garret, and, worse still, with its face to the public of the street. Madame de Girardin I., the most loved authoress and woman of modern times in France, died a few years ago, and, a twelvemonth afterwards, was replaced at the fireside of the house in the Champs Elvées by the young and beautiful Countess of Tieffenbach—Madame de Girardin II.

"At the time of the second marriage, the bust of the first wife was found in one of the conjugal apartments of the house. It was judged proper to move it into the library of monsieur. But as it happened that, during the first quarters of the honeymoon, madame came often to surprise her husband in the midst of his grave studies, the statue found means to escape to the bed-chamber of monsieur, and installed itself there. But there, although safe from the view of the young wife, it did not fail to provoke in the mind of the husband souvenirs and comparisons which the beauty and the youth of number two could not always combat victoriously. It was thought often to carry it into some new exile, but where? was the question. The garret was proposed, but it was so cold, so far from the fireside! Besides, there was more than one's own feelings to be compromised with; malignity of the visitors must be counted on. However, the bust was exiled to the garret, and there it now stands, with its back on the inmates of the house where its living resemblance reigned a queen, and its face towards that public in whose hearts her memory has found a safe refuge.

"But M. de Girardin's embarrassments do not stop here. Lately a distinguished artist of this city gave him notice that he had just finished for the forthcoming annual Artists' Exhibition a bust in marble of Madame de Girardin I., and invited the celebrated publicist to come and see it. You can understand the embarrassment of the husband in thus learning that the first bust was now complicated with a second. However he went to see it. He gazed upon it a long time, for he found it a remarkable resemblance as well as a *chef d'œuvre* of art. It was the same incomparable woman who, during fifteen years, suffered with his pains, shared his abuse, lived in his struggles and triumphed in his victories. He wept in presence of this almost breathing impersonation, and now, it is said, that when his political or financial combinations fail, when his aspirations meet a reverse, or his wife has a caprice, he starts on a pilgrimage to the studio of the artist, to complain to the other, and to seek consolation under the influence of her benignant smile. So true it is that there is nothing like goodness and talent to attach us to the memory of the dead."

Any particulars touching the author of "Our American Cousin," in a land where that play is known "from the Rocky Mountains on the east, to the Atlantic ocean on the west" (to quote a well-known stump-speaker), cannot but be of interest, and we, therefore, have no hesitation in presenting Tom Taylor thus extendedly to our readers, aided in the introduction by one who first formed an acquaintance with him at college:

"One of the first remarks which even the most superficial observer could not fail to make upon Taylor, was the many-sidedness and versatility of intellect, resulting in a great extent and variety of knowledge. This was the more striking to a foreigner, because the knowledge of an Englishman at that age (twenty-two) is usually very accurate in a few subjects, but somewhat limited in range. Except mathematics and music, he knew a little of everything, and a great deal of many things, particularly the languages and literature of different nations. His linguistic acquirements not only embraced several modern tongues, but extended to Anglo-Saxon, and even to some vocabularies which do not usually enter into a private gentleman's education; for instance, the Gipsy.

"The manner in which he acquired this last was characteristic. Having at some fair, or other country jollification where such persons are wont to resort, accidentally entered into conversation with a Gipsy, the idea suddenly struck him that this was a good opportunity for learning the tongue of that peculiar

people. Forthwith he took bodily possession of his new acquaintance, marched him off to his rooms (it was in vacation), and literally boarded and lodged him there for a week, by the end of which time he had made such good use of his live dictionary as to talk Gipsy with tolerable fluency, and his subsequent encounters with others of these interesting vagabonds soon made him master of their speech.

"The reader may already have inferred that Tom was fond of going about into all sorts of society, and seeing all sorts of people. This he did from no improper or vicious motive, but out of his passion for the study of character. He was particularly fond of frequenting fairs and other rustic merry-makings, and of listening to itinerant salesmen and showmen; and he could mimic such characters as well, to say the least, as any professional actor.

"A strong instance of his mimetic powers is the following: At a Trinity breakfast party the conversation turned upon actors and disguises. One word brought on another, till Tom made a bet that he would deceive three of the company present within a fortnight, by entering their rooms in disguise, speaking to them, and retiring without being detected. The three gentlemen in question were all pretty 'cute men; one of them is now an M. P. Nevertheless, Tom, in the garb of a groom, planted his first man that very afternoon. Two or three days after, the future legislator was also victimised, I forget under what travestie. But the third was a more difficult customer. L—— was a very reserved and silent person, so much so, that I have played billiards with him a whole evening without his uttering a word except 'rest, boy!' when he wanted that implement, and once, when the boy was remiss, he prefaced his request with two emphatic monosyllables. But if he did not work his tongue much, he made sufficient use of his eyes and ears, and was reckoned a very 'leery' party. His *amour propre* being engaged in the matter, it became his ruling idea, so that he was perpetually on the watch for Tom, out of doors as well as in. If, when on a 'constitutional' with his friends, they met any extraordinary-looking vagabond, L's searching glance would pierce through the tatterdemalion, and he might be heard muttering, 'I wonder if that's Taylor?'

"At length the penultimate evening arrived. At noon next day the stipulated time would expire. Taylor gave it up in despair, and announced his departure by the 10 A.M. coach. One of the original band of breakfasters gave him a farewell spread, and all the guests performed the operation called in Etonian propemping—that is to say in the vernacular, seeing him off. They then dispersed to their respective pursuits, and L. went joyfully home. His morning cigar had never seemed more luxurious to him, for had he not done the all-doing Tom Taylor? There was but one drop in his cup, one ruffle on the calm of his equanimity. His chimæra sometimes smoked; it was threatening to smoke then. Only yesterday he had reported the nuisance to the college mason. Just then a knock was heard; a journeyman entered; he had come about that very business; he inquired into the symptoms, examined the grate, removed a brick, and withdrew, promising to ascend the roof and continue his observations. Five minutes after L. was aware of an immense charivari, not over his head, but under his window. His name was repeated, amid invitations to come forth and bursts of laughter. Opening his casement, he beheld in the court his breakfast companions of the morning forming a joyful group, in their midst the journeyman mason—*alias* Tom Taylor. Tom had quietly got off the coach a few miles out of town, hurried back to Cambridge post-haste, and arrived just in time to don his disguise and win his wager.

"It follows as a matter of course from what has been said, that Tom had very little of the traditional John Bull stiffness, particularly with strangers. He made himself not only civil, but agreeable to everybody, was delighted to get hold of a new comer, and would show him the lions of the place and do him the honors of Cambridge without previous investigation of his pedigree and social status. On one occasion he turned this facility to good account. Though possessing some private property of his own, in addition to the income derived from his fellow-ship and pupils, he occasionally did what many men do (the writer of this article among others), without dissipation or

extravagance, but merely from bad management or impatience of minor economic details—that is, he got into debt, and among his creditors was a London tailor. Tom was so little of a dressy man that it seemed almost incredible he should owe anything to a tailor, above all a metropolitan one; yet such was the fact, as proved by the appearance of Schneider himself, who, having vainly sent in his little bill on various occasions, finally took the desperate resolution of going to look after it in person, and accordingly started for Cambridge without even taking a dictionary to defend himself. Tom was delighted to see him. Mr. Snip's first visit to Cambridge? There were a great many curious things to see in Cambridge—the Colleges, the Library, Fitzwilliam Museum, &c., &c.; and over all these did he forthwith bear-lead Mr. Snip, duly expatiating on the beauties of everything, till he left the unfortunate tradesman in such a state of admiration and awe, that not only did Snip clean forget to make any allusion to that 'small account,' but he positively supplicated leave to measure Mr. Taylor for a new coat, which duly arrived a few days after, and was triumphantly sported by the dexterous Tom.

"It must not be supposed that Taylor's declamatory talents were merely of the comic order. His serious elocution was very natural and impressive. He was one of our best readers in chapel when a bachelor-scholar, and one of the best closet readers I ever met anywhere. Of this I had frequent opportunities of judging, as we both belonged to a sort of informal club that used to meet on Sunday evenings for the purpose of reading Shakespeare and the other old English dramatists: he was also fond of reading from a MS. copy various poems of Tennyson, many of which have since been published, though some remain unedited.

"Considering Tom's love for the stage, it is somewhat singular that he did not turn his attention that way immediately after gaining his fellowship; but he first broke out in quite another place. He fancied becoming an artist, went over to Paris and Belgium, copied pictures in the Louvre, and studied models. (You may remember that Thackeray commenced the same way.) There was a very general impression among Tom's friends, especially those to whom he presented his copies, that for once he had gone just a little out of his line; after a few months his good sense told him as much, and the painting fit went off as suddenly as it had come on. Not long after this it was suspected that Taylor had serious thoughts of entering the church, and though he never would own it out and out, he was generally supposed to be at least taking the subject into consideration. Far be it from me to say that he would not have made a good parson in many respects. To say that he mingled among the lower classes from no improper motives is only doing him half justice. He was very charitable, in a discriminating and unpretending way, and all the poor with whom he came into contact had a most grateful recollection. I have no doubt his humbler parishioners would have almost worshipped him. I am sure that none of his parishioners would have been set to sleep by his sermons. Still, all things considered, the church was not, any more than the atelier, the most appropriate field for the display of his abilities, and he gradually came to this conclusion himself. The bar, his nominal profession, he took up in earnest, going on circuit, and not being altogether guiltless of briefs. About the same time he began his career as a dramatic author with the farce, 'A Trip to Kissingen,' which ran twelve nights, and brought in as many pounds. One or two other equally modest attempts, and then came his first great successes, the burlesques which he wrote in collaboration with Albert Smith and Kenny, 'Valentine and Orson,' 'Whittington and his Cat,' 'Cinderella,' &c. These pieces, however much they may have shocked the old fogy dignity of *Blackwood*, are models of their kind, sparkling with puns, and replete with all manner of good things. I sometimes doubt if their authors have surpassed them since.

"After this Tom started *Puck*, a sort of rival on a small scale to *Punch*. It was a very amusing little sheet, and contained some capital parodies, particularly one on Tennyson's 'Lotus Eaters,' entitled 'The Cigar Smokers'; in this he was assisted by Franklin Lushington. The intellectual firmament, however, could not support two such luminaries; *Puck* went out,

and Tom then enlisted under the banners of *Punch*. Two years ago he and John Oxenford had between them nearly the monopoly of the parodies in that periodical. Taylor also wrote for *Bentley's Miscellany* and other magazines, besides the more serious occupation of contributing to the *Morning Chronicle*, which at that time (say from '45 to '51) was a favorite organ of Young Cambridge. In one year, by his various writings, he netted the comfortable sum of seven thousand dollars. Also, by way of interlude, as it were, he succeeded Dr. Latham as Professor of the English Language and Literature in the London University; but this post he did not retain long. And all the while he considered these occupations were amusements, and went on pretty regularly at his regular profession.

"One of the most admirable traits of the English gentleman is his capacity for getting through a great amount of intellectual work without injuring his physical or moral tone. Our people can achieve a vast deal of headwork in a short time, but they generally accomplish their business at a sad expense of health and temper, while your educated Englishman not only retains his physique unimpaired, but positively grows jollier as he works on. But the peculiarity of Taylor's industry was, that whereas an Englishman usually absorbs his energies in one thing at a time, he had half a dozen irons in the fire at once, and kept them all hot.

"Law, however, like science, is a jealous mistress, and a barrister's literary pursuits seldom find favor in the eyes of his professional brethren. Nor was the feeling of Tom's Alma Mater towards him altogether unmingled. Though the men of his own college were generally proud of him, some 'Dons' thought it beneath the dignity of a fellow to be connected with *Punch* and the playhouses. On some public occasion William Hepworth Thompson, then tutor of Trinity, since Greek professor, was dining in company with a fellow of St. John's. Now, John's and Trinity are the two great rival colleges of Cambridge, the former excelling in mathematics, the latter in classics, besides which they are politically opposed—John's being the old head-quarters of the Tories, and Trinity of the Whigs. Moreover, the Trinitarians, notwithstanding their political liberalism, assume a certain aristocratic hauteur towards the Johnians, whom they have impolitely dubbed 'hogs,' and christened their bridge (by a bad classical pun) the Isthmus of Suez (*suez*, swine). So the Johnian, thinking to find a sore place, began:

"'I understand there is one of your Trinity fellows who writes in *Punch*.'

"'Indeed,' replied the other, looking as if the intelligence was quite new to him, though he was well acquainted with Taylor and all his doings, 'I am glad that we have a fellow of Trinity clever enough to write in *Punch*.'

"A promising barrister, who has not patience to pursue the direct line of his profession, often finds an indirect opening out of it in a government situation of some kind. And thus Taylor, soon after his fellowship had expired, was appointed secretary to the Board of Health, at a salary of five thousand dollars. He entered with his customary energy on his new duties, which a friend ludicrously described as 'burying all the population of London and supplying the rest with water.' I believe this office has been recently abolished. If so, it will doubtless have proved only a step to something better, for he is not the man to remain long unemployed.

"Taylor belongs to a remarkable association of literary men called the Sterling Club, composed chiefly of Cantabs, with a few Oxford men, and some outsiders, like Carlyle. It is partly recruited from a sort of nursery club to it at Cambridge, popularly known as the 'Apostles'—probably because it consists of thirteen members. I believe the 'Apostles' was the older institution of the two, and the other not unnaturally grew out of it. Carlyle, Thackeray and Tennyson are the three great stars of the 'Sterling,' which also comprises among its members Monckton Milnes, Venables, Spedding, Stanley, Maurice, Vernon Harcourt, and other minor lights of literature, politics, art and theology. He is also a member of the 'Cosmopolite,' a *sans cérémonie* assemblage of authors, artists and politicians, that used to meet (and I trust still does) at Wyndham Phillips' atelier; and of more clubs and associations than I know the

names of. In fact, no literary society is complete without him.

"Thackeray is, or was, nominally Taylor's chum, the great satirist being supposed to occupy the same chambers with him in the Temple. Among his other intimate friends may be mentioned Wigan, the actor, a very clever and accomplished gentleman apart from his professional ability; Wyndham Phillips, one of the fashionable portrait painters, a perfect brick in his way, too, but in many respects Tom's direct opposite, having great aristocratic pretensions, and a profound veneration for Mrs. Grundy; and Doyle, that Phoenix of Hibernians, a modest and quiet Irishman! Doyle was Leach's associate as artist to *Punch*; he left it eight years ago on religious grounds (being a Romanist), and his place was supplied by Tenniel.

"I remember dining at Tom's chambers, in 1850, with this set, when the lion of the evening was Vivier, the horn player, soap bubble blower, practical joker—no bad French edition of Theodore Hook; he sang us a whole Italian opera without words, to his own piano accompaniment, imitating first the chorus, then the tenor, then the baritone and soprano duet, and so on; after which he sang, also without words, a German sentimental ditty. Meanwhile Phillips was sketching Tom's portrait with a roll of burnt paper, and Doyle extemporizing a fairy procession, both which drawings I carried away as souvenirs of the evening, and have them still.

"The last scene of our contact I cannot help repeating, even at the risk of offending him; it is so characteristic of all parties concerned.

"In the spring of '54 I was invited by two very fine specimens of Young New York, then flourishing largely in Paris, to accompany them over the Channel, to see the Derby, and other varieties of the British elephant. They were under the grievous mistake of supposing me to be a fast man, like themselves, and would not be convinced of the contrary by anything short of experience. But though a few days showed them that I could not stand their pace, and could go but a very little way towards showing them the ropes of London, there was one point where they still relied on me—the 'doing' of Cambridge. I had eloquently dilated on the genial reception we were sure to meet from my old friends there, and the satisfactory way in which we were certain to be 'put through.' Meanwhile Taylor dropped in on me one morning, rather before the balance of our party had showed themselves, and incontinently invited me to breakfast on the next day but one—nay, hearing that I had two friends with me, insisted on including them in the invitation. If, instead of two compatriots, I had had as many with me as our minister here is in the habit of presenting in a batch to the emperor, with the convenient introduction: 'Americans, your majesty!' Taylor, in his impulsive way, would have asked them all, and I, in my impulsive way, should have accepted them all, as I did for those two. 'But mind now,' quoth Tom, 'don't be a minute later than ten, for by eleven I must be at Gwyddir House' (where the Board of Health was located). 'Business is business you know.' On my friends' appearance, I hastened to communicate to them this first specimen of what they might expect from Cambridge men, but found them rather shy of accepting an invitation conveyed in this way. A great change has come over the foreign manners of Americans within the last fifteen or twenty years. Formerly they were as ready to seek hospitality abroad as to practise it at home. Misunderstood by Europeans, they have gone on the other tack, and are now as unsocial and distrusting as John Bull himself, particularly with John Bull. However, I succeeded in overcoming my companions' hesitation, which, in truth, was not unmixed with scruples of another kind—a strong dislike to rise so early in the morning.

"Unluckily, on the morrow Tom was engaged upon a great event—no less than the marriage of his chum, for there was a third joint-occupant of his chambers besides himself and Thackeray—though, indeed, Tom himself occupied his former chambers no longer, but had lodgings nearer the scene of his labors. After the happy couple had bid the world adieu, the remainder of the party became extremely jolly, and made very much of a night of it.

"The reader anticipates the catastrophe. When, on the subsequent morning we climbed Tom's three pair of stairs, behold our to-have-been host was perfectly in bed and imperfectly conscious. Young New York, already somewhat discomposed by the unwonted exertion of rising at nine, turned indignantly on its four heels and redescended. I, of course had to stick by my townsmen, and so we 'vamosed the ranch' precipitately, leaving Taylor, now half awake, looking for his trousers with one hand, and calling to his laundress with the other.

"I defy any Irishman to beat that last sentence.

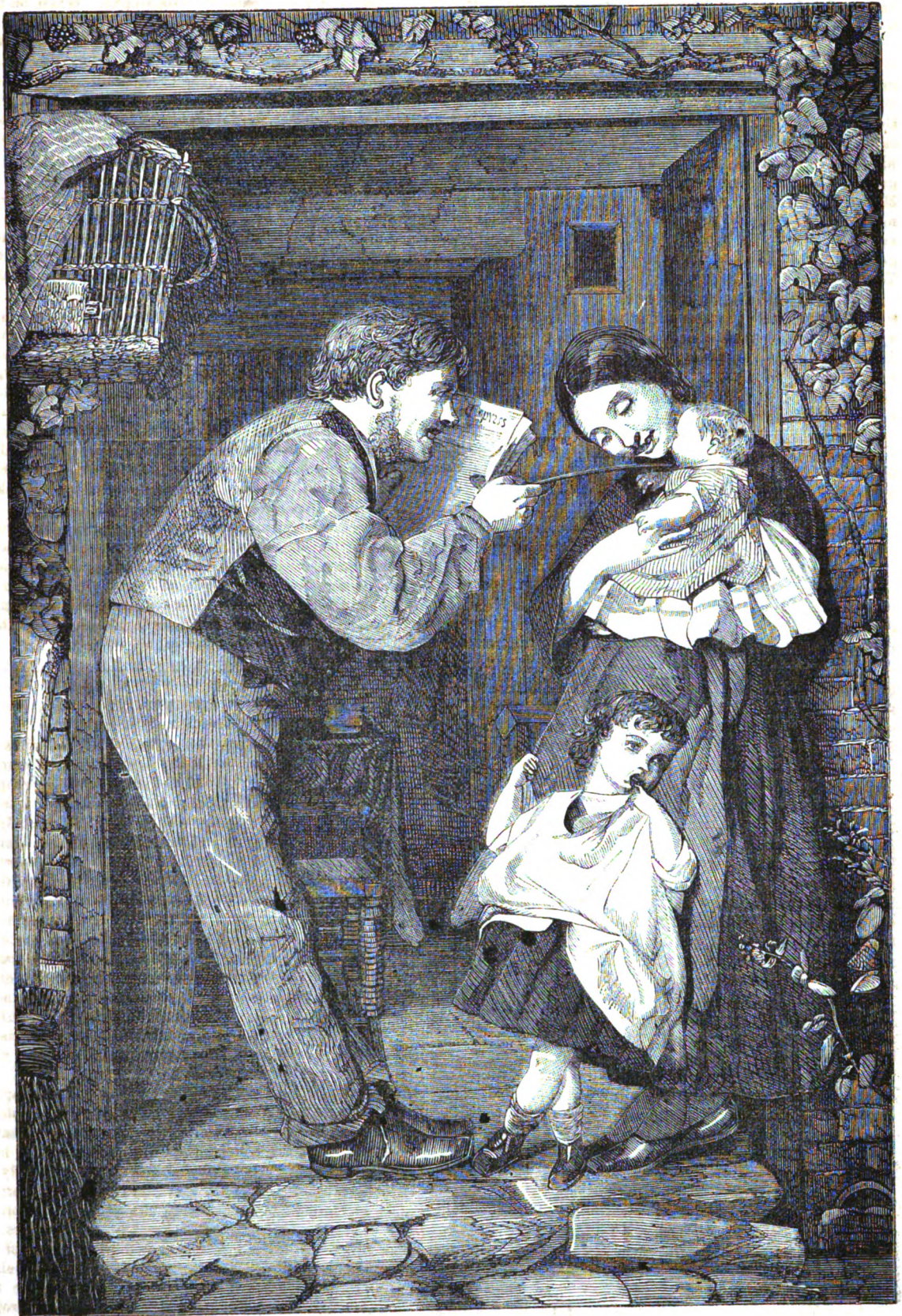
"Young New York was past swearing. Like the Mississippi captain on his fifty-first snag, it couldn't do the subject justice.

"The first simultaneous impulse of all three of us was to get back to our hotel with all possible speed, and the next, when there arrived, to order 'everything in the house,' which order being almost literally obeyed, we made a ferocious meal. After the rage of hunger was appeased, my companions' indignation evaporated in some mild attempts at jokes. One of them wondered if *Punch* could not make something of our morning's adventure, and the other in allusion to Tom's last play, 'Two Loves and a Life,' suggested that his next piece should be called 'Three Men and no Breakfast.' But the most ludicrous part of the business was its after effect, as developed in their utter incredulity respecting everything Cantab. They would hardly admit that such a place as Cambridge existed, or that there was anything to see there, much less anything to eat or drink. Nevertheless, I ultimately prevailed on them to try the experiment with me, and a few days of Trinity hospitality completely dispelled their delusions in this respect; but I fancy their faith in Tom has never been restored, and that while laughing at his plays, as they have doubtless done since, the versatile author rises up in their minds merely as a great myth, living nowhere in particular, and giving imaginary breakfasts to the ghosts of his characters."

MANUFACTURE OF GUNPOWDER.

In the manufacture of gunpowder, the three materials—nitre, sulphur and charcoal—in the state of the greatest purity, are first pulverized separately, and then mixed in proportions which very nearly correspond to one equivalent of nitre, three of carbon and one of sulphur. They are then slightly moistened, and further ground and blended together, in charges of forty-two pounds each, by means of large cylinders or wheels of iron, weighing several tons each, which roll round over the powder in a large wooden tub. The mixture is then spread in layers of about an inch in thickness, between copper plates, and subjected to an immense hydraulic pressure. A thin, hard cake is thus obtained, which is broken into small fragments, or granulated by subjecting it to the action of toothed brass rollers, of different successive gauges. The grains are next sorted by means of sieves of different sizes; after which they are thoroughly dried by steam heat, and finally polished and glazed by rotating them in wooden revolving cylinders with a small quantity of black lead.

The object of granulating the powder is to favor rapidity of explosion, by leaving the interstices through which the flame is enabled to penetrate and kindle every grain at the same moment. Powder in the form of fine dust burns rapidly, but does not explode. The firing of gunpowder is not absolutely instantaneous, inasmuch as gun cotton and fulminating mercury explode much more rapidly—which fact proves duration in the explosion of powder. Substances which explode more rapidly than gunpowder are not adapted for the movement of projectiles, from the fact that sufficient time is not given to allow the charge to receive the full advantage of the expansive force of the gasses generated; the action therefore is not to project the ball, but to burst the gun. The great explosive power of gunpowder is due to the sudden conversion of the solid grains into gases, principally nitrogen and carbonic acid; these, at the ordinary temperature of the air, would occupy a space equal to about three hundred times the bulk of the powder used; but from the intense heat developed at the moment of explosion, amounts to at least 1,500 times the volume of powder.



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

The Spanish proverbs, the floating literature of Spain, handed down by verbal tradition, smell of garlic and orange-peel, and are as profoundly national as the English nautical song or the Welsh triad.

They are shot at you, or stabbed into you, or pelted at you, at every tavern door and every *table d'hôte*. They are the grace for the sour gaspacho and the unsavory salt cod-fish (*bacalao*). They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto. They are the wisdom of the age before books; and as Spain changes no more than China, they are the wisdom of the present day. They are to the cigarette-smoker and melon-eater what quotations are to the club man, and to the debater in parliament whom country gentlemen always cheer when he quotes Horace—thinking it Greek, to show they understand him. To many who do not think at all they supply the place of books altogether, and are the traditional *Corpus Juris* of traditional wisdom bequeathed them by their ancestors, who did think. It might be a question, indeed worth the theorist-spinner's while to trace the effect of these floating proverbs on a race to which they serve as creeds, statutes and guides of life; of which they express the modes of thought, and, at the same time, influence and direct it—moulding and being moulded. In these proverbs we find every phase of the Spanish mind exemplified—its "pundonor," its punctiliousness, its intolerable and mean pride, its burning fever for revenge, its hardness that we call cruelty, its love of ease and pleasure, its unprogressiveness and its ardent religious instinct which degenerates to superstition. For all those pleasant national vices that brought their own special scourges, these proverbs have warning or encouragement. Their kindlier feelings, too, do not pass uninstanced. Proverbs with wise men are the small change of wit; but with the Spaniard they are too often his whole mental capital. By an apt quotation a good memory can always appear a genius in Spain; and proverb writers being all anonymous when living and forgotten when dead, there is no indictment in the High Court of Plagiarism against the appropriator who lets off his mental firework without saying that he purchased it, but yet was not the maker. When a man in England is witty, we suppose the wit is his own; but when a Spaniard is witty in rolling diligence or in striving steamboat, you may be almost sure it is the proverb of some contemporary of Cervantes, dead this two hundred years, that tickles your diaphragm, and which you swallow with a smile like a French sweetmeat. It acts as a sort of mental snuff, pleasantly irritates, and leaves you refreshed. A man must be very mentally dyspeptic, indeed, who cannot digest a proverb without inconvenience or struggle. If a Spaniard sees you smiling at a Spanish street group rather overdoing the bowing, as Spaniards sometimes will, he will say in a rhyme, "A civil tongue is not expensive, and it is very profitable." As the old Italians of Macchiavelli's time used to say: "It is a good outlay to spoil a hat with often taking it off." You feel at once that you have heard a shrewd proverb intended to explain to worldly people the courtesy of a proud race.

In Ireland, as in Spain, you are often astonished by wit that appears extemporaneous, but is really old as Brian Boru—merely, in fact, an old quotation newly applied, and picked up as a man might pick a fossil off the road to fling at his pig. The first time I met a proverb-monger was in a Seville steamboat, as I sat watching the passengers doing homage to the bull-necked, pig-eyed commandante, who sat in a state arm-chair under the striped quarter-deck awnings. The commandante was silent, in a sort of brutal posha luxury, beating on the deck with his heavy bamboo cane, watching with his stiff-necked bullet-head two charming sisters, who sat coquetting and winning hearts not many feet off. Every wave of their shining black fans fanned some lover's flame—every quick furl of them let in the sunshine of their eyes, like pulling up blinds, on some happy one of their retinue. The little black hooks of side curls had hooked many a heart, I was sure; and I myself began to feel I had such a thing about me. I hear a quiet, chuckling, good-natured laugh behind me, and saw sitting on the low gunwale of the vessel a real Majo—a pure Andalusian buck

of the first water: laced jacket, round turban cap, leather greaves, javelin stick, cigarette and all. He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes.

"Jeweller's daughters, for they have diamond eyes," he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar case, the Spaniard's mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is being a foreigner! Spanker used to say an Englishman never could be a foreigner—they were foreigners. I do not know how he proved it.

I bowed and said I seldom smoked, though I liked to be near the man who did.

"He who smokes, señor," said the Majo, "makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is. I love my cigarette in its white shirt, though I burn it; one can't have the church censor, you know, always under one's nose. Isn't this breath of wind, señor, pleasant? and I'm like Pedro, who was never afraid of draughts in the open air. Now, a draught is like a bull—you should never get in its way. But long tongues want the scissors. How he's talking! Did not señor ask, if we Spaniards wore our cloaks only in summer?"

I said, "Yes. I thought there was a Spanish proverb, 'When there is sun, to prevent a cold, and when there is cold, in case there should be sun.'"

"That," said the Majo, as I afterwards found, laughing at me, "is one of John di Cocco's sayings; and your telling me one of my own proverbs reminds me of the Gallician water carriers in Lisbon, who say, 'We are God's people. It is their water and we sell it them.' We have many sayings about the cloak, that in the north they never go without. 'A cloak covers everything;' 'There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak;' and 'Take care of your cloak in Andalusia.'"

"Why you seem made up of wise sayings."

"Well," he said, "he who stirs honey must have some stick to him;" and I have not been all my life 'like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found thread,' though I am, you will say, so talkative that you will compare me to the 'piper of Bujalance, who wants a maravedi to begin and two to finish.'"

I soon lost sight of my friend, and amused myself by watching the shifting of the tents, and the breaking up of the encampment, as the tacks and twists of the river compelled all the sitters on camp-stools, even the beautiful sisters and the sultanic commandante, to frequently change seats, to avoid the influx of sunshine that swept in on us with intolerable violence and with a golden severity of heat. At this moment just as I was pleasantly contemplating the pretty flurry of the ladies, and the elaborate anxiety of their lovers and retinue of attendant slaves, the clatter and bang of a frying-pan gong informed us that dinner was ready below.

I took a look, as if I was going down never to come up again, at the low brown banks of the dirty yellow river, at the wading oxen and the herdsmen on horseback. I found the soup begun. In fact, in full cry upon it, who should be opposite me but my old friend the proverb-monger, who was serenely happy, and making great play with the tabular joints of an ox's tail. I asked him, when he had completed his anatomical studies and laid down his spoon with a sigh, if his countrymen had many proverbs about eating?

"Millions—millions!" he said, looking to catch the eye of some friends. "Here are a pottle or two for you to break your fast, Señor Englishman, upon. 'No olla without bacon, no wedding without a tambourine;' 'A partridge frightened is half cooked;' 'Do not drink from the brook, do not eat more than one olive;' 'A fowl one year old and a goose quite young;' 'Fresh pork and new wine send a Christian to the churchyard.' Now, that is a proverb won't offend the Jews, and eating takes off the headache."

But I must drop my friend, or I shall never be able to examine the whole treasury of Spanish proverbs, and point out their nationality. I particularly like those which are intensely Spanish, and refer to our general passions by means of Spanish imagery: as, for instance, "I would not trust him with a

sack of scorpions"—a bitter way of expressing your opinion of one of those low scoundrels who never tumble into a good action. "As sick as a Jew on Saturday"—is a curious allusion to the old days of persecution, when a Jew had to pretend illness on Saturday to prevent being compelled to transact business on his Sabbath. There is also a proverb which calls the Gallician beggarly and the Castilian covetous—because the Gallicians are poor and the Castilians proud. Now this is partly true, because Galicia is by nature a poor country, and its inhabitants wander to Portugal, to become the helots of Lisbon: and it is true of Castile, because the Castilians are proud of their ancient families. But then there are other proverbs, which, perhaps once true, are now only fit to use as missiles; as, for instance, the sayings that advise you to beware of a dog, a black and a Gallician—the Gallician being the very type of quiet, drudging fidelity. Some of these virulent and false proverbs are, however, still true as provincial expressions of national dislike, as that one, "Cross yourself once for an Andalusian, and three times for a Genoese"—which merely shows you, not that the Andalusians are rogues, and the Genoese worse, but that a proud, jealous Castilian is venting his spite. "Beware black hair and a fair beard," is a similar instance of national dislike to a rarity in the race.

Some Spanish proverbs remind you as much of the country as the smell of garlic would, or the sight of a split-pomegranate in a fruit shop-window. Some of these, too, are not merely founded on ingenious analogies, half poetry, half wisdom, finely welded, but are records of curious facts, as, "What the ripe mulberry stains, the green one cleans;" and, "The paring of an apple is better than the kernel of an acorn;" and, "He is not worth his ears full of water"—which last, one might see is the proverb of a thirsty country.

When we say, "Such a man is like Paul Pry," the Spaniards say, "He is like the soul of Garibary." When we say, "That will be when pigs fly," they say, "When oxen fly." When we say, "That is to expect to catch fish ready roasted," they say, "That is to expect the wolf to leave meat at your door." When we say, "Such a one is on the ground," they say "At the horse's feet." When we say, "It is not for asses to lick honey," they say, "Pine-apple kernels are not for monkeys." When we say, a naked person is dressed in "Adam's livery," they say, he is "as the devil appeared to Saint Benedict." All stories we tell of Yorkshiremen, Spaniards tell of Biscayans or Andalusians. The contempt we heap on Frenchmen in old stories, they pile on the Portuguese. A large class of Spanish proverbs consists of sayings of some fabulous personage like our Robin Hood or Friar Tuck. Such is Pedro Grullo, who when his hand was closed called it his fist; Martha who sang when she had had her dinner; Zonta, whose dogs, when they had nothing else to bite, bit each other; and daughter Gomez, who looked well and ate well.

There is, indeed, no end to the wit and salt of Spanish proverbs, by which a clever man with a good memory might find something clever to say for a whole year's conversation, and yet not take the trouble to invent or coin one new observation of his own. A Spaniard's conversation without a proverb in it would be indeed like a sermon without a quotation from Saint Augustin, or an olla without bacon.

As marginal references to Spanish history, as running comments on Spanish social manners these proverbs are invaluable; for here you have a nation who still have proverbs without having books, and who still sing and recite ballads, such as we now collect in England as antiquarianisms. It would not be difficult to get some hard hits at the national church of Spain from the proverbs, which show that if there was never a reformation in Spain, at least there were lampooners and bitter-tongued would-be reformers. They say, "The sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing;" "That the devil gets up to the belfry by the vicar's skirts;" "That the friar says No, and holds out his cowl." "We pray by saints, but not by all of them," is another saying of some unknown Spanish Wickliffe.

Now, whether proverbs are verses of old books broken loose, or lines of old romances escaped from their cages, or wise men's sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and so handed down—

certain it is that many proverbs allude to local stories, in themselves very amusing, but not intelligible unless you know the story.

Of these my Moro, on board the steamer, told me many: whenever, indeed, I stopped him at a saying I did not understand; for instance, when we say such a thing is "everybody's secret," they say it is "the secret of Anchuelos." This refers to a story of a shepherd and shepherdess who kept their flocks, almost as wise as themselves, on two hills on either side of the town of Anchuelos. All their "dart-and-heart" raptures were banded from hill to hill, and they always concluded, by mutual entreaties, to keep what all the towns-people below could hear—a profound secret. "The help of Escalona" is another proverb with a story. Escalona is a town eight leagues from Toledo, and is built upon a steep hill, at the foot of which runs the river Alberche. It was once burnt down from the difficulty of bringing up the water, and as in Spain, all evils curable only by forethought and energy are incurable, the same difficulty is still unremedied, and the town named after the eastern Ascalon is still in danger.

Another well-known Spanish story turns upon the proverb, "God save you, Peter!" "There is no need; the ass is strong." It arose from a kind man seeing a countryman run away with by his mule. And seeing it he cried, looking after him, "God save you." But Sancho looking back as he jolted on, cried simply, "There is no fear; the mule is strong." Ambrose, whose carbine was "worth threepence less than nothing," is as well known in proverbial history as the Pedro and Guzman, who are always doing foolish things, just like Juan de Urdemala, who would "have the whole mountain or nothing."

Of the numerous stories of the simple Biscayner who outwits everybody, like the Irishman in old jest-books, the best is one of a Bilbao man who is dining off fish with two mocking Castilians. When the fish is put on the table one of the Castilians says he does not like the part near the head, and the other declares he cannot touch the part near the tail, meaning to divide the middle between them. Upon this the Biscayner cuts the fish in three pieces, gives the head to the tail hater, the tail to the head hater, and puts the middle on his own plate, saying with a grin: "The silly Biscayner takes the middle."

There is no occasion when a Spaniard will not use a proverb; he is full of them, and when a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a band of gossips balancing on rickety chairs at the barber's door; the little shining brass basin dangling and glittering overhead; there the air is full of proverbs as the summer air of flies. When muleteers, whips in hand, meet at a roadside wine-shop, there proverbs flutter about as thick as bees round a hawthorn bush in flower. Where round the green billiard table the brown bourgeois of Spanish cities meet by lamplight, there are proverbs swarming thick as the motes in sunshine. A Spaniard must have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his Hollands.

THE ORIGIN OF RED HERRINGS.—Thomas Nash (1599) tells a story of the origin of red herrings, nearly as good as Charles Lamb's origin of roast pig. According to Nash, centuries ago, a fisherman of "Cerdicke Sanders" having taken more herrings than he could well dispose of, hung them up in the peak of his hut or shed. "The weather was colde," says our quaint author, "and good fires hee kept (as fishermen, whatever hardnesse soever they endure at sea, will make all smoke, but they will make amends for it when they come to land), and what with his fiering and smoking, or smokey fiering, in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, nowe lookt as red as a lobster. It was four or five days before hee or his wife espide it; and when they espide it, they fell down on their knees and blessed themselves, and cride, 'A miracle! a miracle!' And with their proclaiming it among their neighbors they could not be content, but to court the fisherman would, and present it to the king, then lying at Burrough Castle, two miles off." What the king said we are not informed, but herrings have ever been considered "a dainty dish to set before the king."

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

THE American showman is, perhaps, the most original type of character that this "great and etc." Union affords. His gift of the gab is something at which the uninitiated hold up their hands in silent astonishment, his highfalutin announcements are warranted by the manufacturer to take down anything of the kind in existence, his cool and insinuating charlatanism amuses you into being cheated even when you know that the fellow is a rascal, and in short his general *modus operandi* for coaxing dimes out of reluctant pocket-books is unsurpassed in the annals of the show business here or elsewhere. As a sample of the puff-prefatory affected by these geniuses take the following programme which recently appeared in a Liverpool paper, in a column among serious articles. It is evidently intended as a specimen of the manner in which shows are gotten up in this country, and doubtless many readers of the English journal regarded the programme as genuine. The American reader has only to run his spectacles over the following to perceive how mightily they were mistaken:

Just opened, with 100,000 curiosities, and performance in Lector Room, among which may be found two live Boar Constrictors, mail and female. Also!! a striped algebra, stuff. Besides a pair of Shuttle Cocks and one Shuttle Hen—alive! The sword witch General Wellington fit with at the Battle of Waterloo! Whom is six feet long, and broad in proportion. A enormous Rattle Tail Snake—a regular wopper; and the tusches of a Hippopotamse; together with a Bengal Tiger; Spotted Leprosy!

GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS!

PART ONE.

Seen opens. Distant Moon. View of Bay of Naples. A thin smoke rises. It is the beginning of the eruption. The Naples folks begin to travel. Yaller fire, followed by silent thunder. Awful consternation. Suthin Rumbles. It is the Mounting preparing to vomit! They call upon the Fire Department. It's no use! Flight of stool pigeons. A cloud of impenetrable smoke hangs over the fated city, through which the Naples are seen making tracks. Awful explosion of bulbs, kurbs, fornuquets, pin-wheels, serpentes, and tourbillon spirals. The mounting lavar begins to squash out. End of part one.

Comic song—"The Parochial Beedle," Mr. Mullet.
Live Injun on the slack wire—Live Injun, Mr. Mullett.
Obligations on the Cornucopia, by Signor Vermicelli—Signor Vermicelli, Mr. Mullet.
In the course of the evening there will be an exhibition of Exile-rating Gas upon a Laffin Highena—Laffin Highena, Mr. Mullett.

PART TWO.

Bay of Naples luminated by Bengola lites. The lavar gushes down. Through the smoke is seen the city in a state of conflagration. The last family! "Whar is our Parents?" A red hot stone of eleveling tons falls onto 'em. The bear-headed father falls scentless before the Statoo of the Virgin! Denumong! The whole to conclude with a grand Shakspering pyroliguesous display of fire-works. Maroon bulbs changing to a spiral wheel, which changes to the Star of our Union; after to butifull pints of red lites; to finish with busting into a brilliant perspiration!

During the evening a number of popular airs will be performed on the Scotch Fiddle and Bag-pipes by a real Highlander—Real Highlander, Mr. Mullet.

As the Museum is temperance, no drinking aloud; but any one will find the best of lickers in the saloon below.

How many things are there in this life, threatening at one time to result in the direst consequences, and which are, however, easily rendered harmless by a little well-directed ridicule. In a memoir of Duffy, the well-known actor, who recently died in Boston, is an incident which forms an apposite pendant to our remark:

When the Mexican war broke out, Mr. Duffy organized a travelling corps, and followed the American army. We believe he was the first to give performances in the English language in the land of the Montezumas. His corps was a good one, and pieces were very well done at the "Garrison Theatre." Mr. Duffy had a store of anecdote, serious and humorous, connected with his dramatic campaigns at Vera Cruz, Tampico, Fort Jessup, &c. One of them we remember as excessively amusing, perhaps from the *gout* with which he told it. It ran thus:

A lady of the company was married, but loved her lord not over well. In fact she looked on Mr. Z. with an eye of affection, and, as she was beautiful and fascinating, he reciprocated. Manager Duffy thought it best for Z.'s health to send him on business for a few weeks to the next town. Z. went with no very good grace. A day or two after a boy came upon the stage at rehearsal, and handed Duffy a note, who not glancing at the address, and presuming it to be for him, opened it. To his surprise it was from the lady to Z., replete with protestations of affection, informing him that she was not

in the bill for that night, and asking him to be beneath her lattice at nine in the evening, and manifest his presence by singing one verse of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Duffy immediately sent the note to Z. at the next town, and calling his company together informed them that there would be no performance that night, but all must report themselves to aid him in a certain scheme. Long before nine o'clock, the company were hidden in various spots near the lady's house, and a regimental band was stationed behind a thick clump of trees. Presently Z. approached. Clearing his voice, he began:

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light—"

when Duffy immediately continued—

"What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—"

and the low comedian broke in with—

"Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight—"

and so on till the chorus, which was sung by all parties, the regimental band furnishing an accompaniment. Poor Z. left in quite a hurry. The next day General Twiggs sent for the band master to inquire why the band had been absent without orders. He was in a towering passion, yet the rage of the disciplinarian was changed to a hearty laugh when he heard the story. "But," he characteristically remarked, "bless that Duffy! Would nothing serve his purpose but committing a sacrilege upon the National Anthem?"

Both parties took the hint this stratagem afforded them, and society was saved a scandal.

PERHAPS first of all the things that New England has contributed to the world's stock of comforts, we should rank that delicious beverage known as "Flip." One Porter, who keeps a "house of call" at Cambridge, Mass., in tempting proximity to the college there, is reported to have reached his ultimatum in the concocting of this same drink. The legend, indeed, which goes current with the students is that Ganymede when dying—because it's all nonsense about Ganymede being immortal; he left Jupiter's service, married Hebe, set up an inn with his savings, and died at a good old age—it is reported that Ganymede left Porter the recipe for making both nectar and ambrosia, which recipe he surreptitiously copied from Juno's receipt-book, and Porter, improving on the idea, conceived the happy thought of mingling both divine materials, and producing an ineffable beverage—something which should combine the elements of the supernal meat and the supernal drink—a harmony of solid and fluid, to which each element should contribute its celestial flavors. He carried out the idea. He mingled the ambrosia and the nectar, and all Olympus turned pale with envy, for the result was "Flip!" Thus continues the one who is our authority for the foregoing:

With such a classic origin it was not to be wondered at that undergraduates, who are notorious for their love of mythological matters, should find themselves attracted to Porter's, and there refresh their reminiscences of Olympus with draughts of the divine beverage. In fact, such was their devotion to this branch of classical study, and so inspired did they frequently get—inspired even to the Pythonic pitch of being unintelligible in their speech—that the matter attracted the attention of the president of the college—a venerable gentleman of the period, whose name I have forgotten. Heartless and ignorant persons, entirely misconceiving the spirit in which the undergraduates visited Porter's, reported to this worthy person that the students were in the habit of getting drunk every night on flip. It must be seen to. The president puts on his most authoritative wig and sternest countenance, and sallies out to blow up the classical Porter, for leading his students astray. First of all he thinks, in order to be able to speak more decisively, that he will taste this noxious beverage with his own lips. Then there can be no mistake. With much dignity he enters Porter's. He is greeted with respect. He interrogates Porter:

"Sir, many of the under-graduates come here, I understand?"

"A few," modestly replies the landlord.

"They come here frequently, Mr. Porter?"

"They drop in now and then, sir."

"And they drink a beverage called flip, sir?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"~~They~~ drink a great deal of it, Mr. Porter?"

"Well, sir, they do take considerable."

"They get drunk on it, Mr. Porter?"

The discreet Porter remained silent.

"Make me a—flip," at length says the venerable president, still frowning and indignant.

Porter, whose *sangfroid* has never for a moment forsaken him, deploys all the resources of his art. Presently a superhuman flip, with an aromatic foam, which Venus might have risen from, creaming over the edge of the goblet, is the result of his efforts. He hands it respectfully, and with some anxiety, to the president, on whose face judicial thunderclouds have been gathering. The president tastes it gloomily. He pauses. Another sip. The thunderclouds have not yet flashed forth any lightnings. Porter, resigned, awaits the outburst. The president gazes wonderingly at his tumbler. A general emollient expression seems to glide over his face, and smooth the frowning brows. The lips relax, and a smile seems about to

dawn. He lifts the glass once more to his lips, heaves a sigh, and puts it down. It is empty!

"Mr. Porter," he says, "the students get drunk on this, sir?"

Porter sees that the storm is passed, and boldly answers in the affirmative.

"Sir," says the venerable man, walking gravely away, "sir, I don't wonder at it!"

MISGUIDED editors who so far put their trust in man, and above all in contributors, as to commence a manuscript story until the whole of it has been received, are often made to pay dearly for their confiding dispositions. A California paper, in refusing to follow in the footsteps of its more credulous contemporaries in this particular, gets off the following illustration of the danger of doing so:

Some years ago a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter, of what promised to be a most thrilling romance, in the expectation of being provided with the concluding portions as might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving the principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries began to be made concerning the continuation of the story and the fate of its hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain; they never came to hand. Finding that they had been sold, and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their contemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus:

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

After hanging to the treacherous tree for four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice.

He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake-and-rider fence, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children!

SHERIDAN'S audacious *dictum* to the effect that "paying tradesmen only encourages them" is well known to have found most ample exemplification in the dun-harassed career of "poor Sherry" himself. One authentic anecdote in connection with the theatre which he had inveigled a Mr. Holland, an architect, into erecting, merits special consideration in this chapter:

Sheridan was of course, at the outset, very lavish in his "promises to pay," but after the theatre was built, though it was conceded to be the handsomest one in the kingdom, Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the livery porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen, whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most apropos. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre—that, in fact the galleries cannot hear at all—and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected! I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is not groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!"

"Then I wish you a very good morning."

So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

"The best way to treat misfortune," said the great Italian diplomat Machiavelli, "is to laugh it down;" another illustration this of the old proverb, "Great wits jump," or as the

French more elegantly express it, "*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent toujours*," for we find, in Voltaire's dealing with the consequences of his famous epigram on Frederick the Great, a carrying out of the same philosophical principle. The story may be new to some of our readers, and we accordingly give it a place here. This was Voltaire's epigram:

"King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
Freemason, economist, bard, politician:
How had Europe rejoiced if a Christian he'd been!
If a man, how would he have enraptured his queen!"

This was handed about Berlin, and shown to that great legislator, the Prussian monarch, who deemed it a libel, because it was true; and instead of employing a counsel, filling an information, and taking other tedious methods, took a more summary way of punishing the author, who he knew must be Voltaire, at that time resident at Berlin. He sent his sergeant-at-arms, not with a mace and a scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the good of the foot soldiers who commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet, and told him he came by his majesty's special command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door and made a farewell *congé* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity, "that the ceremony was not yet concluded, for that the monarch he had the honor of serving, must be convinced that his mission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt." This also was submitted to, and given in the manner and form following:

"Received from the right arm of Conrad Bucher, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full of an epigram on Frederick, King of Prussia, by
Voltaire."

"Vive le Roi!"

Words rule the world (an original aphorism that, for which we, the chapter man, shall at once take out a copyright), and the difference 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee is just this:

When fellows breaks into a house
To bone the cash they needs,
And gets off safely with the swag;
'Tis said the thief succeeds.
If bankers do the selfsame thing,
But on a larger scale,
And pocket safely all the cash,
'Tis said the bankers' fail.

COUNTRY lovers will be calculating, spite of all the laughter that may be directed against them; witness the following scene supposed to take place in Broadway, right in front of Barnum's American Museum—now Barnum's no longer, the name being preserved wholly on the *lucus a non* principle:

"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot—"Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"

"Wing, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter of a dollar a-piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'. Now, ef you'd say you'll have me, darned ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

WESTERN preachers are famous for the quaint, grotesque originality of their ideas; in none of them we think did this peculiarity stand more decidedly forth than in the backwoods hero of the following:

A preacher who used to hold forth to out-door audiences, was preaching once from a text which had some bearing on the David and Goliath combat. The old fellow—the preacher, had some quaint and original ideas of his own, and wasn't afraid to speak them out. Alluding to the probable cause of David's heroic conduct, and his readiness to engage in mortal combat with the giant, he said:

"Now my hearers, what do you suppose was the reason that David was so mighty willin' to go out and fight Goliath? Was it because he wanted to serve God? No. Was it because he wanted to do good generally? No. I'll tell you what he done it for, and there ain't no use of anybody denying it. He was struck after one of Saul's gals." Great sensation.

We have heard of many cases of misplaced confidence in our time, none more crushing to the victim, we think, than this:

A good story is told of a chap in North Carolina, who went the entire figure in the way of courting all the girls who would have him, without asking for any of them to die off, as the law directs. After

having married the thirteenth, some of his first loves came down upon him and had him lodged in jail. But a person so fond of liberty, and who could get into Hymen's noose with such ease, found little difficulty in getting out of the "jug," and the next news of him he was running at large with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was shortly recognised by a gentleman, who, anxious to get the reward, invited him to his house, desired him to sit down, called his wife to chat with him, as an inducement to detain him there, while he made some excuse for leaving him a few moments and started for a constable to arrest the runaway. What was the poor man's astonishment on returning with the constable, to find the gay Lothario, taking the advantage of his short absence, had absconded with his wife. This made the fellow's stock of wives on hand fourteen.

SOME people waste an immense deal of time in trying to find what they are fit for in this world, laziness being for the most part the thing to which by nature they have been specially adapted. This may be seen from an anecdote told by an ex-cabinet minister, respecting one of his clerks:

The young man after boggling at the first duty he was put upon by the secretary for a few days, complained that "he did not like it." A new sort of labor was assigned to him; but he soon came back with the same story, adding:

"I don't think it is my forte."

"What would you like to do?" inquired the accommodating secretary.

"Why," said the clerk, "when I came into office, I took an oath to 'support the constitution'—I want to do that—I think that's my forte."

A FEARFUL state of uncertainty was that of the Ethiopian personage hereinafter mentioned:

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition: "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in dis way, as far as I 'member. Fust my fader died, and den my mudder died, and den my mudder agin, and den my mudder died, and my fadder married agin, and somehow, I doesn't seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home nor nuffin."

THE GALLOWES IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—Townsend, an experienced Bow-street officer, being examined in 1816 before the House of Commons, as to the diminution of capital punishments, stated, that in his time he had known several persons (four men and three women) hanged together for robbing a pedlar; and that in 1783 he had seen forty people hanging together at the Old Bailey! A few years later, the jailor of Newgate, being asked by the recorder how many could be hung together upon the new drop, coolly replied:

"Well, your worship, we can hang twelve, but we can't hang more than ten comfortably."

AN AFFECTING POEM.—The following poem, the genuine effusion of a person in affliction, has lately been found in manuscript:

Poor Jonathan Snow
Away did goe
All on the razed mane,
With other males
All for to ketch wales,
And nere cum back agen.

The winds bloo hi,
The billers tost,
All hands were lost,
And he was one,
A spritley lad
Nigh 21.

CONDESCENDING.—A police-officer, seeing a nigger whom he knew, exclaimed:

"Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink."

"With all my heart, sar," said Sambo, "with all dis child's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a police-officer; but dat's wrong. I tink a police-officer almost, if not ebbery way, as good as a nigger—specially when a nigger's thirsty."

THE REASON WHY.

Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
Like a young widow fresh and fair?
Because it wants some hand to 'rase
The weeds which have no business there.

ENEMIES "DONE BROWN."—A Feejee prince, who wished to have the population over whom he ruled gathered from the scattered villages and located around his own dwelling, instructed the officers sent to carry out his commands to bake all who should refuse to comply.

SUGGESTIVE.—A favorite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be, "This is my friend, if he steals anything from you, I am responsible for it."

WHY WE DRINK.

Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—A witness was asked if the defendant "stood on the defensive?" "No, he stood on a bench and fit like the devil."

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH—"My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?" Practical girl—"How many acres in your lot, sir?"

VERY IRISH.—A provident Irishman is going to get his life insured, "so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was."

MORE IRISH.—An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

STILL MORE IRISH.—An Irish gentleman at cards, having, on inspection, found the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short, who put it in?"

IRISH AGAIN.—A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menacer concluded with the remark, "That no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

HAD HIM THERE.—Napoleon sent for Fouché, one day, in a great rage, told him that he was a fool, was not fit to be at the head of the police, and was quite ignorant of what was passing.

"Pardon me, sire," said Fouché, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket."

Napoleon changed his mind, and kept his minister.

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF MONEY.—Money is the root of all evil. Nevertheless it is an eminently esculent root, and I vote that we dig for it, O friends!

CHEERFULNESS

Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster;
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

A BAD STATE OF THINGS.—The Hartford papers give a list of births and marriages as well as deaths; but one fact does not speak well for the morals of the Nutmeg State—the births all come before the marriages?

CAPITAL CON.—At what period in the history of the Jews did they resemble Stilton cheese? Answer: When they grew milder and milder under Mordecai.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—When cousin Ichabod first saw him at the show, he exclaimed with mute astonishment:

"Then that's the real menagerer—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't tew on 'em make a team to draw stun with? Ain't he a scrouger!" Ichabod went home and related what he had seen. "I seed," said he, "the genewine menagerer—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had two tails—one behind, t'other before. Philosophers call the fore one a pronobscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why, he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more."

THE OSTEND OYSTER "NOWHAR."—An exchange says if an American wishes to know how an English oyster tastes, all he has to do is to put a little pepper sauce on a bean and swallow it.

WHAT HE SAW THERE.—An old lady desired her worse half to look into a flour barrel that stood in the corner, and tell her what he saw. The old gentleman looked and thus answered: "O I C U R M T."

THE PUZZLED WAITER.—Drake, of the Tremont House, Chicago, tells a story of one of his waiters that would have fitted Sam Lover's "Handy Andy." "Bring me the castor," said a traveler to a newly imported table servant. The boy rushed about in a spasmodic and obviously distressed manner, and finally returned with the answer, "It's all ate, sir!"



Mr. Heartyman takes a walk into the country with his little son (say about 5 years 7 months and 19 hours and a half old). Mr. Heartyman encounters an honest farmer who has a splendid cow to sell. Mrs. H. has long wished for a cow, and as this cow is warranted a good milker and gentle as a lamb, Mr. H. buys her, and pulling a rope round her horns determines to lead her home himself, in order to surprise Mrs. H.



Mr. Heartyman finds the gentle creature a little playful at first, but presently, with tail erect and lowered horns, first tossing the little five year old and the dog, she starts off at a 2.40 pace, which Mr. Heartyman, being rather stout, finds rather difficult to keep up with.



Mr. Heartyman, having lost his grasp of the rope, holds on to the gentle creature's tail, and encountering Mrs. H. a short distance from the house, gives her a very pleasant surprise indeed.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JUNE.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

THE season having now arrived when every one who is able to do so is making arrangements to exchange the dust and glare, heat and monotony of city life for the charms and beauties of the country; when climbing up mountains or sailing in yachts, wandering in woods or whirling on railroads, is the order of the day, there is great note of preparation in the wardrobe department, especially with those whose absence from Broadway and its stores is likely to be protracted. Summer dresses, mantles, dusters and travelling bonnets form the features of the leading houses at present; and purchases of suitable materials and made-up articles are made to the full extent of the supply.

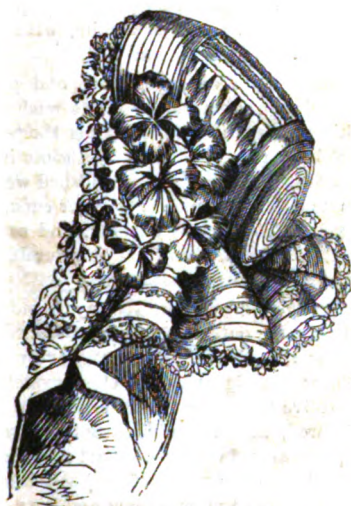
This is, however, comparatively limited; for of the best goods, especially in barèges and grenadines—the scarcity which we mentioned last month—is daily more felt. We have heard of cases in which not more than one-tenth of the number of dresses ordered could be supplied, and of a consignment of several hundred being disposed of entirely, and to private customers, within an hour and a half of their being unpacked.

The beautiful grenadine barèges are hardly to be met with, in any variety, even at the early period of the season at which we write.

An inspection of the goods imported by JAMES GRAY & Co., 729 Broadway, corner of Waverley place, is always a source of gratification. The chaste, delicate, beautifully-colored designs, on fabrics of the choicest quality, cannot but please any one to whom, even in such every day work of man as a dress—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!

Some of the grenadines here, sold by the yard and of a uniform design throughout, were of small, delicate patterns, in soft colors, on a pure white ground. The impress—it actually seemed that, and not the work of a draughtsman—the impress of a faded leaf, showing even where some part was crushed or imperfect, or the spray of fine rose leaves, as we see them on any bush; or a tiny bud, with its mossy calyx and thorny stem, seemed among the favorite designs; the tints peach, mauve, mode, wood and a very beautiful brown. Charming dresses would these make for a country toilette during the hot weather,



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the fabric admitting, of course, of any style of make most becoming to the wearer.

Then there were plaids of one color—blue, green, peach, mode or any other that is popular, on white, and set in each square a small bouquet of flowers, in thin natural tints. Plain grenadines, of a single color, were also in great variety; and a very rich and beautiful robe à deux volants (two flounces), each flounce a broad silk band, with chiné wreath à la jardinière, on each side of which is a very rich velvet border of a brilliant tartan. It was very beautiful. Dresses with five or seven tartan flounces are also again making their appearance here. These are exclusively in silk.

Where organdy and grenadine are too light or fragile, the barèges offer a desirable substitute. The fabric known as English barège, in chiné bayadere stripes, wears well, and is moderate in cost—some eighteen cents a yard. This English and the French barèges are found in great variety at this establishment, and we had the pleasure of feasting our eyes on some exquisite lace bridal shawls, flounces and sets of collars and sleeves.

STRANG & ADRIANCE, 355 Broadway, are remarkable for the very *voyante*, showy style of their importations. Many of their grenadine and silk dresses are à *lez*, each breadth comprising a pyramidal jardinière pattern, with a broad border of some leading color. Sometimes the upper skirt only bears this design, the lower one being comparatively plain. Very handsome and excellent are these dresses; but we cannot say we think them becoming.

A bayadere chiné, in narrow stripes of very pale green and a delicate pink, both softened by a shille of white interwoven and thrown over it, at E. LAMBERT & Co's., 335 Broadway, corner of Worth, particularly pleased us. A very minute chintz pattern, on both stripes equally, gave it sufficient liveliness without gaudiness. An additional recommendation to this and many other silks sold by the yard at this house is, that though somewhat different, they are equally pretty on the wrong side, and can be turned, therefore, without loss of effect. This is an advantage rarely obtainable now, and doubtless it will be appreciated accordingly by those to whom economy is an object.

Another very pretty style of robe at this establishment was of black and white chiné, with one leading color only—for instance, French blue, peach or green. Each flounce was bordered with three bands, white between two black, on which the other color was set in lozenges.

Very delicate lawns, cambrics and muslins will be found here. We noticed also a novelty in morning robes: a double skirt, the upper one forming a tunic, and running within eight inches of the other at the bottom. We saw some charming lawn and muslin dresses, with double skirts, at three dollars the robe, equal to what, at some places, would be charged double.

UBSDELL, PIRSON, LAKE & Co., 471 Broadway, have this season a very beautiful but rapidly diminishing stock of foulards. One, of a dark wood-colored ground, almost fawn, with small bouquets of natural-colored flowers, in which the fashionable peach tint predominated, was the loveliest design in this material we ever saw. As a general rule, the designs on foulards are decidedly ugly—spots, diamonds, lozenges, and other patterns so exactly resembling those of very ordinary calicoes, that the effect is not greatly better; or, if another style obtains, it is one of enormous shawl patterns, in all the colors of the rainbow, which is, perhaps, as little to be desired, from its close resemblance to cashmere. Foulards ought to have, and always are most pretty when they possess, an individuality of their own, and do not pretend to be anything else; a maxim which perhaps is as truly applied to the wearers.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co., Canal street, corner of Mercer, have been introducing a large assortment of three-flounced barèges, silk dresses by the yard, and other styles of dresses, at greatly reduced prices.

At GENIN'S Bazaar there is a great increase in the stock of children's and ladies' undergarments, morning robes, &c. In children's dress there are muslin skirts, tumbored in various colors, with sacques to match; and charming capes, cloaks, and mantillas of pique, jean and cashmere, handsomely braid-

ed and embroidered. In the morning robe department we saw an exquisite dress with a double skirt of soft mull, very richly embroidered throughout in delicate French work. Colored gingham morning dresses are mostly embroidered in white, up the front; small collars and sleeves to match; and handmade crochet ornaments, set at intervals, are supposed to fasten it. The cincture is a long and thick girdle, terminating in handsome tassels.

The robe skirts worn with these dresses are the very extravagance of luxury. Many have a frill of embroidery, surmounted by a band to correspond, and between it and the next frill a puffing of fine muslin. This style looks very handsome; but one cannot help conjecturing how many hours it would take the laundress to get up such a skirt. Indeed, bouillonnées and puffings are as much in vogue for ladies' undergarments as for sleeves, collars and mantles, in which they are, in one form or other, universal.

Among the bargains at Genin's are ladies' basques and spencers, embroidered very prettily, and selling at from four to six dollars.

FOUNTAIN'S Indian Store, 658 Broadway, exhibits an excellent assortment of pineapple dresses, bonnets, hats, handkerchiefs, &c., from Manilla; embroidery on satin, in the form of scarfs, aprons, screens, &c., from China; India work on muslin and shawls; fancy articles from the East, in the way of chessmen, puzzles, and all the other curiosities of an Oriental bazaar. The perfume of sandal wood and camphor, and the peculiar fragrance that clings round the fabrics of the far East, sending us back in thought to the distant home of our childhood, with its burning sun and brilliant flowers, and gorgeously plumed birds and bright skies—not brighter, though, than those of America, and far less genial—and we could fancy we once more saw the durzees (tailors) and embroiderers squatting on the ground, holding the delicate muslin between their toes, by way of pincushion, and with the unravelled fibres of the web itself fabricating those marvels of embroidery which even the French, with all their skill and knowledge of art, and excellence of material, have never been able to rival. The simple paraphernalia of these men—for it is men to whose delicate workmanship we are indebted for all these marvels of beauty—would puzzle and confound the most accomplished worker of artistic Europe. There is, as is well known, a richness about Indian embroidery which other nations have vainly sought to attain. And they can do anything. These poor, ignorant, more than half-nude Moormen have a singular power of imitation. Give them a *muster*, no matter how elaborate, and behold you have, in a marvellously short space of time, a collar, cape, mantle or dress, the same in pattern, but as superior in execution to the original (if French or English) as the *chef d'œuvre* of a master is to the first crude performance of a child. And, by the way, is it not a little singular that the word *muster* (pattern) should be the same in languages otherwise so different as Sanscrit and German. There is a question for philologists, to whom we will leave it, while proceeding with our suggestions, "What to Buy and Where to Buy it."

The embroidery of Manilla, seen on grass cloth and pineapple cloth handkerchiefs, done in white silk, which washes as well as cotton, only looking somewhat yellowish; has the peculiarity of being alike on both sides. This is also sometimes found in other Eastern work. How it is accomplished would puzzle wiser heads than ours. No apparent joins or ends, or irregularities, on either side! This is very curious; and as curiosities, apart from the softness of texture and the durability of the fabrics, offer great temptations to purchasers.

Chinese embroidery, equally wonderful in its way, is mostly done in minute French knots, the outlines with a fine silk cord, laid on, and gold and silver thread being also extensively employed. Generally, a Chinese design requires close examination to enable you to perceive its wonders. You see an eccentric figure, variously colored, and resembling nothing with which you have any acquaintance in nature or art; but look closer, and that round spot at the top develops itself into a grinning, staring, savage head, with piercing eyes and jaws distended, seeking prey; and by and by you perceive a body, covered with scales, and wings and legs, and a long tail, the

curves and sinuosities of which almost give you the idea of present and palpable motion, so hideously life-like are they. And at length you find, to your astonishment, that you have before you the picture of a griffin or a dragon, or some monstrous beast, familiar to us from fable, with all the strange characteristics of beauty and terror with which our childish minds once surrounded it. Nor is it only the terrible that is thus portrayed. Butterflies, birds and human figures, telling frequently whole romances in their graphic and truthful attitudes, may be discovered on some of this embroidery, the minuteness and perfectness of the stitches being, no doubt, of great assistance to the worker in elaborating his designs.

We cannot leave the store which furnished us with a text for this long homily without imparting a bit of information afforded to us by the proprietor; it is, that the wearing of pineapple bonnets and hats, during the heat of summer, is a preventive of that malady to which so many are distressingly subject—headache. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of this assertion; but, if true, it is at least curious, and worthy of remembrance.

And talking of bonnets brings us to the consideration of those essential parts of feminine costume: and to notice, with approbation, the display of Mrs. S. P. LOVETT, 625 and 753 Broadway. One of a fancy material, peach-colored velvet and crape intermingled, in narrow stripes, was especially pretty. A frill of Brussels lace, some three and a half inches wide, went completely round, falling over the curtain behind, and over the bandeau in front. This bandeau was of clematis, with a single azalea at the side; a bouquet of azaleas on one side of the exterior; falling crown. It was a bonnet that might be worn by a queen—or more important still, by a queen of beauty. Mrs. Lovett thoroughly understands the delicacies of her business; and her stock, throughout, is marked by superior style and moderate prices.

Miss H. A. D'ORSEY, 683 Broadway, exhibits, amongst other novelties, a pretty white crape evening bonnet, trimmed with what, in lace, would be called a point, of white illusion over black. It is a sort of elongated *fanchon*, having a broad hem, in which silk ribbon is run all round. Gathered in the centre, which comes over the top of the bonnet, it is so arranged that the point falls over the bandeau, on to the forehead; and the ends float over the shoulders, being gathered and caught, at the sides, with bouquets of flowers. Corresponding flowers are mingled with ribbon for the bandeau, and with a somewhat narrow curtain, richly trimmed with blonde, and long and wide ribbons besides. This is a very *recherché* and unique *coiffure*. There is something very original about the style of the hats at this establishment, which cannot fail to please the fastidious.

MADAME HARRIS & SON, 571 Broadway, appear to have a peculiar gift for obtaining the most graceful and *distingue* shapes for their hats; which is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, when we consider the pre-eminent position which their correspondent, MADAME ALEXANDRINE, holds in the Parisian world, as a *modiste*. A recent importation, a rich black lace bonnet, with no trimming on the outside but a small tuft of brilliant field flowers, and a bunch or two of black currants, which the birds might be excused for pecking at, was one of the most ladylike things we have seen. The interior was trimmed with poppies and corn-flowers to match. A fine split-straw, with a black lace carried all round, with a few tufts of violet at intervals, and on one side of the brim the lace just caught into a fold with the same—violets intermingled with blonde for the bandeau, and not a bit of ribbon, broad violet taffetas brides, was from its elegant simplicity very charming. It would be impossible, however, in our brief space, to notice all the novelties exhibited at this house.

R. T. WILDE & Co., 251 Broadway, to whom we are indebted, this month, for two of our illustrations, display their usual varied and extensive stock of bonnets, among which we noticed some very pretty plain and stamped crapes, in various colors, with a novel style of trimming. It was a band of the same material and color as the bonnet itself, about two inches wide, with a double or treble piping cord run down the centre, by which it was drawn up so that the edges were somewhat full, twisted to form a circle in the centre of the crown, and carried from there down to one side, and across the top, two or three

times, having a similar twist to make it more ornamental; it terminated on the other side in a knot of flowers, also of the color of the bonnet. In pink and white crape these were very pretty, and would be also very becoming. A drawn crape bonnet, of the delicate lavender known as *perle gris*, trimmed with clematis, was also very simple and graceful. Nor are there wanting, at this establishment, those brilliant and vivid hues which have given it so much popularity among southern and western customers. In fact, the show-room is like a *parterre* of flowers, in June; and, we should think, dazzling and attractive enough to bewilder alike the eyes and the judgment.

A word about bonnets and hats for the juveniles, before we turn our attention to other matters. GENIN'S BAZAAR is, of course, the emporium for such dainty miniature *coiffures*; and very stylish and elegant is the display; but we have also been much pleased with this department at 643 Broadway, corner of Bleecker (D. CLARKE & Co). Here also we saw the prettiest, inexpensive breakfast caps in New York, of tulle, bouillonnée. A small headpiece or crown, a full curtain, a small front slightly pointed à la Marie Stuart, and pointed brides, were all bordered by a colored ribbon, with a puffing of illusion over it. For very young and unmarried ladies, the caps were made round at the ears, and without brides; those that had these appendages had also a few loops of broader ribbon of the same tint over each ear. The simple form and inexpensive material make them very moderate in price, two to three dollars, and they are certainly exceedingly becoming.

At this house we saw, also, some pretty fancy muslin *sacques* and *basques*, trimmed with a broad frill of work, surmounted by a puffing of muslin, in which a colored ribbon was run. They are so managed that the ribbon can easily be withdrawn, and the *basque* got up without much more trouble than a plainer one.

In chenille head-dresses we observed some very pretty novelties at HATHAWAY'S, 687 Broadway. While scarcely any material is so soft, yet rich in effect, not one has the merit of equal durability with chenille; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that this material always maintains a certain degree of favor, whatever else may be more decidedly fashionable. The feather chenille head-dresses at Hathaway's, somewhat like delicate plumes, on a firm and well-fitting foundation, with loops of thicker chenille, to which beads dropped at intervals give weight as well as effect, are very pretty, comfortable and becoming. The beads are not of the heavy sort, only just sufficiently large to keep the loops of chenille in their places; and for a useful *demi-toilette* head-dress, this one is perfectly unexceptionable. A variety of fashionable illusion goods are also kept at this store; among them we noticed, with approbation, a mandarin sleeve of bobinet, trimmed with three rows of puffed illusion, in which a colored ribbon was run, a small bow of the same was placed at the join of each puffing.

We noticed, last month, the very beautiful Chantilly shawl shown us by E. WILLIAMS & Co., 425 Broadway. We have recently seen there an extensive stock of flouncing laces, and points to match, in Chantilly and French lace. The flounces are in every variety of width, some of them with a heading or smaller but still appropriate design along the edge, which is usually plain. When put on a point, to form one of the fashionable mantles, the lace is run so as to leave this heading to make an upper, reversed frill. Some of the French laces here are admirable in design and hardly to be distinguished from the Chantilly, except by the *connoisseur*. There is, however, a vast difference in price. In buying laces and embroideries, above almost every other article of feminine *toilette*, it is important to go to a thoroughly respectable and trustworthy house; for however much women may be fascinated with laces, they do not always understand their merits, and are, in nine cases out of ten, at the mercy of those of whom they purchase, who impose upon them just as far as their conscience or lack of conscience may permit. This of course cannot be the case with a house which has a reputation to maintain for honesty and fair dealing; besides which requisites, however, great skill, taste and knowledge are necessary in purchasing; so that a really good lace and embroidery house is rather a god-send in its way.

Before passing to another subject, we would recommend our readers not to select worked insertions or borders with hem-stitched edges for trimmings where durability is a requisite. If only for frills, or any part readily renewed, it does not signify; but when to replace worn work with new you have to almost undo the garment, it is quite another matter, and will not pay. Of course in this suggestion, and all others which have economy for their object, we address those to whom it is a consideration. Those who are happy enough to be exempt from pecuniary cares—the very wealthy, with whom it is even a duty to spend, we do not say to squander money—may please themselves in their purchases, without regard to the durability

cloak, valued at one thousand dollars. Unfortunately, this enterprising firm has suffered from adverse out-side speculation, and in consequence failed. The stock is therefore selling off, at great bargains, for the benefit of the assignees; and the public are, as is sometimes the case, gainers by the misfortunes of individuals. The show-rooms contain about five thousand mantles of various styles and qualities, from the rich guipure and chantilly mantelette to the cloth Chesterfield and shawl-lette. Prices, of course, equally varied, but all very much under the regular standard. The leading articles of the present season's stock was ordered from Paris, for first class trade; and its sale, under existing circumstances, affords purchasers the



MORNING ROBE. GENIN. PAGE 567.

of the articles. They do much good to trade in general, and to the industrious of their own sex in particular. What would become of embroiderers if work never wore out and designs did not become old-fashioned?

In the mantilla department, at present, the most noticeable feature is the sale, at very greatly reduced prices, of the stock of W. B. MACKENZIE, 294 and 296 Canal street. This house has long been known for the style and variety of its goods, including perhaps some of the richest and most costly out-door garments in New York. Our readers will probably remember that we gave, some few months ago, an illustration of a velvet

opportunity of obtaining, at the cost of an ordinary garment, one of rich materials and the best style.

L'Elégante, the appropriate name of a very charming mantle, the production of the popular firm of GEORGE BULFIN & Co., 361 Broadway, is a circular glacé grosgrains silk, of very ample dimensions, with a deep silk flounce, set on full in box plaits, finished with a rich fringe trimming. The flounce is headed with a narrow quilling of silk, in box plaits; the silk edged on both sides with narrow lace and black velvet ribbon. A similar trimming up each side of the front conceals the armholes and trims it at the same time. The hood, low on the shoulders,



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 570.



HEAD-DRESS. WILDE. PAGE 570.



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 570.

comes into a deep point behind, and a sort of cape or bertha in front. Along the top of it is a row of the same plaited trimming, and a remarkably rich tassel finishes the hood.

Another pretty design of this firm is a shawl mantelet of rich glacé silk and French net. The top, next the neck, is a row of net some four inches wide, on which is laid a rich gimp insertion of thick crochet silk; a point of silk, followed by a row of the same trimming, below which is a very rich fringe headed by a quilling of gauze ribbon; a deeper point, followed by a similar net and gimp trimming; then a band of silk and fringe headed with ribbon. It is remarkably *distingué*.

The shawlettes, in summer cloth, for sale at this emporium are likely to be very popular for sea-side and country wear; light, yet sufficiently warm, and



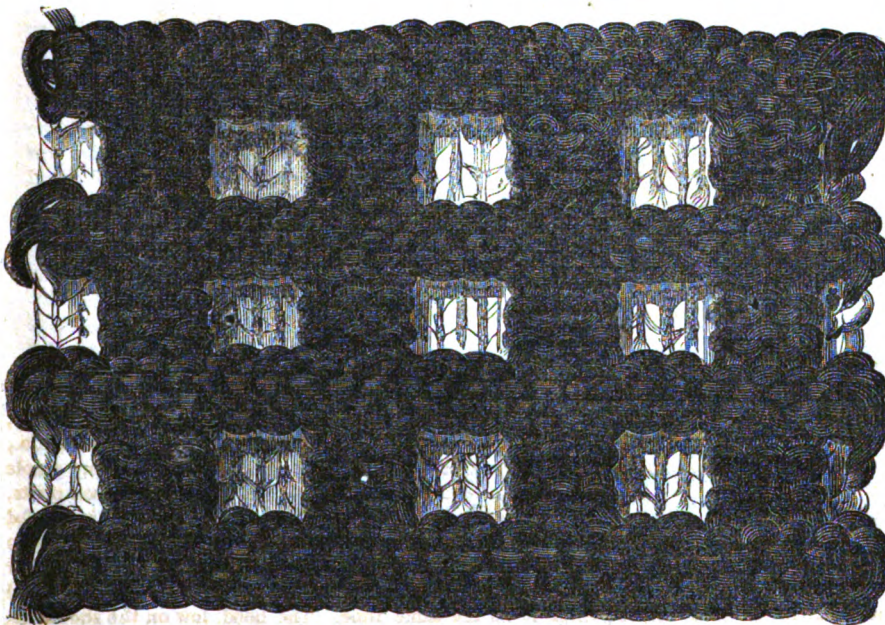
CHILD'S DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 569.

very prettily shaped and trimmed; the Chesterfields, sacques and travelling cloaks generally are of fashionable style and moderate—very moderate price. We notice, too, that the comfort of the wearers has been studied in the number of little pockets put in them. Possibly railway tickets, purses and so forth, will be more readily come-at-able in the forthcoming season.

And while on this subject, let us suggest to our friends an anti-pickpocket contrivance which they would do well to add to every robe, especially to those to be worn in travelling or in hotels. Have a flat straight strong pocket put in the waist seam of your basque, or behind the gathers, below the band of a round waisted dress, on the left side, and as near the front as may be. It should be about five inches long and four deep; of course the mouth or opening

is at the band, and the width of the pocket. This will easily hold a plain portemonnaie, and allow also of its easy removal by yourself; but it defies the pick-pocket, however skillful in his profession. Being on the left hand, it can be readily used by the right, while the left arm, in any ordinary attitude, both protects and conceals it.

Another contrivance, for fastening mantles, will not be amiss in this place. Most of them require to be adjusted to the dress at the waist, and to do this with a breastpin risks the loss of the trinket, while pins are very apt to come out, and both injure the fabric. Sew to one edge of the mantle a piece of inch-wide silk ribbon just where it should be fastened, and more than long enough to go round the waist and tie; to the opposite side, to correspond, put a piece just long enough to tie. If the long piece



DESIGN FOR KNITTING IN TWO COLORS. PAGE 570.

is on the right side, pass it round the figure across the left, to the front, where you tie it to the other, and conceal the bows and ends. This will be found a perfectly comfortable and convenient mode of fastening a mantle, saving it and the dress from much wear and tear; and the two receipts we have given will probably save some hundreds of our readers thousands of dollars in the course of the next twelve months.

EDWARD LAMBERT & Co. have added a mantilla department to their establishment, and among them a very distinguished mantelet known as the "Frvolité;" a circular of rich glacé silk, the cape of the hood and upper flounce of cut velvet. Beneath this flounce, and put on close to it is a deep one of glacé. Fringe, intermingled with beads forms the trimming.

Madame DEMOREST, 375 Broadway, shows some well cut and novel patterns in all the departments of ladies and children's dress. These patterns are a real boon to thousands, for as each is so arranged that the appropriate trimming is seen, and a plain paper pattern to cut by accompanies it, nothing can be easier than to make a new dress or remodel to a fashionable shape any article which has become old-fashioned before it is worn out. Madame Demorest's mantles, sleeves, dress bodies, morning robes and other patterns are from the newest Parisian designs, and may be relied on for taste and fit.

A celebrated Parisian bootmaker has recently got "the length of the foot" of a good many New York ladies—not precisely, however, after the fashion of Asa Trenchard. Mr. THIERRY, of Paris and London, came over here, for a few days, on behalf of his own firm, which is exclusively devoted to the making of gentlemen's boots, and of *Etre*, the equally distinguished ladies' shoemaker, Rue de la Paix, Paris, to take the measure of the feet of the clients of those firms; business done, he returned to execute the orders he had received with a precision which will, of course, enable him to give more perfect satisfaction than he has ever done before; although Thierry's boots and Este's gaiters and slippers have long held the first place in the estimation of Americans.

That a private tradesman should find it worth his while to cross the Atlantic to measure his customers for shoes, is in itself an important fact; especially when the person so doing already possessed a reputation which scarcely seemed to need to be improved. It shows that the Old World is beginning to be alive to the vast commercial importance of the New, that the once general and always very stupid notion, that "anything would do for the American market," is rapidly becoming exploded; and that foreigners are learning that while we are ready to pay full price for the best articles, we know how to appreciate excellence, and will not be put off with that which is inferior. Este has long supplied Madame HILL, 571 Broadway, with the gaiters, slippers, and articles of chaussure generally, for which she is noted; and we believe M. Thierry's visit was made at her suggestion, for the satisfaction of her large connection.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

A VERY decided enlargement in the size of bonnets, especially those designed for evening or dress toilette, is now among the fixed decrees promulgated by that very arbitrary dictatress, Fashion. The genuine Parisian bonnets imported earlier in the season were at first sight indeed pronounced hideous! enormous! outrageous! with a good many other objections, indicating beyond a question that they never could be worn on this side the Atlantic, where a lady's hat has so long been merely a shade for the neck, instead of a covering for the head. But behold! scarcely two months have elapsed, and it is found American beauty is of that type that will look well in any fashion; and we should not be at all astonished if bonnets increased in dimensions as rapidly as, some two or three years ago, they decreased. At present, however, the bonnets are not more than prettily large, covering, and only just covering, the head. We do not desire to see them smaller.

Another vagary of fashion is not quite either so modest or so becoming. It is that of having the bodies of evening dresses cut straight across, from arm to arm, and narrow shoulder-

straps on the shoulders; the sleeves of such robes being, also, too insignificant to merit the name. Is this dress or undress toilette? We should like a reply.

While on the subject of dresses, we may mention that at no former period have those destined for travelling been so tasteful, suitable and moderate in price. We have seen some in French Carmelite and camlet cloths, consisting of a skirt and sacque, the latter deep, and suitable for an out-door garment. The skirt being, of course, light and without lining, can be worn over the muslin or other dress, which will thus be preserved fresh and clean at the end of a journey. Travelling bonnets also are made very generally of gray silk, simple and unpretending in appearance, yet with sufficient style to make the wearer presentable at a fashionable hotel as well as in the cars.

In trimmings of mantles we see that rich fringes of silk, intermixed with beads and bugles, are claiming some attention. Still it is only in combination with the dahlia fluting, which in the most distinguished garments is of broad fancy crape ribbons.

Ribbons, in all their varieties, are as much worn as ever; and the very broad kind, No. 80, the demand for which is very great, will now be much used for long sashes, fastened in front, and with long floating ends reaching down to the bottom of the dress. These sashes will be worn by the youthful portion of the community, as a finish to white muslin dresses.

In colors, peach (which is not *mauve*, though somewhat like it) and plum are decidedly the favorites; hence the great popularity of heartsease and violets in bonnets. By a new process of dyeing, the once evanescent peach-blossom tint is rendered fast; and thus the only drawback to the general use of a color becoming to almost every one is done away.

In *lingerie*, medallion sets of embroidery, trimmed with Valenciennes, is the favorite style for dress; and *broderie à la minute* and *à la poste*, for the breakfast toilette. Of course *point d'Alecon* and *point à l'aiguille* remain, as they will ever be, fashionable; but sleeves of tulle, with puffings and bouillons of illusions, over colored ribbons, with bows, knots, rosettes and every other device for using up ribbon are for the present more *à la mode*, as well as gayer and prettier.

And while speaking of lace, we may notice the remarkable instance of "the ruling passion strong in death," recently seen in London, in the will of Miss Jane Clarke, of Regent street, who left orders that she should be buried in point lace! Her passion for lace was extravagant, and her knowledge of the varieties of it without a parallel. She was what in common parlance would be called a *modiste* of the highest grade in the business. Her show-rooms in London, Manchester and (we believe) Liverpool were perfect marvels, having saloons for the exhibition of the choicest and most magnificent articles of vertu, as well as others for dresses, bonnets, parasols, &c. The rooms were suitable to the valuables deposited in them; not so gaudy as to outglitter the contents, but properly and modestly rich and handsome. Her young ladies, employed in making the various articles of toilette, as well as those in attendance, were, in their education, manners and deportment, fit for the most exalted position in life. But Miss Clarke's passion was lace, especially the old Spanish point—the most valuable and scarce, and that which made her last earthly toilette. Her pictures were rare, her diamonds more rare; but it was on her Spanish point, of which she had the largest collection in the world, that she prided herself; and she was buried in it! The desire of her life, next to amassing lace and money (which latter she regarded as a means rather than an end), was to see a complete history of point lace given to the world; and two interviews took place between Miss Clarke and the present writer on the subject. Imperative engagements, however, prevented the immediate execution of her desires; and probably years or centuries may pass before another such enthusiast exists. She had one reward of enthusiasm—success in business; for, beginning with nothing, she died worth four hundred thousand dollars.

And reviewing fashion, and noticing the general use of diamonds to the exclusion of almost every other precious stone, we may be permitted to wonder what has become of the glowing rubies that once imparted a yet brighter hue to the cheek

of the brunette; of the sapphire, that harmonized so well with golden tresses and eyes of its own liquid blue; of emeralds and turquoise, amethysts and topaz? Have they lost their value or their lustre? or has Fashion only decreed their banishment while kingly diamonds and queenly pearls reign unanimously and triumphantly? We cannot tell; but believing that many of the absent gems are far more becoming than either pearl or diamond, we cannot but regret their absence, and wish them, *con tutto il cuore*, a speedy restoration. As to diamonds, they never ought to be worn in daylight; they lose so much of their beauty; and one would think that, if only for the sake of better effect, the Queen of England might hold her Drawing-rooms in the evening, when diamonds, as well as the wearers, look best and brightest.

Just now, we remark, opals are set with diamonds a good deal, and some choice specimens of this union may be seen at Tiffany's, where we were shown, also, a large and perfect diamond worth five thousand dollars. No doubt it will soon find a purchaser.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

The extensive use of black lace, in the trimming of straw bonnets, forms a marked feature in the present style. It is, moreover, so pretty and graceful that it is likely to continue popular throughout the season. Flowers, ribbons, or straw cords and tassels, *à l'Impératrice*, accompany it. Generally it is laid on all round the bonnet, completely covering the curtain and falling a little over the bandeau in front. Double strings are, also, almost universally worn; two broad and long ones, and two narrow ones, tied in front of the others, and of a different color. Two materials, such as crape and velvets, silk and chip, or silk and crape, are used together in the most stylish bonnets.

We may remark, *en passant*, that almost every hat of the present style requires to be flattened down on the top a little, in putting on.

Satin is likely to be more worn, both for promenade and evening toilette; but it has, as yet, not obtained much favor, on this side the Atlantic. We can prophesy, however, that black and dark satins will be very popular next winter.

For evening dress, tarlatane, in double skirts, the upper one bouillonné to the waist, is very much worn. The upper skirt is cut just double the length of the under one; the proper proportion, by the way, for all bouillonné articles. White is more worn than any color, but blue, pink and pale apple green are also popular. Then, as we mentioned in our last, tunics of satin or velvet, rounded at the corners, are extremely fashionable, when worn over, and as a part of, these light robes. They are also worn over white satin or moiré; generally they are much trimmed with black or white lace, guipure, passementerie, or gold or silver lace, according to the style and richness of the remainder of the toilette. Sometimes the satin or moiré robe is bouillonné in tulle or illusion as far as the bottom of the tunic; and this latter is sometimes cut open at the sides and laced up with ribbon or cord to match the trimming.

In caps, the union of black and white lace is universal. White blonde is extensively used; and flowers, in the form of wreaths, full at the sides and diminishing over the forehead, are very becoming to most faces. For breakfast caps, ribbon, tulle and muslin, or net, only are admissible; and bouillonné caps, such as we have elsewhere described, are more *distingué*. Nets of crochet, netting, or both mingled, made of crochet silk, and black beads and bugles, are very much worn. We think them prettiest when put on a shape, and further trimmed with ribbon to match; but many simply fasten them with ornamental pins, so as to cover the back hair. In our work-table department we give one of these nets.

For evening dress, the hair is much worn in curls, twists, chignons and torsades, displaying always an abundant chevelure. That a good deal of this must be the wearer's own only because she bought it, is inevitable, after the recent cropping which so many of our community have undergone. Nevertheless, there is no great harm done, as those who understand the hair trade are well aware. Sorry as we may be that the young

women of any country should be compelled to look on that natural ornament merely as a source of profit, it may console us to remember that the demand created when it is fashionable to display a great deal of hair is a real happiness to many, to whom it assures immunity from many of those ills of poverty to which they would otherwise be exposed.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE 1. Robe of organdy, with a double skirt, the upper one forming a tunic. The body is three-quarters high, with a full frilled bertha. The sleeve is composed of three deep frills, surmounted by a large but not full puffing. The waist is round, and finished with a belt and buckle. A bow of ribbon, corresponding with the under skirt, is placed at the point of the bertha. As will be seen in the engraving, the under skirt is of a plain color, with a chintz border, which latter only matches the tunic and body. Hair *à l'Impératrice*.

Fig. 2. Robe of chiné silk, black and white. The skirt, which is single and very full, is trimmed with two rows of green and black silk ribbon, put on plain, by way of bayadere stripes. The body is made like a very long basque, so long that it forms a tunic upper-skirt. It is trimmed with the same ribbon, in dahlia fluting, set on round the edge and up the fronts, to the top of the body. Sultana sleeves, very long, and trimmed to match. Below these are worn very full embroidered muslin sleeves. Leghorn flat hat, with a wreath of flowers round the crown, and ribbons with bows over the ears.

Fig. 3. Child's dress of pink *poult de soie*. Body square, with shoulder-strafts, and small loose sleeves. Moss trimming of the color of the dress on the body and sleeves, and in double rows down the sides. The embroidery of the under-skirt is seen beneath the border of the robe.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 561.

The front and crown of this *distingué* bonnet are of chip, and between them a narrow scarf of white *poult de soie*, drawn tight in the centre. The curtain of silk, with bands of chip, edged with blonde; on one side a bouquet of lilac azaleas, and a knot of chip and ribbon on the other. The bandeau of azaleas with hawthorn and purple heartsease. The form of this hat is particularly pretty, and the style exceedingly becoming to a fair person.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 561.

The material of this hat is white crape, covered with spotted tulle. A scarf of lilac silk, disposed in plaits, crosses the front (the ends being carried over the brim), forms a flat bow on the top, and thence goes in a broad plaited band down the crown, where it is edged with blonde. On each side is a tuft of ribbon grass, with bunches of violets, and similar tufts fall on each side from the flat bow on the top. The curtain is peculiar, having on one side a square lapel, raised with more flowers and grass. Bandeau of grass, flowers and blonde intermixed.

HEAD-DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 561.

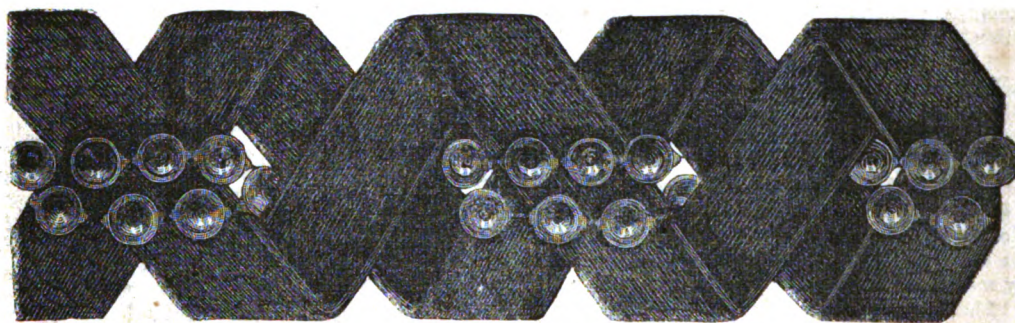
This is a charming coronal of scarlet velvet, shirred along the centre so as to form a frill on each side. Along this centre is placed a wreath of white lilacs; and a tuft of the same is placed on one side, or at the back, with two long streamers of blossoms to fall from it. *Rien de plus coquette!* a French milliner would say.

MORNING ROBE. GENIN. PAGE 564.

This pretty robe is of semi-transparent muslin, blue and white. The lower part is set on as a flounce, with a narrow heading of the same. A handsome border pattern goes down the fronts and bottom of this flounce, the same forming the edge of the sleeves and collar. The rest of the design is a simple lozenge pattern. The sleeves are large, with a single broad frill. Indeed the whole dress is especially designed with a view to coolness as well as appearance. Fancy crochet trimmings down the front, and a rich cord as a ceinture finished with handsome tassels.



PENDANT. PAGE 570.



TORSADE. PAGE 570.



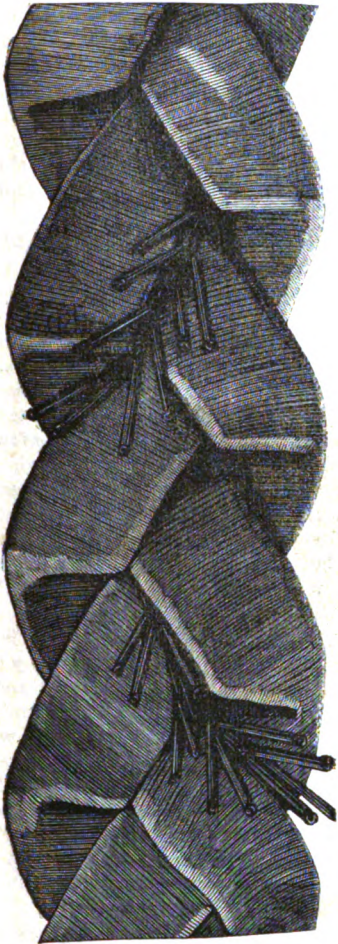
SPRAY OF FLOWERS. PAGE 570.

CHILD'S DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 565.

Dress for a little girl, of blue poulte de sole, with a double skirt, the upper braided in a floral design, with white Russian silk braid. Corsage, sleeves and band braided to correspond. Crimped fringe, of the color of the dress, completes it.

DINNER DRESS. E. LAMBERT & CO. PAGE 572.

This dress is a very recent importation by this well-known firm, and is one of the prettiest novelties of the season. The material grenadine, with a double skirt, the pattern of the upper one in the tunic form. Both skirts are bordered with a

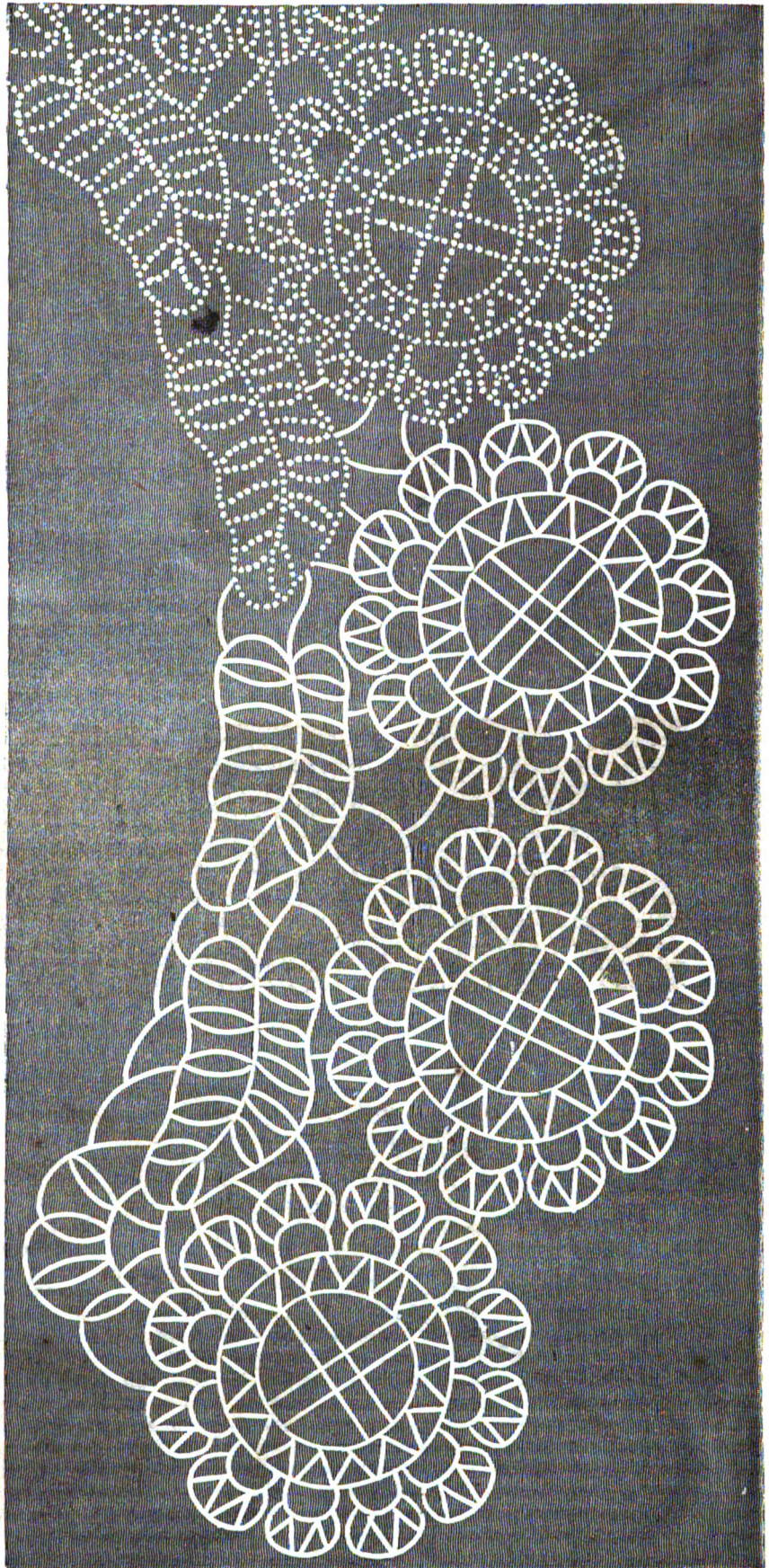


TORSADF.

broad and rich jardinière pattern, and a narrower border of a similar design finishes the sleeves and front of the body. Small bouquets of flowers are sprinkled over the dress, which is white. The sleeve, as seen in the engraving, is of the pagoda form, not extravagantly large, and with three graduated flounces surmounted by a puffing. Body plain and high, with border carried to the shoulder, en bretelle. Waist round, and with a ribbon band.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 565.

We are indebted for the design of this pretty summer bonnet to R. T.



GUIPURE COLLAR. PAGE 570.

WILDE, 251 Broadway. The front is of white chip, the crown of white silk, fluted, and divided down the centre, and at each side, by a band of chip. A deep frill of white blonde lace is set full on this centre band, and carried round the end of it, so as nearly to cover the crown. Across the top is a wreath of frosted green leaves and scarlet berries falling down each side. The curtain, of white silk, is finished with bands of chip and black lace, alternately. A sprig of most natural-looking geranium, with half-opened flowers on one side of the interior; and the bandeau covered with green ribbon and black lace.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 565.

A design peculiar to this house, and evincing the taste and skill of Mrs. McADAM, the manager. It is of soft Pomona green crape, with a round crown. Across the top are folds of crape, over which a deep white blonde falls back over the bonnet, and extends in long barbes down the sides. Tufts of violets and clematis, disposed over the curtain and at the sides, complete the trimming. The bandeau is a wreath of clematis, covered with blonde, which has a very pretty effect; and full puffings of blonde, with violets intermixed, form the barbes.

HEAD-DRESS. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 565.

It is intended to be worn low on the head, and is composed of large bows of white illusion, intermixed with white roses, and bows of white ribbon. A spray of pink roses, with foliage and buds, falls down one side, with blonde streamers, and ends of ribbon on the other. Two thick cords, with tassels at each end, pink and white, are twined across the back, as seen in the engraving, the tassels falling on the shoulders.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

GUIPURE COLLAR IN BEAD-WORK. PAGE 569.

MATERIALS.—Black or alabaster white beads, No. 3; fine black or white crochet silk.

By dipping the end of a needleful of silk in mucilage, and allowing it to dry, you will be able to use it for threading the beads much better than most needles. The engraving accurately represents the size of the beads to be used, and is, indeed, so exact that little difficulty will be experienced in following it.

The wreath of leaves forming the inner circle must be first worked. Begin by the centre line, with the loops on each side, forming the veinings; then the outline of the leaf, catching up the end of every loop to unite it into a perfect whole. The various bars are done by carrying a line of beads from one point to another, and sometimes returning the silk through the same. If the bar has a branch, as sometimes occurs, you return as far as it only; make the branch, and then finish the main line.

In doing the wheels, also, work the end one, connecting it with the upper part where necessary; then the next, and join it to the last, as well as to the upper part.

All the knots required must be very strong and firm. The weaver's knot, the one used in netting, is the best. All irregular beads must be rejected; and the uncut are preferable to the cut, as they will not be so likely to wear the silk.

TORSADES AND PENDANT. PAGE 568.

Torsades being so much worn by young ladies in evening toilette, we give patterns of two, which can be readily made by themselves. One is a simple plait of three velvet ribbons, with here and there a small sprig of bugles and beads, made on wire. The other is of two ribbons only, folded in the centre, so that both sides are the same. Dark blue velvet, with gold beads intermixed, would look very well for this purpose: or black with blue beads. An ornament of beads is sometimes added to that part crossing the top of the head, of which, also, we give an engraving. In either pearls, or imitation coral or turquoise beads, it is very pretty. The centre just droops over the forehead.

SPRAY OF FLOWERS. PAGE 368.

In fancy beads or bugles, with wire. The stems must afterwards be wound over with floss silk.

DESIGN FOR KNITTING IN TWO COLORS. PAGE 565.

Zephyr wool, 8 thread. Black or white, and scarlet 2 needles.

1st. Cast on any number of stitches, divisible by 5, with the black wool.

2d. Knit one row. Purl 1.

3rd. Purl 1, with the bright wool + knit 3 black, purl 2, bright + repeat. End with purl 1.

4th. Knit the purl, and purl the knitted, using the same wools. These four rows complete the pattern.

THE WITCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

In 1688, therefore, the morbid imaginations of the people, already predisposed, being excited by this mental food, cases of witchcraft were discovered. The four children of a "pious family" in Boston, the eldest a girl of thirteen, began to be strangely affected, barking like dogs, purring like cats, being at times deaf, dumb or blind; having their limbs distorted, and complaining of being pricked, pinched, pulled and cut. A pious minister was called in, witchcraft was suspected, and an old Irish woman, an indentured servant of the family, who had scolded the children in Irish because her daughter was accused of theft, was taken up on the charge. Five ministers held a day of fasting and prayer, and the old woman was tried, found guilty and executed.

Public attention thus turned to the subject, other cases of the same character soon occurred. Two young girls of Salem, the daughter and niece of Samuel Parris the minister, began to be "moved by strange caprices," and being pronounced bewitched by a physician of Boston, Tituba, an old Indian woman, the servant of the family, was suspected, principally because she had volunteered to discover the witch by some magical rites. Of course nothing was talked of but these girls; it was quite an interesting excitement; ministers met to pray; the whole town of Salem fasted and prayed, and a fast was ordered throughout the colony. The rage for notoriety, or the effects of these cases on the imagination of others of similarly nervous temperaments, soon produced their results, and not only were several girls affected in the same way, but also poor old John, the Indian husband of Tituba. The whole of Salem was agog, and the magistrates took up the matter solemnly. Accusations spread; two women, the one crazy, the other bedridden, were suspected, in addition to the others. Parris preached the next Sunday on the subject, and the sister of one of the accused left the church, which was enough to throw suspicion upon her. The deputy-governor of the colony came to Salem, and a great court was held in the meeting-house, five other magistrates and "a great crowd being present." Parris was the general accuser. The accused were held with their arms extended and their hands held open, lest by the least motion of their fingers they might inflict torments on their victims, who sometimes appeared to be struck dumb or knocked down by the mere glance of their eye.

The frenzy increased. On August 8rd, six more were arraigned; and John Willard, an officer who had been employed to arrest suspected persons, declining to serve any longer, was accused by "the afflicted"—afflicted indeed!—condemned and hanged. Among those who suffered with Willard was Procter, the husband of Elizabeth Procter, her execution having been delayed on account of her pregnancy. He had truly and manfully maintained his wife's innocence, and, as we have already related, been himself accused; others witnessed against him under the agony of torture, and he was condemned. He was a man of firm and clear character, and petitioned for trial in Boston, but to no purpose. The behavior and execution of this man sank deep into the public mind, and offended many.

Still greater was the effect produced by the execution of George Burroughs, himself a minister, who was accused of witchcraft because he denied its possibility. He was formerly the minister at Salem; afterwards at Saco, whence he had been driven by the Indian war; and was now, to his own sorrow, once more in Salem, where he had many enemies. Among other things charged against him was the fact, that though